E.B. Casement & Co. Nails from Mine AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E.B. Casement & Co. Axes, Pulleys, Points, Carriage of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 336. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, Octob r 4, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

Wollaston Fall Show.

The following is the prize list of the first fall fair of the Wollaston Agricultural Society, which will be held at Nugent, on Friday, October 11th:—

Class 1. HORSES.

SEC. 1. Span of H.....	2 00
Second.....	1 50
Third.....	1 00
" 2. Stallion, first prize.....	$1 50
Second prize.....	1 00
Third.....	75
" 3. Brood Mare, with foal at her side.....	1 50
Second.....	1 00
Third.....	75
" 4. Colt, 3 yrs. old.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 5. Colt, 2 yrs. old.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 6. Colt, 1 year old.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50

Class 2. CATTLE.

SEC. 1. Bull, fit for service.....	$1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 2. Milch Cow.....	1 50
Second.....	1 00
Third.....	50
" 3. Heifer, 3 yrs. old.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 4. Heifer, 2 yrs. old.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 5. Heifer, yearling.....	50
Second.....	25
" 6. Spring Calf, Heifer.....	50
Second.....	25
" 7. Yoke Working Oxen in yoke.....	2 00
Second.....	1 50
Third.....	1 00
" 8. Yoke 4 year old Steers, in yoke.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 9. Yoke 3 year old Steers,	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 10. Yoke 2 year old Steers	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 11. Pair yearling Steers.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50

Class 3. SHEEP.

SEC. 1. Ram, any age.....	$1 50
Second.....	1 00
Third.....	75
" 2. Ram Lamb.....	75
Second.....	50
" 3. Ewe, any age.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 4. Ewe Lamb.....	75
Second.....	50

Class 4. PIGS.

SEC. 1. Boar,.....	$1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 2. Brood Sow,.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 3. Spring Pig.....	75
Second.....	50

Judges for Cattle, &c.—Messrs. J. McKee, Geo. Orr, A. Menzies.

Class 5. GRAIN and SEEDS.

SEC. 1. Fall Wheat, 1 peck....	$2 00
Second.....	1 50
Third.....	1 00
" 2. Spring Wheat, 1 peck	2 00
Second.....	1 50
Third.....	1 00
" 3. Oats, one peck.....	1 75
Second.....	1 00
Third.....	50
" 4. Peas, one peck.....	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 5. Peas, large, one peck...	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 6. Timothy Seed, 1 peck..	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 7. Half pound Hops.....	50
Second.....	25

Class 6. ROOTS, VEGETABLES and FRUIT.

SEC. 1. Potatoes, Early Rose, 1 pail.....	$ 75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 2. Potatoes, late, 1 pail....	75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 3. Turnips, Sweeds, three	75
Second.....	50
" 4. Turnips, any other, 3....	75
Second.....	50
" 5. Cabbage, 2 heads.....	75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 6. Top Seed Onions, ½ peck	75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 7. Top Onion, ½ peck.....	50
Second.....	25
" 8. Potato Onions, ½ peck..	50
Second.....	25
" 9. Blood Beat, ½ doz.....	50
Second.....	25
" 10. Carrots, red, ½ doz	50
Second.....	25
" 11. Squash.....	50
Second.....	25
" 12 Pumpkins,.....	50
Second.....	25
" 13. Tomatoes, 6 largest....	50
Second.....	25
" 14. Apples, half peck	1 00
Second.....	50
" 15. Plums, half peck.....	75
Second.....	50
" 16. Bunch Grapes.....	75
Second.....	50
" 17. Parsnips six	50
Second.....	25

Judges for Grain, Roots &c.—Messs. A. Werden, J. Henderson, J. Livingstone.

Class 7. DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

SEC. 1. Butter,roll, 3 lbs.or over	$ 75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 2. Butter,Tub,10 lbs.or over	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 3. Cheese, 8 lbs, or over...	75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 4. Hard Soap	50
Second.....	25
" 5. One pound Candles.....	50
Second.....	25
" 6. Loaf of Bread	75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 7. Home-made Bed Quilt, patchwork, woollen...	1 00
Second.....	70
Third.....	50
" 8. Patchwork Quilt, cotton	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 9. Braid Work	50
Second.....	25
" 10, 1 lb. Dyed Yarn.....	50
Second.....	25
"11. 1 lb. Undyed Yarn.....	50
Second.....	25
" 12. Bedroom Mat.....	50
Second.....	25
" 13. Babies' Woollen Boots.	50
Second.....	25
" 14. Crochet Work	50
Second.....	25
" 15. Crochet Work, wool...	50
Second.....	25
" 16. Embroidery	50
Second.....	25
" 17. Rag Carpet.....	50
Second.....	25
" 18. Worsted Stockings.....	50
Second.....	25
" 19. Worsted Socks	50
Second.....	25
" 20. Worsted Mits, plain,...	50
Second.....	25
" 21, Worsted Mits, fancy...	50
Second.....	25
" 22. 5 yds.Home-made Stuff	1 00
Second.....	75
Third.....	50
" 23. Gentleman's Flannel Shirt, worked by hand needle.....	75
Second.....	50
Third.....	25
" 24. Cake Maple Sugar,5lbs	50
Second.....	25

Class 8. IMPLEMENTS, ETC.,

SEC. 1. Ox Yoke	$1 00
Second.....	50
" 2. Ox Bows	50
Second.....	25
" 3. 2 Axe Helves	50
Second.....	25
" 4 Best Drag	1 00
Second.....	50

Class 9. POULTRY.

SEC. 1. Pair Fowls, any breed...	$ 25
Second.....	15
" 2. Pair of Turkeys.....	40
Second.....	25
" 3. Pair of Geese.....	40
Second.....	25
" 4. Pair of Ducks.....	25
Second.....	15

SPECIAL.

Children's Work,— Under 12 yrs. old.	
Hemmed Pocket Handkerchief...$	0 30
Second.....	15
Plain Needle Work other than hdkf.	30
Second.....	15
Pair Knitted Socks or Stockings...	30
Second.....	15

BLACKSMITHS' WORK.

Best Set Horseshoes..... $	50
Second.....	25
Best Whiffletree Irons.....	50
Second.....	25

A DOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, October 8

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

—IN THE—

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

IN RE RIDLEY.

HUFF vs. HUFF.

PURSUANT to a Decree at judgment at the Chancery Division at the High Court of Justice, Madoc, in the matter of the estate of Benjamin Ridley, and in the above Cause the Creditors of Benjamin Ridley, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, deceased, who died on or about the 9th day of May, 1883, are, on or before

the 5th day of October, 1883

to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, the Solicitor for the Plaintiff, their christian and surnames, addresses, and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of said decree. Every creditor having any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in the Shire Hall, City of Belleville, on the 8th day of October next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjustication on the claims.

Dated this 8th day of September, A.D. '83.

(Sgd.) S. S. LAZIER,
Master.

S. B. BURDETT,
Plff's. Solicitor. 335

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOL

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS!

WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fil all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

RECEIVING NOW:

Watermelons, Harvest Apples Pears and Peaches,

Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,

Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.

FRESH OYSTERS

now arriving.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, Sep. 26, 1883.

Farm For Sale.

LOT No. 13, 4th concession Madoc, a good farm of 200 acres, of which about half is cleared and in workable condition; well watered, well fenced and for Dairy purposes, excellent. For further information apply to

GEORGE ADDISON.

Madoc, Aug. 20, 1883.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Ageney

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on at once as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Salesmen Wanted.

TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada.

Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop'

We can start in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

April 12th, 1883. 312

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 32Z-6m

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council for the Municipality of the United Townships of Carlow and Mayo, will pass a By-Law at its next sessions for the purpose of closing up the Government Road where it crosses Lots No. 21 and 22, in the sixth Concession of the Township of Carlow.

By order of Council.

W. J. HUGHES,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Clerk's office, Carlow, Sept. 3rd, 1883.

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of first-class quality. Hard-wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards; Couches; Lounges, covered or plain; Bureaus; enclosed or open Washstands; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion

AT SCOTT'S,

adjoining the Grist Mill.

N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.

EARTHQUAKE HORRORS.

Graphic Story of a Survivor at Casamicciola—Miraculous Escape—A Thrilling Experience.

A Boston woman who escaped as if by miracle from the earthquake at Casamicciola writes the following account to her friends in that city. For personal reason, the name of her husband is changed to John. Parts of the epistle are as follows:

It is more than a week since I wrote my last letter, which has without doubt filled you with sad apprehensions, and I feel that I ought not to leave you longer without news of me. Still, I hardly feel able to write, for I feel stupefied by this dreadful event. I have hardly the courage to revive in my mind its horrors by repeating them, or, rather, by attempting to repeat them. I doubt if I shall ever be able to make you understand how terrible it was till I have seen you, and, perhaps, not then, for an earthquake is one of those things that baffle description.

We had been in Casamicciola six days, arriving there on Monday, and on Saturday evening, the 28th of July, at 9.30, was the catastrophe. Saturday morning, when I awoke, I did not feel quite well. I had a nervous headache. The weather was beautiful—so beautiful that everyone remarked it. The air was so clear and transparent and so light that sounds that came up to us from the valley below seemed changed into notes of music. Many times that morning I went to the balcony and looked around on that lovely scene and wished you could see this beautiful place. My head continued to ache, and after breakfast, at 12 o'clock, I had to give up and go to bed. I remained there till 3. Then I got up, but did not dress myself, saying I did not feel able to go to dinner. It was this indisposition of mine which saved our lives. John, who was suffering with toothache, was glad enough to join me in our little parlor that looked over the beautiful valley toward the mountains. We dined at half-past 6. Then I walked up and down the piazza in front of our windows, John reading his papers. Everybody was in the dining-room dining. The dinner was at half-past 7. There was to be music in the parlors, and everyone was gay and gayly dressed. When the first sounds of music came up I felt lonely and wished that I had gone down, notwithstanding my headache. If I had, I should not be writing you this sad story, for all that gay company were killed.

When the night came on, John called me to come in, fearing the evening air. It was then almost 9. I said I felt so ill I should go to bed. He begged me not to go so early, saying the night would be so long and tedious. He said he would play a few games of tricks first. We accordingly sat down on the sofa in front of the chimney, taking the board on our knees, and began the game. We played through the half hour that brought us to the terrible moment,

LITTLE THINKING THAT DEATH WAS SO NEAR

to us, reaching out with his terrible arms towards us, and preparing to fold in his cold embrace almost everybody about us. I can never tell you what followed.

It commenced like the most terrible thunder. Then everything swayed backward and forward, as if swayed by the wind. Walls fell in with a crash like ten thousand thunders. The mountains opened, sending forth flames of fire, rolling down with the tumbling houses toward the valley, while the valley in its turn exploded, sending everything into chaos. Not one house was left standing. In the midst of this dreadful noise wild shrieks; then came darkness and the silence of the grave. The noise lasted only a few seconds, and the silence a few more, which seemed an eternity. Then the smoke began to clear away, and the terrible cries of the wounded and dying filled the air as if truly coming from the bowels of the earth. Oh, how little this gives you an idea of what passed. When the sound first began John knew what it was, and said: "Great God, an earthquake." With one bound we reached the window-way, it being considered the safest place, which proved true. Had we remained sitting we should have been instantly killed. A falling wall enveloped the sofa where we sat. The whole world seemed dissolving around me. I had no hope of life from the first sound, and I turned my thoughts heavenward. It was not till I heard the dreadful cries of the wounded and dying that I trembled with fear thinking of the suffering which my poor body might endure before I should reach the other side. But I did not lose courage, and prayed for strength to help me through. Heaven did not seem very far off.

After the shock John said: "We will try and save ourselves out of this ruin, before the repetition shall come." (There are always three shocks in an earthquake.)

THE DARKNESS WAS STILL SO GREAT

that we could not see whether the floor had been carried away, or whether the wall where we were standing alone remained. We must find a light. John remembered that there were matches on a little table near, and so, feeling with his feet, he took a few steps into the room and found them, lighted one, and with its flickering light we looked about us. The parlor where we had been was mostly destroyed. The bedroom was still standing, although torn and separating into a thousand pieces. The floor was apparently good. We entered cautiously, took a shawl for me and a coat for him, and a package of candles to give us the light necessary for finding our way out of this destruction. We went out by the window where we had stood on to the piazza, which was also partially destroyed.

This piazza was on the second story with a flight of stairs on each end leading to the piazza below. We turned to the left, it being a little nearer that way, but soon found our way cut off. All was in ruin, and from that ruin came a voice calling to us in English: "Save me; I am dying." It was an American girl, a Miss Van Allen, who was there for treatment of the rheumatism. I had to answer back over that terrible gulf: "We can not reach you." She died. We turned back, passing our windows, then on to the other end of the piazza. There also was ruin, only a portion of the stairs remained standing, and that portion ready to fall. But it was our only way out. We passed; how I can not tell.

HANGING ON THE BROKEN FRAGMENTS

and clinging to each other, we at last reached the floor below, where we found, after much difficulty, the door leading to the road. Feeling that here we should be safe, we hurried on, climbing over mountains of stones, and arrived at last outside the door where the space was just large enough for a small carriage to turn around in. We could go no farther. The narrow little road leading around the mountain side to a small opening called Calvary had been carried away, with all the houses on the side of the mountain higher up down into the valley below.

In the darkness, lighted only by the feeble light of the candle, we could see nothing but a dark gulf filled with fallen houses, trees, and rocks, out of which came cries that broke one's heart. On the other side of this space where we were, was a high wall, twenty feet from the road, filled all full of great openings. Behind us was the angle of the hotel which remained standing. On the fourth side the road had opened wide, and to the bottom of this opening no one had courage to look, for it looked like a great grave, ours perhaps. After a little time five others found their way to this place. Half naked, wounded, and suffering they came, but without murmuring, only too thankful for this comparative safety. Cold and trembling we huddled together, embracing each other who were strangers only an hour before, and silently praying. We remained like this till nearly 3 o'clock, five long hours. Then the angle of the hotel took fire and our position became again very dangerous. John said we must make an effort to get across the space that divided us from the little opening called Calvary, of which I have already spoken, feeling sure that there where we were death awaited us. We decided to make the effort. So we left this place, where we had hoped to remain till daylight should aid us to find our way out. The wounded ones had no alternative but to remain. We started, followed by two ladies and a man-servant who carried a candle. Climbing, slipping, falling, clinging, grasping at stones that did not hold but went rolling into the darkness below, at times buried in the soft earth nearly to our middles, we

STRUGGLED FOR LIFE FOR A HALF HOUR.

We arrived at last at this Calvary; Calvary indeed! What a scene, lighted by a great fire made by the fallen trees and the doors of the ruined houses—their houses! Almost stunned, though wounded and fleeing, were children without parents, parents without children, broken, bruised, and bleeding! Oh, it is not possible to describe it! One only of these many scenes would break one's heart to see. I almost wished for a wound or ache that would absorb my mind and prevent my mental agony. But I was without a scratch.

But one touching incident, only one, I will try to tell, because if I should try to tell you all I saw heartrending I should never finish. There was a handsome young man, about 24 or 25 years of age, a peasant, who, when he heard the shock, got his 3 months' old baby in his arms, and with his young wife tried to escape from a falling house. Buried in the debris, but still protecting his baby, he struggled on, leading his wife. At last she fell. A great stone rolled over and buried her. He struggled on, and faint, bruised, and bleeding, reached the place called Calvary, holding in his arms his baby, unhurt, but crying pitifully. During the long hours of that fearful night he tried to console and hush its crying, not thinking once of himself and his bleeding wounds. When I saw him at 3 o'clock he sat by the great fire with it in his arms, swaying backward and forward, singing softly a singing that was by far sadder than any crying. That baby's dear little face and white nightgown were all bathed in the blood that flowed freely from it father's wounds. Worn out at last, the little one slept. He passed it, without a word, into the arms of a poor woman whose husband and seven children had, in that dreadful moment, passed from this world to the other, and whose tearless eyes alone showed the immensity of her agony. The poor young man could not yet feel his bodily pains, but threw himself on the ground, crying: "My wife, my poor wife."

In the midst of this sad group, also seated on the ground, we awaited daylight. Slowly it came, as if it was afraid to open the windows of light on such a dreadful day. We were still a long way from the sea, and had to cross all the ruined town, but by this way alone could we leave the place. With misgivings we left and began the descent. What we went through during this painful march to the sea is impossible to relate—over mountains of stone, over fallen walls, the way strewn with the wounded, dying, and dead. We were four when we left Calvary. The other two were left behind about half way. I have not heard from them since, and they are probably dead. Arriving at the wharf we took the first boat leaving. It was then 6 in the morning, and we reached Naples at half-past 8.

Had a Weak Point.

One of those good, old-fashioned fathers—born and reared on a farm, but willing to see his children live an easier life—came down to "York" the other day to see about getting his son into a bank. He went to a friend and the friend sent him to the cashier, and the cashier said:

"Is your son quick at figures?"

"Tolerably quick."

"Is he ambitious?"

"Yes; he wants to get on."

"Is he a hard worker?"

"Well, Moses kin mow his three acres of grass per day."

"Why does he prefer a bank to a store?"

"I swan! I never asked him why, but I guess it's because he thinks there's a better chance to climb up. Moses is right on the climb."

"He is perfectly honest of course?"

"Well, now, that's the only weak point Moses has got, and I was going to say to you if you took him in that if you keep a wire fence between Moses and any money lying around loose, and if you have a rule again hoss-trading, and if you don't allow shaking dice or card-playing, and if he will keep sober, Moses will make one of the most tremendous bankers this country ever saw!"—*Wall Street News.*

Influenced by a temperance leader, a rich English miller has destroyed a cellar of port wine.

It has been discovered by a Boston man that the human body would float like a duck's, were it not for the legs.

How to Make Ideal Tea.

Having been fortunate enough to secure a pound or two of pure, fragrant, unadulterated tea, we must see that it is kept in an air-tight canister. If it be not so kept the tea will lose its crispness and flavor by absorbing moisture to some extent from the surrounding atmosphere and by yielding up its volatile oil.

The tea-kettle should be kept scrupulously clean, both inside and out. We can not expect to make good tea from water boiled in a kettle that is barked inside with lime or other deposit, and outside with soot. A dirty kettle proves the servant to be a slat, and darkly hints at carelessness in the mistress.

The water should be soft. There is nothing to beat rain water that has been kept under ground in large tanks.

The water should be filtered.

The fire over which a tea-kettle boils ought to be as free from smoke as possible, otherwise it is not impossible that the water may partake of the flavor of peat or burning coals and the tea be spoiled.

Before the water has come to the boil the tea-pot should be well-warmed and the tea put in. It may then stand for a short time on the hob until the water boils, when—

The tea should at once be made. We heat the tea-pot in order to conserve all the caloric in the boiling water. We make the tea as soon as the water comes to the boil because good tea can only be made with freshly-boiling water, not boiling water that has been boiled before or has been kept boiling too long. Boiled water is flat because it is nonaerated, that is the "why and the wherefore." Servants want to be drilled to this, or their heads drilled and the truth rammed into them. A worse fault than even this is making tea with water that has gone off the boil, which servants often do.

Carbonate of soda should never be used to draw the tea.

It is best, we think (but we sit subject to contradiction), to pour on all the water that is wanted, for the first cup at all events, at once, and not to merely wet the tea, as it is popularly called.

It is a mistake to add fresh tea to that which has already been made by way of getting stronger, and yet we constantly hear the remark made, "Put a little more tea in the pot." If more tea or stronger tea is wanted, it ought to be made in another tea-pot, and a spare one often comes in handy.

A teapot ought to contain enough tea to go all round the company once, at least; the habit of half-filling all the cups, then adding boiling water and completing the work, is objectionable, not to say stingy.

Urns may be used, and some of them look very nice on the table; but water should be boiling and the urn itself must previously have been well dusted.

What is the best kind of teapot? There is a difference of opinion about this. For our part we like the old-fashioned brown earthenware one, provided it holds enough. Next comes the silver teapot, which some prefer.

White china teapots are also good. But in whatever teapot the tea is made, it ought to be clean and pretty new; an old teapot gets bad in the enamel, or lined with deposit. An old clay pipe, perhaps, but a new teapot!

How long should tea draw? From three minutes to seven, according to the kind of tea and the character of the water.

Invalids and people with delicate stomachs (and everybody else for that matter) ought to be most careful to obtain tea of a superior excellence and quite free from facing and adulteration, and ought to attend rigidly to the plan of making a cup of good tea which we have just been endeavoring to explain. The invalid should never on any account drink green or scented tea. The tea he is to drink, after having been infused for the proper time, say five minutes, should be poured off the leaves into a well-heated, clean teapot, and served in that, covered by the cozy, if there be one about.

"Is that dog mad?" he asked the boy as the animal dashed by. "I reckon he is," replied the boy "I just see a butcher take a piece o' meat away from him and kick him six feet into the air."

Alaska's Burial Customs.

The dead body is laid on logs or sticks of timber raised a couple of feet from the ground and then covered in with other timber and stones, giving the whole structure somewhat the appearance of a square pen or pile, with upright posts or sticks at the angles. On these funeral piles are placed one or more mementoes of the departed, generally some implement or weapon used by the dead man or woman in lifetime; in the case of a hunter, the weapon in the use of which he excelled. Upon one mausoleum I saw a rifle, *bidarka*, seine, spears, arrows, darts, etc.; and upon the bier of a female was placed a *kantag*, a wooden bowl or dish used to contain food. Such articles are religiously devoted to this purpose, even though they are all the property left by the deceased. A widow may be in want and a son without a rifle or a seine with which to procure subsistence, but the burial customs of the tribe must not be neglected. These mementoes are never disturbed by the superstitious natives, but, left to bleach and rust through the Arctic seasons, gradually go to decay.

The wooden parts of the funeral pile rot away, leaving the bones of the dead exposed to view, I saw one such case, where the grinning skull looked out between the cracks of its crumbling prison, seeming to invite raids of the bone-sharp. But the bodies of the dead are not always treated with consideration. Sometimes they are rudely thrown out upon the tundra and left to be destroyed by dogs or wolves. A case of this kind occurred near one of the stations near here. An Indian woman died in a tent, and when the Indians were ordered to take the body away they threw it out upon the adjacent tundra and left it as food for birds of the air and beasts of the field.

A.P 143

St. Jacobs Oil

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Sells all kinds of Black Silk at Wholesale price. A good Black Silk, wide width, at $1.25. Send cash with order, and express will be paid to any part of Canada.

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Sells Black Cashmere at Wholesale Price. Our 50 cent French Blue-Black Cashmere is worth 67½ cents. Send for 5 or 10 yards as sample, and see for yourself.

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Sells all Colors in Velveteens. Our 65 cent Black Louis Velveteen is worth 90 cents a yard. Send for a Dress length, and see for yourself. All kinds of Dress Goods kept in stock. You can save $1 a pair on good Lace Curtains, by sending an order to

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is the only wholesale man in Canada selling to consumers direct, and cash will be returned if goods are not as represented.

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A. B. FLINT, - TORONTO.

200 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE.—Every man has one chance in his life.—here it is for some one. Lot 11, 1st Con. 12, township of Howick. Three miles from Milnie and Howick. Terms $4,000 with $1,000 cash down, balance at 5 per cent on time to suit purchaser. This is a genuine bargain Address F. S. Dobson, Gilford P. O., Ont.

AMBER SUGAR CANE MACHINERY.

New Paragon School Desks.

M. SEATTLE & SONS, Welland, Ont.

Early Amber Cane Seed imported from the Southern States. Send for catalogues and prices.

CONFIDENTIAL

THOUSANDS of young men and women—married and single—through the results of violent, youthful follies, or excesses indulged in later years, have found that their sexual system is so debilitated as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of these troubles being scarcely ever suspected, they are consequently doctored for everything but the right one. THE ALL-HEALING RESTORATIVE, or GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY, as it is generally called, is a specific for these troubles, and a hundred cases in every form of disease have been reported to us within the past few days after all other remedies had failed. The recuperative powers of this medicine are simply marvellous, and in the troubles arising from the causes mentioned, in connection with the changes the hopeful, enlightened conditions, is one of unerring merit and vigour. If wanted in any address, on receipt of postage, 2 one Dollars per package—sufficient for one month's treatment. Address M. FINDLAY & CO., Box 427 Toronto.

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SKIN BEAUTIFIER.

This elegant Medicated Cream is warranted a Sure Cure for all Pimples, Black Spots, Blotches and unsightly Eruptions on the face, neck and arms. It positively removes all such imperfections in a few days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It will cure the worst case though all other means have failed. For beautifying the complexion it is unrivalled. It makes the skin soft and white, and removes Tan, Freckles, and Sallowness. This is the only preparation recommended by physicians, warranted perfectly harmless and its use cannot be detected. One package last a month. Price, ($1) one dollar. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail in plain wrapper, post-paid, on receipt of price. Sole proprietors for Canada. Address,

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They invite and hope to see their patrons, from all whom they solicit orders now for their fall and winter wants in Bolts of every kind, Rivets, Nuts, Spikes, and Threshing Machine Teeth.

Immediate specifications are the only safeguards to deliveries in time for due requirements.

Order now, refer to your price list for the different kinds, state distinctly the kinds wanted on each order.

When ordering through merchants ask for these Bolts; take no others, they are the best made.

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$40,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!

This Offer Good Till Thanksgiving Day Only.

The proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into homes where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profits this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 100,000 copies. The circulation is now 90,000. Only 25,000 more needed before the distribution takes place. After deciding to more extensively advertise their paper, the following plan has been adopted by us:

FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed receipt, which entitles the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away.

1	U. S. Government Bonds of $1000	$1000	00
10	U. S. Greenbacks of $100	1000	00
1	U. S. Greenbacks of $500	500	00
1	Matched pair of Trotting Horses	1000	00
1	Grand Square Piano	800	00
1	Grand Cabinet Organ	300	00
1	Sewing Machine, American Rover's	100	00
1	Silver Dinner Service	100	00
1	Tea Boggies	100	00
50	U. S. Greenbacks of $20 each	1000	00
1000	Photographic Albums 25 each	250	00
1	Village Cart	80	00
1	Fur Pleaston	100	00
1000	Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	$1000	00
1000	Gents' Pocket Knives	1000	00
1000	U. S. Greenbacks of $1 each	1000	00
10	Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement's	1000	00
10	Ladies' Gold Watches, English Movement's	600	00
10	Boys' Silver Watches, American Rover's	200	00
1	Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	200	00
2	Patent Harvesters	200	00
1	Kennedy Work Horse	200	00
250	Elegant Oleograph Pictures	500	00
1	Raw Silk Parlor Suit Furniture	1200	00
1000	Gold Filled Finger Rings, Leather Brace Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chatelaines	1000	00

And 2695 other presents valued from $5 cents to $1.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 Cts.

All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by a committee of the Subscribers; this festival will take place without fail. It will not be necessary for subscribers to attend the Festival as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. THERE ARE 65,000 TOWNS in the United States and Canada which you can assist us in the distribution of our prizes. Show your future patronage, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. OUR PROFIT will be in YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FEES. Get five of your friends to join you in getting this out and sharing in it. Send us a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble.

SEND US FIVE SUBSCRIBERS with $5 and we will send 12 subscription and twelve numbered receipts. We shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Mighty Columns), including engravings every issue, and is printed on the best of paper. Its circulation of 65,000 copies, and we are sure to reach the 100,000 at the time set, and the distribution of presents will then take place on that date. It contains Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Fashion Departments by the best Contributors of the day, as well as an Illustrated Agricultural Department by the best Contributors of the day, as well as an Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work. Illustrations of different parts of the United States and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women. In short, it contains what every one should subscribe for to entertain, instruct and amuse the whole family.

THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who always have done as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfil to the letter any offer we may make.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL we will send a printed List of Presents to them by mail. A card will be sent to you by return mail, stating if you have won any of the presents. If you have not seen this elegant and beautiful paper, send for a Sample Copy, which will be sent Free.

ONLY 50 CENTS secures the FARM, FIELD & FIRESIDE one year and a present. Six Months, and a numbered receipt. The paper is worth double the subscription price. As to our reliability we refer those who do not know us to any regular Express Co. in Chicago.

Money in name of $1.00 or less may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk. larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order or Express. Mention This Paper.

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will never appear again. It is the last opportunity you will have to take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Two-cent Postage Stamps taken in sums less than $1.00.

Read These Testimonials.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1888.
We have formerly used the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for several months, and have always found its proprietors honorable in their dealings, and prompt in their payments.
CHICAGO PAPER CO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1888.
The Proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE have paid me for several dollars for press-work on their paper. I have always found them prompt in their transactions.
A. C. KEWLEY.

August 16, 1888.
I am highly pleased with your paper, the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE. Every number seems to me to be more interesting and practical than the preceding one. I shall do all in my power to extend the circulation of your paper, by telling anything about it to my friends, and giving information when called upon.
W. S. SIMPSON.
SLIFCF, Morgan Co., Ala.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., Aug. 11, 1888.
I am very much pleased with your paper, FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE. Every number seems to me to be more interesting and practical than the preceding one. I have taken a great deal of pleasure in showing it to several of my friends, who, like myself, are delighted with it.
Mrs. J. F. SMITH.

LAUREN C., Aug. 13, 1888.
I received a copy of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE some days ago, and I must say I was very well pleased with it. I find it a first-class paper for farmers, of which I am one. With best wishes for your success, I remain every farmer one subscriber.
M. E. HAYS.

MEXICO, Juniata Co., Pa., July 24, 1888.
I herewith send 2 subscribers to the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, which I recommend as being one of the best, as many others have done.
E. L. BRUMAN.

SOUTH UNION, Ky., July 18, 1888.
It is certainly the best paper I ever saw; neat, plain, instructive and beautifully illustrated.
E. L. HUTH.

ILDERTON, ONT., Aug. 8, 1888.
I have lately been a subscriber to your lovely and profitable paper, and to say I am more than pleased with it, I give my subscription. In the first place, money has a chance for one of the many presents that for anything contained in the paper; but I find the paper is worth three times the money beside all presents.
S. W. FAISLEY.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., July 9, 1888.
I received the paper all right and am delighted. My friends and subscribers are always pleased to receive it for its neat and beauty. Every person that has examined the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE to be the best paper printed, and say it is worth $2 per year.
TIMOTHY MOSELEY.

The FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES SHORT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War News—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

THE DOMINION.

Sir Hector Langevin is not going to visit the North-west this fall.

The Masonic difficulty in the province of Quebec has been settled.

The Moncton, N. B., sugar refinery has declared a dividend of 6 per cent.

There are at present 230 pupils in the deaf and dumb institute at Belleville.

The Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway track is to be finished by Nov. 15.

Hon Alex. Mackenzie's health has been greatly benefitted by his trip to Europe.

The Allans have two new ocean vessels under construction—the Siberian and Numidian.

Hamilton has remitted $65,000 to London, Eng., on account of interest of city debentures.

Joseph Marorans, four years old, was fatally mangled by a G. T. R. train at London, Ont., recently.

The Kingston and Pembroke Railway Company intend to prohibit the sale of liquor on their road.

Robert McCutcheon, a farmer near Bartch's Corners, was gored by a bull recently.

The Dominion Government has undertaken an annual inspection of children brought to Canada from abroad.

The Cleveland, O., syndicate has purchased an immense mining property north of Trenton, Ont. The syndicate's capital is $2,000,000.

Hugh McDowell, a carpenter who had been drinking heavily, was found at Cobourg, fatally stabbed in the abdomen and in the neck.

Burlington Canal is to be dredged to a depth of thirteen feet at a low water mark. Government engineers are now making the necessary soundings.

A deer scared by a ballast train of the Ontario and Quebec railroad at Sharbot lake became entangled in the thickets and was captured by some tourists.

There are indications of a split in the cotton ring. The Costicook, Que., company have taken action adverse to the recently formed combination.

Theodore H. Kand, M. A., D. C. L., chief superintendent of education in New Brunswick, has resigned to accept a professorship in Acadia college, Nova Scotia.

Two timber limits, one in the county of Pontiac, and one in the Nipissing district, were offered by auction at Ottawa recently and withdrawn, the upset price not being reached.

A refractory bride, at Kingston, Ont., was horsewhipped in the public streets by her irate father. She was a gipsy and at the altar refused to marry the man of her choice.

The steamer, Queen Victoria, burnt near Chatham, Ont., recently, was insured for $10,000. The crew lost all their personal property and barely escaped with their lives.

Dr. Ryall, medical health officer of Hamilton, has invited the corporation and citizens generally to take into consideration the filthy state of the streets, alleys and backyards.

The Hamilton hackmen are in arms against by-laws requiring them always to have their lamps burning at night and making it compulsory to fill an engagement made 24 hours in advance.

The Princess Louise has presented a magnificent painting four or five feet in length, at present on exhibition in Boston, Mass., to the people of Canada through Sir Hector Langevin.

The committee on temperance reported to the Methodist general conference that the time had come for the forming of a solemn league and covenant against the sale, use and manufacture of intoxicants.

The Methodist Conference at Belleville struck out the clause in the discipline requiring young ministers to consult with their older brethren previous to entering into a marriage contract.

Mr. Caldwell, the defendant in McLaren v. Caldwell, has nearly a million logs lying on the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries that he cannot get down to his mill owing to the recent decision against him.

Hess street school, Hamilton, has what is called the fire discipline down fine. Six hundred children on the watch for an alarm filed out in exactly two minutes. How would it be in case of a sudden alarm?

Reverend Rural Dean Bell has given notice of a motion in the Episcopal Synod at Montreal for a canon discipline for the laity, remarking at the time of giving the notice that at the Reformation the clergy lost all power of discipline over the laity, even in the case of a man living an immoral life.

The Methodist general conference has decided in favor of one large university to be established as soon as practicable, in Toronto or elsewhere in Ontario. At present the Church has six or seven educational institutions with 101 professors, 5,000 pupils and endowments exceeding $400,000.

UNITED STATES.

Chicago physicians predict a cholera visitation next year.

The corn crop was not so badly injured by the recent frosts as reported.

Ninety men are on strike at the Detroit glass works against a proposed reduction of five per cent. in wages.

Jay Gould is reported to be working his railway schemes with a view of obtaining a sea board outlet for his railways.

A balloon collapsed at Pittsburgh, Pa., when high in the air, but descended so slowly as to land its occupant unhurt.

Manager Ledyard, of the Michigan Central, has given notice that an freight trains except those carrying perishable goods shall run on Sunday.

John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, testified before the senate labour committee that the negro in the South was indolent and thriftless, and suggested that his interests would be served by the establishment of industrial schools, and by the total elimination from federal politics of the so-called negro question, and by leaving its solution to time and the reduction of taxation.

THE OLD WORLD.

Bismarck is once more seriously ill.

The Franco-Chinese outlook is improving.

Affairs in Croatia are becoming worse and worse. Martial law has been proclaimed.

French Legitimists intend memorialising the Vatican regarding their future course.

Important witnesses against O'Donnell, Carey's assassin, have arrived in England.

The number of visitors at Wittemberg, Germany, attending the Luther celebration, is placed at 50,000.

The powers are not irritated against Russia for her action in Bulgaria, at least so the *North German Gazette* says.

English detectives have returned to London from America with valuable information regarding the Fenian conspiracy.

An unknown Norwegian vessel was sunk in the English channel by a collision, twelve persons being drowned.

King Alfonso assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the new town hall at Vienna by the Emperor of Austria.

The health of the present members of his African expedition being bad, H. M. Stanley is calling for more European volunteers.

O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey, arrived at Madeira recently. He said he was indifferent as to his fate, but was sure he would not be hanged. Great precautions are maintained for his safety.

At the trades union congress in Birmingham, Joseph Arch gave it as his opinion that radical changes in the English land laws are necessary. A resolution was passed calling upon the Government to confiscate waste land.

British Pacific Colonies.

As for Australia, that great country can now hardly be called a colony, says a correspondent of *The London Standard*. The different communities there together constitute a vigorous young nation, which from national and patriotic motives remains in strong alliance with the mother country. An Englishman landing for the first time in Australia is bewildered at finding on the other side of the globe an almost exact reproduction of his own country; he sees cities as large and as prosperous as Leeds and Manchester, whose streets are thronged with English crowds, differing in no respect, except perhaps that of a better average physique, from crowds at home. The very vehicles and street cries, the drivers and the newsboys, seem miraculous apparitions of the Strand and Oxford street. It is nonsense to talk of the retention of these provinces of the empire as adding to the responsibilities of the taxpayer in England. There is no nation on the earth that could now venture to attack Australia with impunity. Melbourne is well and scientifically defended. Even a powerful ironclad fleet would run immense risk in venturing an attack. And Sidney, in a month or two, will be one of the strongest naval stations in the world. Twenty-five ton and thirty-one ton guns frown down on the lovely harbor from every available point, and in the forts are a body of regular artillery four hundred strong, recruited in Australia, and paid for by the colony, but in discipline, drill, and appearance undistinguishable from the stalwart gunners of the English Army. Thus do the Australians maintain for England, and free of all expense, stations for her navies as strong practically as Malta or Gibraltar.

Indeed, the authorities at home might well take a lesson from New South Wales and Victoria, and endeavor to arrange that their own crown colonies and important naval centres shall be as effectively protected as are Sydney and Melbourne. A couple of seven-inch guns are deemed sufficient for Port Louis—the Malta of the Indian ocean—and Hong Kong, where any day may be seen in the harbor scores of English steamers and ships, for which, in time of war, the place ought to be a secure refuge, does not possess a single piece of armour-piercing ordnance. Yet Hong Kong boasts of one of the most magnificent harbors in the world, and that could be rendered almost impregnable to a naval attack; but, as a matter of fact, it is at the mercy of any second or third class enemy's iron-clad that might elude the British fleet. It would almost seem to be a pity that some of our strong places can not be make over to the custody of the Australian colonies. Coasting round from Adelaide in the south to Port Darwin on the north of the southern continent is a voyage of over fourteen days' duration. That is longer than from London to Alexandria. And along that great extent of coastline there are over a dozen thriving towns, two of them at least taking rank among the great ports of the world, the others all hoping to do so some no very distant date. A frequent topic of conversation when I passed through Australia was the then recent speech of a well-known statesman at home, wherein was calmly discussed the supposed advantage of a separation between the colonies and the mother country. In Australia, so far, they indignantly refuse to even contemplate such an emergency and, that being the case, there is surely little good, they say, in broaching the subject at home. From Port Darwin to Hong Kong the numerous islands of the East Indian Archipelago are continually in sight, scores of them almost unknown, but far exceeding Mauritius in size and more than equalling it in richness of soil. In British hands these islands would be the seats of flourishing commerce. As they are, their populations produce little, and take less, of the goods of other nations. Those which belong to Spain are as stagnant as is Spain herself, and Java seems to monopolize the energies of the Dutch of the eastern seas. Excepting Java, the possessions of Holland are mostly undeveloped. Not until Singapore and Hong Kong are reached are ports again found with all the signs visible of a great trade. Saigon as already pointed out, is a distinct failure. In short, from Aden to China, along the route I have indicated, the reflection constantly recurs that the colonial policy of France is as far beyond the capacity of her citizens to support as the private enterprise of England is in front of the ideas of English statesmen.

The Sun.

In any reference to the physical history of the sun, the stupendous magnitude of its sphere must be kept vividly present to the mind. With a diameter one hundred and nine times longer than the earth's, the solar orb looks out into space from a surface that is twelve thousand times larger than the one which the earth enjoys. The bulk of the sun is one million three hundred thousand time that of the earth. If the surface of the sun were a thin, external rind, or shell, and the earth be placed in the middle of this hollow sphere, not only would the moon have space to circle in its usual orbit without ever getting outside of the solar shell, but there would be room also for a second satellite, nearly as far again as the moon, to accomplish a similar course. The weight of the sun is three hundred thousand times the weight of the earth, or, in round numbers, two thousand millions of millions of millions of tons.

The mean distance of the sun from the earth is now as well ascertained, through investigations which have been made in several ways, that there can scarcely be in the estimate an error of five hundred thousand miles. The distance at the present time given, is ninety-two million eight hundred and eighty-five thousand miles. This measure is in itself so vast that, if any traveller were to move at the rate of four miles an hour for ten hours a day, it would take him six thousand three hundred years to reach the sun. Sound would traverse the interval, if there were anything in space capable of transmitting sonorous vibrations, in fourteen years, and a cannon ball, sustaining its initial velocity throughout, would do the same thing in nine years. A curious illustration, attributed to Prof. Mendenhall, is to the effect that an infant, with an arm long enough when reached out from the earth to touch the sun, would die of age before it could become conscious through the transmission of the nervous impression from the hand to the brain, that it had burned its fingers.

In order that the earth, thus moving around the sun with a chasm of twenty-three million miles of intervening space between them, may not be drawn to the sun by the preponderant attraction of its three hundred and thirty times larger mass, it has to shoot forward in its path with a momental velocity fifty times more rapid than the swiftest rifle ball. But, in moving through twenty miles of this onward path, the earth is draw out of a straight line something less than the eight part of an inch. This deviation is properly the source from which the amount of solar attraction has been ascertained. If the earth were suddenly arrested in its onward flight, and its momentum were in that way destroyed, it would be drawn to the sun, by the irresistible force of its attraction, in four months, or in the twenty-seventh part of the time which a cannon ball would take to complete the same journey.

The Truly Honest Juror.

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury, and the court was getting tired of the tedious proceedings.

"Call the next juror, Mr. Clark," said the solicitor for the hundredth time.

The clerk called out the man, and an old man with an honest face and a suit of blue jean clothes rose up in his place, and the solicitor asked the following customary questions,—

"Have you, from having seen the crime committed, or having heard any of the evidence delivered under oath, formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir."

"Is there any bias or prejudice resting on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?"

"None, sir."

"Is your mind perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?"

"It is."

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"I'm not."

All the questions had been answered, and the court was congratulating itself on having another juror, when the solicitor in solemn tones said,—]

"Juror, look upon the prisoner—prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles, and peeringly gazed at the prisoner for full half a minute, when he turned his eyes toward the court and earnestly said,—

"Judge, I'll be condemned if I don't believe he's guilty!"

It is useless to add that the court was considerably exasperated at having lost a juror, but the most humorously inclined had a good laugh out of the old man's premature candor.

Pawning a Girl.

Moses Hamber, of Hamberg and & Co., of No. 1,209 North Tenth street, had a hearing before United States Commissioner Edmunds the other day on the charge of loaning money on pension certificates, in violation of the law. James Lafferty, of Second and Oxford streets, a hunchback and a cripple from rheumatism, said he was in receipt of $24 a month pension and was in the habit of pawning the certificate frequently with Hamberg & Co. He pawned it on June 7, for $2.50, received $10 on June 9, and $5 on Aug. 31, and when he drew his money he was handed $12. This made the interest on the loans, aggregating $17.50, $42.50. On several occasions, when the pawnbroker could not accompany him to the pension office to draw his money, he left his daughter, a girl of 15, as security, and she was released when he brought back the certificate. This fact the witness spoke of as if it were in the usual routine of business. The daughter, Ellen Eugenie Lafferty, a bright girl, said that her father and mother always spent the pension money for drink and she obtained no benefit for it. She had been used as security several times and did not seem to look upon it as a hardship. Once, when her father handed her over to Hamberg to be locked up until he returned, he said, "Now you are in prison, you know."

Hamberg was held in $500 bail to answer at the next term of court, and care will be taken to prevent the disappearance of the witness.—*Philadelphia Times.*

In the past forty years $4,000,000 has been spent in building and restoring churches in Wales.†

FOUR TIMES HANGED.

Mr. James Watts Survives Various Attempts to Dislocate His Vertebræ—His Wonderful Experience.

This is the story told by a man named James Watts to Capt. George Burton, of the steamship British Prince: "I was born in the town of Falmouth, Cornwall. My father was a sail-maker, doing a fair business. I was an only child. My mother I do not remember. I was sent to the grammar school; learned to read, write, arrange books, and other matters in keeping with my station. At 15 my father took me into his store as assistant. The Cornish coast abounds in rocky cliffs, where thousands of gulls build their nests. I often used to go egg-hunting with my boy friends. There was plenty of excitement in it. We used to fix a stick in a knot of rope some twenty feet long. One end would be fastened securely to a stake in the ground, and then we used to let ourselves slowly down over the cliff and swing backward and forward, seated on the stick, along the face of the rocks, frighten the old birds away, and fill our wallets with eggs. It was a little dangerous, as the rope might cut at any time on the rough surface of the rocks, but we were generally in parties of a dozen, and one division of us kept a sharp eye on the ropes while the rest hunted.

"I loved the sea in those days. One morning I started out alone with my coil of rope. I expected to find some comrades by the shore, but none were there. However, thinking they would soon arrive, I let myself down, not on the seat, as usual, but with the rope in a slip-knot beneath my shoulders. Directly my full weight was in the noose, it began to tighten to an uncomfortable extent, so I placed my foot against a small ridge and began to loosen the strain. I got one arm out and was gradually pulling the rope over my body so as to sit in the noose, when a dozen gulls flew out and began to attack me. My foot slipped from its hold as the rope closed rapidly round my neck. I had time to place my right hand to my neck, an act which saved my life, for, although the pain was severe, I could breathe.

I shouted for help, but no help was near. I hung there for hours; to me it seemed years, losing consciousness from time to time, and having the most horrible visions. Finally the agony was so great that with an effort of despair I freed my hand and suffocated. I recovered consciousness to find myself on my back in a fishing tent, with two men bending over me. It seems they had discovered my dilemma and were drawing me up within half a minute after the rope closed round my neck. My windpipe, I have since had reason to discover, is pretty strong—I can take a good deal of hanging. My first experience nevertheless, gave me a bad attack of brain fever, during which I must have acquired the fear and aversion for the sea I have felt ever since.

"When I recovered my health I became wild and dissipated, and, although I managed to remain on friendly terms with my father, for the next five years I was regarded in my native town as a quarrelsome fellow, foremost in every row and ready to get drunk whenever I had a chance. Looking back, I believe I suffered in my brain several years after my first hanging. One night in a general row I killed one of my pot-house companions with a blow on the head delivered with a heavy pewter vessel. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to be hanged. The verdict should have been manslaughter, for the deed was done in a free fight; but I had no friends on the jury. The foreman was a near relative of the dead man, and, although the judge charged the twelve good men and true in accordance with the lesser crime, they found me guilty, without even a recommendation to mercy. The judge put on the black cap, and 'hoped God would have mercy on my soul.'

"The day arrived for my execution. Meanwhile I knew my father was making strenuous efforts to have my sentence reversed, but up to the day fixed for my death, without success. My hands were pinioned, I took my last look, as I supposed, at the sun, felt the white cap drawn over my face, and begged the hangman to pull the bolt when I arrived at the supplication in the Lord's prayer, 'forgive me my trespasses.' I had hardly finished the first words of entreaty to heaven when a loud tumult fell on my ears, and the word 'Reprieve'! was shouted from mouth to mouth. The next moment I was unbound and the royal message of mercy read to me. The death penalty was commuted to ten years' penal servitude.

"Never mind how I passed the next ten years. They were not altogether unhappy. The facts of my crime were known in the prison. I was not a thief? and my docility and intelligence gained me favour with the governor. I was made messenger clerk, and the last two years of my confinement schoolmaster to my fellow-convicts. Everything was on the model system then. Transportation had been abolished shortly before I became a convict. Finally I was once more a free man. England, however, is no place for a freshly released jail-bird; he must live things down a year or two, and so my poor old father gave me £200 and his blessing, and I shipped for the Cape of Good Hope and the diamond fields. On the long sea voyage I suffered like a child in a dark room who is afraid of ghosts—an infirmity, of course, and a relic of my first hanging.

"Well," Watts continued, after a drink of whiskey, "I landed in Cape Town and found the city full of excitement. Diamonds had just been discovered afresh in old fields, and untold wealth, so it was supposed, was in the grasp of everybody. To reach my destination, the Kimberley mine, I had to travel a distance of eight hundred miles in a stage drawn by oxen, a journey which took up ten days and which was full of adventure. I arrived at the fields, and, in partnership with an acquaintance I made in the waggon, I purchased a share of a claim for £150. For a few months we found next to nothing, then success crowned our work, and within six months of leaving England, I was worth £2,000. I returned to Cape Town, but could not make up my mind to cross the ocean home, so I took rooms at a crack hotel and began to enjoy myself. Those who find fortune easily spend freely; in a short time gambling and drink left me with just enough to return to the fields. This time I had no money to buy a claim, so I had to work for a percentage. Luck favoured me, and again I was the possessor of several hundreds, sufficient to join a company of ten in the purchase of a large claim.

"There was an old Dutchman at the settlement who sold liquors and mining implements and other things to the diggers. He had a daughter, a handsome girl, the only young woman for hundreds of miles. She and I became intimate. The Dutchman did not approve of my attention to his daughter, and the way in which she favored me roused the jealousy of my companions. The Dutchman determined to get rid of me. One day he accused me of robbing him, and, certainly, a package of loose stones belonging to him, were found in my coat pocket. I had been talking to Gretchen and had thrown off my coat because of the heat, and the devilish Dutchman placed the plant on me.

"There is not much justice in a mining camp. As I said, I was disliked because of Gretchen's preference, and my partners, no doubt, were willing to have my share of the claim to divide among them; so I was tried and condemned to be hanged in less than an hour of the old man's accusation, by a lynch jury. I was allowed two hours to prepare for death, and then taken to the nearest tree, where a rope was placed round my neck and I was jerked by a dozen willing hands into the air. But before strangulation ensued I fell to the ground with a thump. Gretchen had not been idle. Her entreaties brought a crowd of opposition diggers to my assistance, and, though they permitted me to be jerked in the air just to see how it looked, they would not allow things to go any further; in fact they squarely expressed their opinion that the Dutchman had lied. The tide turned in my favor, and I believe the old villain would have been burned in his shanty but for my intercession and his daughter's tears. Gretchen jilted me, nevertheless, shortly afterwards, and, as I had next to no luck in my search for diamonds, I left the field for Cape Town, this time with only £200 or £300 in my pocket. I found a letter awaiting me at the postoffice, from a friend in Falmouth, telling me my father was dying.

"After again enduring the miseries of a sea voyage, I arrived in England, only to find my father dead and buried. He left me a small sum of money and his business. There was no peace for me in my native city, however; blood was on my hands, and coldness met me on all sides. I sold my father's effects at public auction, and journeyed to London, where my identity was soon lost among the many millions. But the brand of Cain followed me. I tried several kinds of business and employment, but no luck was mine. I took to drink again, and a fight with a policeman landed me once more in a prison cell. I was committed to hard labor for fourteen days. Despair seized me, I twisted a rope out of the strands I was given to convert into oakum, made a noose for my neck, secured the other end to the bars of the window, kicked away the stool, and lost consciousness. To my dying day I shall remember the sensations of my last hanging. I was transported to a beautiful paradise of meadows and flowers, where lovely forms of children greeted me, and delicious music sounded in my ears. It seemed to last for an age, but it could only have been a lapse of a few moments, for gruff voices succeeded the gentle music and the faces of the angelic children faded into the stern features of a pair of prison warders, who cut me down just in time. I was sentenced to three months longer for the attempt at self-destruction and watched night and day to prevent a repitition. I had, however, no wish to end my life again; on the contrary, the desire for new scenes and fresh adventure were full on me when my release from prison arrived. I still possessed a little money, so I purchased a ticket for Colorado, and I leave England, I suppose, forever to-morrow. The anticipation of the sea voyage tries me terribly this time. I will never make another journey by ocean; of that I am determined. In the far west, with a new name, new associations, and a clean shave, for I am younger than I look, Providence may yet send me happiness and fortune."

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Ma, which milkman gives the most cream, the one that has the best cows?" "Hardly, my child! It is the one who has the best conscience."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

We saw a specimen of modern politeness, the other day. Two gentlemen were going up in an elevator. A lady came aboard, and both men took of their hats, but continued to puff the smoke of their vile cigars into her face.

Longfellow said: "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.—*Philadelphia News.*

A Peruvian living in Milan has made a clock entirely out of bread. In this country many persons are trying to make bread out of paper, but they have only been partially successful. They complain that subscribers won't pay up.—*Norriston Herald.*

When the minister is pretty severe upon human shortcomings in the pulpit, every man leans back in his pew, smiles, and says to himself, "Now he's giving it to 'em." Satisfying thought, isn't it, that the minister always has reference to somebody else? *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A piece of lime which a boy carried in his pocket was the cause of his death from blood poisoning. It is the first instance on record of a boy's pant's-pocket going back on him. To think that brass wire, rusty old knife blades, decayed fruit, cobbler's wax, fish hooks, putty, mice, hedgehogs, can be carried with impunity, yet there's all this fuss about a little bit of lime that looked as innocent as a piece of chalk.—*Chicago News.*

A short, middle-aged colored man can be seen any morning coming out of Steinway Hall, New York, sometimes led by the arm of a kindly old gentleman, and generally grimacing and gesticulating in a strange fashion. This is Blind Tom—once a great phenomenon, and about whom more diverse criticisms have been written than any other musician in the country. Music is still a mania with him, and he has to go up in Steinway Hall and work off his mysterious energy every morning at a certain hour. And it is said that his teacher always draws a crowd of curious auditors about him.—*N. Y. Times.*

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 4, 1883.

EXTENSION OF THE NORTH HASTINGS RAILWAY.

We are glad to learn that notwithstanding the want of enterprise on the part of the Belleville Council who refused to take action in the extension of this railway to the north, the leading citizens of that city view it in another light, and that active steps are now being taken to secure such a survey for the proposed extension as will enable the promoters to lay the matter intelligently before the Dominion Parliament at its next meeting in January, and secure such aid as will insure its immediate construction. On Monday last an informal meeting was held in the office of John Bell, Esq., at which were present, Hon. M. Bowell, A. F. Wood, M. P. P., G. D. Dickson, Q. C., and others. A subscription list was drawn up and headed by Hon. M. Bowell and John Bell, Esq., with $200 each. During this week a canvas will be made of the city and it is expected that $1000 will be raised without any trouble, Alex. Brown, Thos. Wills, Thos. Kelso, Messrs. Downey & Preston, and a number of others having already signified their intention to take an active interest in the matter. The Manager of the Midland R. R. has promised and no doubt will give $500 towards it. We trust this village will not be slow in responding when called upon. $2,500 at least, we are informed, will be required to make a satisfactory survey and report. We trust our business men will see the importance of this matter in the interests of the village. Treat it with indifference as we may the fact remains the same—that without an extension of the North Hastings Railway, the Central Ontario Railway will do us serious harm. We now have the principal part of the trade north. With such direct R. R. communication as the extension would give us, there is no doubt, with the well known enterprise of our business men, we will not only keep it but extend it. There should be no time lost. We trust there will be none. It is the intention, we are informed, as soon as sufficient funds have been subscribed to call a meeting of the subscribers and appoint a Committee of Management, whose duties will be to look after the survey, the location of the road, making out the report, getting the necessary Legislation, and securing aid from Parliament.

It has been explained to us that the sums subscribed for the work above stated will only be an advance to be repaid out of the railway funds by the contractors who will do the work—it being a first lien upon them. The risk of the subscribers consists in securing the building of the road. Of this, however, we have no doubt, if taken hold of energetically, and we feel sure it will be.

A $20.00 Biblical Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for October, among which is the following:

We will give $20.00 in gold to the person telling us how many letters there are in the shortest chapter in the New Testament Scriptures by Oct. 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner Oct. 15, 1883. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver, or postal note (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Nov. *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

Holloway's Pills.—The stomach and its troubles cause more discomfort and bring more unhappiness than is commonly supposed. The thousand ills that settle there may be prevented or dislodged by the judicious use of these purifying Pills, which act as a sure, gentle anti-acid aperient, without annoying the nerves of the most susceptible or irritating the most delicate organization. Holloway's Pills will bestow comfort and confer health on every headachy, dyspeptic, and nervously suffering whose tortures make him a burden to himself and a bugbear to his friends. Holloway's Pills have long been the favorite remedy for a bad stomach, for a disordered liver, for impaired digestion and for all the ailments attributable to their regular sanative and tonic qualities.

Madoc Model School.

HONOR ROLL.—FOURTH DIVISION.

Sixth Class—	Marks	Marks
Jennie Sinclair	266	out of 373
Beatrice Cross	262	" "
Jennie Rollins	253	" "

There are only three pupils in this class.

Fifth Class—	Marks	Marks
Albert Love	255	out of 373
Alice Robertson	245	" "
Jennie Wright	239	" "
Jennie Carscallen	239	" "
Alice Ross	203	" "

There are eight pupils in this class.

Fourth Class—	Marks.	Marks.
May Jenkins	295	out of 422
Gussie Grier	284	" "
Minnie Geary	233	" "
Annie McLean	233	" "
Willie D. Davis	228	" "

There are eighteen pupils in this class.

Only the names of those pupils who make fifty per cent. or over of the number of marks obtainable will appear on the roll

There are nineteen pupils in the Model School class. Their names are Daniel N. Cornel, Wm. H. Falconer, Crozier A. Moore, Webster Massey, John Iukster, Totton Williams, Thomas Hart, Cassie Elliott, Jane McCormack, Mary Winams, Frederika Tuller, Agnes O'Donoghue, Maggie Jackson, Bella Pollock, Lottie Coyle, Eliza Pickett, Maggie Cooke, Sarah Stiles, Lily Miller.

Monthly Report, September, 1883 —

	Mr. Clark.	Miss McDermid.	Miss Rollins.	Miss Jones.	Totall.
No. Enrolled	91	88	70	109	248
Aggre. Attend.	516	566	1122	1064	3863
Aver. "	25.8	28	56.15	30.2	190.2
Percent of "	83.2	73.7	80.4	73.5	76.75
Aggregate Lates	25	38	46	59	168
Average "	0.83	1.9	0.57	0.5	0.66
Percent of "	24.00	1.7	0.89	1.9	1.1
No. of Reg. Abs	17	10	26	25	78
" Punc. "	18	20	50	77	165
Least No. Present	21	24	52	71	168
Greatest "	86	82	61	90	211

—Order your Vines and Shrubbery from Fred Davis, Madoc.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT MASONIC HALL.

(Vocalists and Bell Players.

(ORGANIZED 1846.)

The most charming musical treat ever enjoyed.

These Renowned Artists with a magnificent peal of 120 New Swiss Bells, will give their peculiarly Novel and Popular concerts as follows at

Masonic Hall, Madoc,

Wednesday Evg. Oct. 10, 1883,

FOR ONE EVENING ONLY,

Their Extraordinary Concerts consist of a charming selection of Vocal Quartets, rendered in their own peculiar style, Duets, Songs, and Ballads; also their marvelous performance on a magnificent peal of 120 New Swiss Bells. Delighted audiences everywhere.

Books of Words for sale in the room—10c. ADMISSION, 25 cts. RESERVED SEATS, 50c.

Reserved seats can be secured without extra charge, at Dr. Loomis's Drug Store.

Doors open at 7:30, commence at 8 p.m.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

—TO—

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating pier and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th November next, for the excavation of the rock work and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 16th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of two THOUSAND DOLLARS must accompany the Tender, which sum will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 20th Sept., 1883.

2264

BOY WANTED.

A SMART, intelligent boy wanted at the REVIEW Office. Apply immediately.

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at

THIS OFFICE.

NOTICE.

THE Corporation of the Township of Wollaston hereby give notice that at the first meeting held after the 1st day of October, they will pass a By-law to open a road from Lots 20 and 21 in the 11th concession, 18 and 19 in the 12th con., crossing Lot 19 in the 13th and 14th con's, going north to the boundary line; also to open a road from the 8th to the 10th concessions, between Lots 11 and 12.

By order,

H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, Sept. 7, 1883. 335

VOTERS' LIST, 1883.

MUNICIPALITY OF CARLOW & MAYO, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Carlow, on the 22nd day of September, 1883, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

WM. J. HUGHES,
Clerk

Clerk's Office,
Boulter, Sept. 22, 1883.

THE ESTATE OF JOHN CALVIN,

LATE OF THE

VILLAGE of MADOC,

DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having any claim against the said Estate to send in full particulars thereof to Charles Gream, of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, or the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of the said John Calvin, on or before the 4th day of November, next, by letter prepaid; and notice is hereby further given that after that date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the Assets among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given; and that she will not be liable for the Assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim she shall not have had notice.

All persons indebted to the Estate are hereby notified to pay their indebtedness to the said Charles Gream or the undersigned at once in order to avoid expenses.

JANE CALVIN,
Executrix.

Madoc, Oct. 4th, 1883. 336

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice,

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE RIDLEY.

HUFF VS. HUFF.

PURSUANT to a Decree or order of this Court bearing date the 8th day of September, 1883, there will be sold with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court, at Belleville, by public auction at his chambers, Shire Hall, in the city of Belleville, on

Saturday, 13th October, A.D. 1883,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the following property in the village of Tweed, that is to say, Lot No. 127 in the village of Tweed, according to a plan drawn by John Emerson, P. L. S., and registered in the Registry Office of the County of Hastings—containing one-fifth of an acre of land, be the same more or less.

There is erected upon the premises a good comfortable frame dwelling about 18x24, with frame kitchen attached, also a small frame stable. The Lot is well fenced with boards, and has on it a good well.

Possession given at once. Terms of sale: A deposit of $10 in the proportion of every $100 of the purchase money, and the balance within two weeks thereafter.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master. In all other respects the Conditions of Sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For farther particulars apply at the Law Office of S. B. Burdett, Esq., and Messrs. Flint & Sherry, Belleville.

Dated this 15th day of September, 1883.

S. B. BURDETT,
Plffs. Solicitor.

S. S. LAZIER,
Master at Belleville.

335

BEST GRADES OF

MACHINE OILS,

—ALSO—

CARBON SAFETY COAL OIL,

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY! for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of SOLID GOLD RINGS, from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

—x—

Farmers patronize home industry and avoid the vexatious delays that you have to put up with when you purchase foreign machinery. We are turning out a superior class of

STEEL | AND | IRON | PLOUGHS

for the fall trade. Our

Stove Department

is complete. We manufacture all kinds of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Madoc, August 29th, 1883.

.103mg.

Remnants! Remnants!

For the next few weeks the undersigned will hold a sweeping

CLEARING - OUT - SALE!

of Remnants and summer goods to make room for fall stock. Goods marked down to cost. Call and see for yourselves.

M. McLEAN, & CO.

Madoc, August 8th 1183.

Latest Local News.

Magistrates Court.

On Tuesday T. Scott was charged before Reeve O'Flynn and A. F. Wood, J. P., with stealing a sum of money from S. Bulpit at Huff's hotel on Friday night last. Bulpit had no evidence whatever to substantiate the charge, and in his cross-examination by Hastings he seriously contradicted himself several times. The magistrates dismissed the case without going particularly into the defence.

Narrow Escape.

Last evening, while Mr. P. Gunsolus and wife were driving out of the village on their way home, their horses, one of them a young colt, got frightened at a pile of gravel on St. Lawrence street, near Riggs' corner, and upset the wagon into the ditch. Mr. G. suffered a severe cut on the head, but his wife escaped unhurt. The horses ran round a block and came back to where they started from. The democrat was considerably broken up.

Reckless Driving.

The *Intelligencer* says:—As Mrs. Collins, a resident of Huntingdon, was returning to her home on Saturday afternoon, she met with a serious accident. Her son was driving the horses and engaged in a race with another team. He lost control of the animals and they ran into a shed at Hayden's Corners. Mrs. Collins was seriously injured by being thrown between the horses, and one of animals had his nose broken by striking it against the shed. The waggon was smashed to atoms.

Rough on Game.

Game of all kinds will have a hard time of it for the next two or three weeks, as a party of their most deadly enemies left this village on Monday last for the northern townships. We need only to mention the names of Messrs. E. L. Weiss, N. M. Mayber, Benson O'Hara and P. Sinclair, and say that their belts fairly glistened with revolvers and knives, in addition to their equipment of rifles and shot guns, to enlist the fullest sympathy of our readers for the poor partridges and deer that must inevitably fall before them. The party will make Bancroft their headquarters during their stay in the north. We hope the good people back there will not be disturbed by this invasion.

Found Dead.

A couple of weeks ago the body of a dead man was found in the back woods near Thwaite's Corners, which was recognized as that of a man who had been working in the mines some time previously. Dr. H. H. Sutton, Coroner, of this village, was notified but as no marks of violence were found on the body he did not think an inquest necessary and the body was buried. From a letter received by the Dr. from parties at the Baker mine, we learn that the man hailed from Montreal, and was known around the mines as John Henry, but a party who knew him for some years said his proper name was Jno. Finlay, and that some of his friends were now living in Montreal.

An old Resident Gone.

On Tuesday afternoon, 2nd inst., another of the old residents of Madoc township passed away to that "silent bourne," in the person of Mr. John Richardson, of Eldorado, aged 73 years. He died after an illness of eleven days, of inflammation. Mr. Richardson was a native of the town of Armagh, Ulster County, Ireland, and came to this country when 20 years of age. He was among the first settlers in Madoc township, and during the gold excitement here some years ago his name was spread pretty well throughout Canada and the United States as the owner of the then celebrated Richardson gold mine. His remains will be buried in the cemetery in this village on Friday, the burial service being held in the English church at 1 o'clock.

Everythings.

—October.

—Casement's new advt. next week.

—Now is the time to—pay the printer.

—Tinsmiths are busy about town putting up stoves.

—Hon. M. Bowell and lady were in Belleville last week.

—Apples are very scarce in the village this season.

—Division Court in this village on Thursday next, 11th inst.

—Dungannon and Faraday voters' list will be issued next week.

—Mr. John N. Moore and family have returned to Madoc township.

—Very little grain has so far come into this village. Prices rule low.

—The North Hastings Agricultural Society fair is being held at Garner's to-day.

—Huntingdon fall fair will be held at the Town Hall on Tuesday next, 9th inst.

—J. A. Chambers has the largest teapot in the village. See it, in front of the O'Flynn block.

—Witnesses all the way from Wollaston have been subpœned to Belleville this week in the case of Jenkins *vs.* C. O. R'y.

—In response to an enquiry, we may state that the Council of the township of Madoc will not meet again until the second Monday in November.

—The Salvation Army is attracting large audiences in Belleville. We expect to note a great change in the morals of the people of that city soon.

—A barn belonging to a Mr. Carscallen, near Flinton, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 27th September. We have not learned the particulars.

—The fall show of the Dungannon and Faraday Agricultural Society will be held on Wednesday, 10th inst. Both members for North Hastings are expected to honor it with their presence.

—Mr. Fred. W. O'Flynn, of the Merchants Bank, Owen Sound, paid a visit to the village a couple of weeks ago. We are glad to learn that he is being rapidly promoted in his present situation.

—The annual meeting of the officers of the 49th battalion will be held on the 12th inst., a day commemorative in the annals of the Canadian Militia on the Niagara frontier, when the 49th Regt. showed to the front.

—St. Lawrence street, from O'Flynn's corner eastward, is receiving a coat of gravel. To the credit of our Councillors we may say the streets of the village were never in better condition than they have been this season.

—The fall sittings of the Court of Chancery opened in Belleville on Tuesday. Among the cases are two of special interest from this village—Chambers and Jenkins *vs.* Central Ontario Railway, and Russell *vs.* Campbell.

—Mr. John Dale's old residence on Durham street in this village, which has braved the elements for nearly forty years past, has been partly torn down and in a few days will be moved away from its present site forever. The building was one of the few remaining landmarks on this street of the village in its infancy.

Don't Use Wooden Vessels.

The *Ontario* may or may not be reliable authority in this matter, but we quote the following from its columns:—"We have always been opposed to the use of wood in a dairy, such as pails, covers to milk pans, and even churns, if it can be avoided. If one of these wooden instruments has been in use in a dairy for a year or two, on a hot day you should take a good smell at it and you will be surprised to find what an old, funky odor there is about it. Crockery ware is not much better, as it has the further objection of being heavy and brittle. Tin or galvanized ware is the only proper material to come in contact with milk, and should not only be thoroughly washed and dried with a cloth, but should be subjected every day to the cleansing power of a jet of steam."

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

A Neat Window.

The window in Maybee's furniture show room, in Weiss' Block, has attracted considerable attention for some days past, the "show" being a handsome set of parlor furniture, covered with raw silk and finished in plush, which Mr. Maybee has just imported for a customer. It gives the window as handsome an appearance as can be seen in many city establishments. Inside is also exhibited a full stock of furniture of all kinds, picture frames, &c.,—a very large stock, in fact, for this village.

Vocalists and Bell Ringers.

Those old time favorites, the Alleghanians, after making the circuit of the world and playing in nearly all lands, are again making a tour through this country and will give one of their entertainments at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening next, October 10th. Those who have heard them when in this country before will be certain to hear them again, while those who have never enjoyed that privilege will miss a rare treat if they fail to attend. The following extract it from the Montreal *Star* of Sept. 5th, 1883:

THE ALLEGHANIANS.—The Alleghanians gave a very enjoyable concert last night to an audience which, owing to the damp weather, was rather small, but who thoroughly appreciated the programme. The bell-ringing was delightful, "Auld Lang Syne," "God bless the Prince of Wales," "Britannia rules the waves," and the medley being especially well received, as was also the singing of Miss Hanlon, who gave "Wait till the clouds roll by," "Coming through the rye" and "No, sir, No," in a very piquant and charming manner. Miss Hiffert's singing was also well applauded, especially her encore, "The three old maids of Lea." Mr. Field's comic songs were good, his "Just to please the boy" and his duet with Miss Hiffert bringing down the house. The concerted piece "The burning ship" was given with great vigor, and the concert ended with "God save the Queen," sung to the accompaniment of the bells. The company will give a matinee this afternoon.

Birth.

CONNOR.—In Madoc township on Sunday, 30th September, the wife of Mr. M. Connor, of a daughter, which they value at her weight in gold. She weighs ten pounds.

Married.

WANNAMAKER—SOANES.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Soanes, on Tuesday, 18th September, 1883, by the Rev. R. Lawson Ockley, Methodist Minister, Bancroft, Mr. Andrew G. Wannamaker to Miss Nancy Ann Soanes, all of Mayo.

Died.

RICHARDSON.—At Eldorado, on October 2nd, John Richardson, aged 73 years.

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

—Call at White's Agricultural Works and see their mills in operation polishing stove plate—Alfred Hardy will explain *modus operandi*.

—Fruit and Ornamental trees—Fred. Davis, Agt., Madoc.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 50	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	0 90	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 65	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 70	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 60	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 37	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 90
Butter, per lb	0 15	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 16
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins,	0 30	to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

THOS. ROBERTS'

CASH

BOOT and SHOE

STORE,

WEISS' BLOCK,

MADOC.

Aug. 28, 1883. 332.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

BOWEN & ELLIS

REMOVED! REMOVED!

—TO—

DALE'S = BLOCK,

in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,

where will be found a larger and better assortment of

Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,

than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOWEN & ELLIS.

Madoc, Sept. 4, 1883. 333.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

—XOX—

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

A LARCE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXII. (CONTINUED.)

Walter stood by the billiard-table idly knocking the balls about with his hand, and yawning at intervals as though he was bored beyond description.

"Walter," said his brother, suddenly stopping short before him, "I hope you are going to behave well to that poor little thing."

"What poor little thing, Edgar?" was the listless reply.

"You know very well who I mean—Miss Finch."

"What has Miss Finch to do with me? She is probably going to die—such a nuisance a death in a house is!"

Sir Edgar winced.

"I cannot believe you to be so heartless and so unfeeling as you make yourself out," he said, indignantly. "The very fact of your remaining here proves that you are not insensible to the danger she is in."

"Does it?" he said, carelessly.

"Walter, I do hope and trust if—if—when she gets well, you mean to marry the poor girl. Do, pray, be open with me about it. I am only anxious that you should do what is right, and I will make you an allowance; it will not be very much, but it will be as much as I can afford, to enable you to marry her and live quietly."

"My dear fellow," said Walter, with a lazy laugh, "you are really very good, but I haven't the slightest intention of marrying the children's governess!"

"You have allowed her to love you; you have caressed her, and you have not offered to marry her!" cried Sir Edgar, hotly and indignantly. "I cannot believe you to be so unmanly."

Walter laughed again.

"Do you suppose I have offered to marry every woman I have kissed in my life? I should have had enough to do if I had!" with a sneer. "Girls should be able to take care of themselves, and not allow themselves to be kissed."

"But she is so young, and timid, and weak!" said Edgar; "she does not understand how to take care of herself; surely Walter, you will not be so base as to take advantage of her youth and inexperience?"

"Really, Edgar, you seem to take a remarkable interest in Miss Finch and her doings. I am sure, my dear fellow, I did not know I was poaching in your preserves."

Sir Edgar colored deeply.

"You know very well that I am engaged to Lady Honoria," he said, gravely.

"Yes, of course, and that being the case, suppose we leave little Lily Finch alone—I'll look after her if I can. I'm sorry she is ill, and still more so if I should be the cause of her illness; but these sort of girls don't die of a broken heart; and as to marrying her, why, there are many good reasons against it. I dare say the mother will look after her; and, if I were you, I wouldn't risk Lady Honoria's displeasure by displaying your interest in her *quite* so plainly."

He laughed good-naturedly and rather scornfully, and Sir Edgar turned away, feeling that there was little that he could say in answer to him, and hoping in his heart that Walter made himself out to be worse than he really was.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WHITE HYACINTH.

But Lily did not die; she battled through her disease with all the strength of her healthy constitution and her twenty summers, and came back again, poor child, to all the vexed questions and the unspeakable sorrows of her life.

Lady Dyson had made her plans: she had not been idle whilst she had been waiting upon her, and now, when Lily was strong enough to bear it, she proceeded to unfold to her what she had determined upon doing with her.

The first time that Lily sat up, pale, and thin, and weak, in a big arm-chair, drawn up before the fire, Lady Dyson came into her room and took her kindly by the hand.

"Dear me! this is famous to see you up—how do you feel, my dear?"

Lily smiled gently and gratefully.

"Very much better! Oh! Lady Dyson, how can I ever thank you enough for all your goodness to me!" and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! never mind that, Lily—of course I have done what I could—and now you must be a good girl, and do what I tell you without any fuss."

"I will do anything you wish, Lady Dyson."

"That is right, my dear. Well, Lily, I have determined to send you away to the seaside."

The look of startled dismay in Lily's face told Lady Dyson instantly how distasteful the idea was to her. She went on, hurriedly:

"Yes, I think an immediate change will be a great thing for you. You would not, of course, be able to resume your studies for a long time, probably not for three months, Dr. Graham says; but I have determined that I will engage somebody temporarily to teach the children, so that you may be able to return to me when you are well enough."

"You are very, very kind," murmured Lily.

"What I have settled to do is to send you to an old nurse of mine, who is married and settled at Sandyport in Essex—she keeps lodgings—it is a quiet little place, but very healthy, and I hope you will soon pick up your health and strength there. I shall send Barnes down with you, and shall pay for you all the time you are there; you shall have no expenses and no worries—nothing, in fact, to do but to get strong."

"How very good you are," said Lily, and yet the poor child looked up at her wistfully and longingly; there was something terrible to her in this sentence of exile from Barfield. "And you will let me come back here afterwards, Lady Dyson?" she asked, timidly.

Lady Dyson smiled, and smoothed down the folds of her rich silk dress.

"Well,' she answered, "not exactly *here*, my dear, because there are to be some changes in the family. I and the children are going to live at a smaller house in the neighboring county, Batley Manor—you must have heard us mention it; it belongs to me, but it has been let of late years, but now I am going to live there; it is there you will come back to us."

Lily, pale and weak as she was, sat up in her arm-chair, clasping her hands nervously together.

"*What!*" she cried, tremblingly, and her eyes were full of startled dismay. "Oh! what do you mean, Lady Dyson?"

"My dear, do not be excited," answered the elder lady, laying her hand gently upon her shoulder; "it is nothing to make you look so frightened, child. You must be told sooner or later, my dear—Sir Edgar is going to be married," and in spite of herself, Lady Dyson felt that her heart filled with pity and compassion as she spoke the fatal words.

Lily sank back, white and trembling, among her pillows; for an instant Lady Dyson thought she was going to faint, and she reached out her hand for the salts-bottle, but Lily pushed back her hand gently, and a sudden crimson glow flooded her thin face.

"No, thank you, I don't feel ill—I—I hope he will be very happy, Lady Dyson."

"Yes, my dear, I hope so too," she answered, infinitely relieved by the girl's quiet voice and manner. She had dreaded a scene, but evidently Lily was going to take the news well and bravely.

"Is it Lady Honoria?" said Lily presently.

"Yes, it is Lady Honoria; I think she will made him a good wife, and it is a most suitable marriage in every way."

"I think she loves him," said Lily, slowly, "and I am very glad it is her."

Then there was a long silence. Lily rested her cheek upon her hand, and gazed long and abstractedly into the fire; Lady Dyson sat by her, watching her somewhat apprehensively. It was strange how much her heart had become drawn towards the poor, little despised governess whom she had nursed through her illness, and how sorry she felt for her. Lady Dyson could not help acknowledging to herself that Lily was behaving wonderfully well, and she felt so grateful to her for not fainting or going into hysterics, or behaving generally like a love-sick maiden, that she even leaned forward and kissed her.

Lily drew a long shivering sigh, and turned to her.

"And he will be married when I come back to you, Lady Dyson?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear. It is better so, don't you think so?"

"Very likely—oh! yes; it is far better, Lady Dyson," with a slight flush—"may I see him once before I go?"

"No, my dear, I think not."

"There is something I would like to say—only a few words."

"I don't think it would be wise, Lily; I am afraid I cannot allow it."

Her head sank back with a little sigh, and her eyes closed. She said nothing more, and Lady Dyson, after sitting quietly by her side for some minutes, fancied she must have dropped off to sleep. So she crept slowly away on tiptoe out of the room, and left her alone.

When she was gone Lily eyes opened once more, and fixed themselves again with a cold, miserable stare upon the flames.

"Never to see him again," she murmured, "never to tell him that he was mistaken—that I was not false or untrue to him. Oh! it is hard! but perhaps it is better for me; I must learn to live without him—it will be better to begin at once."

Meanwhile, Lady Dyson had found her son below in his library; an open letter was in his hand. He turned quickly to his mother as she entered.

"How is she—how has she borne the move to the armchair?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh! very well, indeed; I think she is in a fair way to get well now. Dr. Graham recommends her going to the seaside."

"Of course, that will be the best thing for her. I have had a letter from Lord Alchester, mother, and one from Honoria, too, they want me to go over for a few days; I suppose I had better go"

"Certainly, you had better go. You ought to have gone before, Edgar."

"Yes, perhaps. Mother, when will Miss Finch go to the sea, do you think?"

"Oh! not before Saturday. To-day is Monday. She will not be strong enough to move till the end of the week."

"Very well, then, I will go to Alchester Towers to-morrow, and be back on Friday. The fact is, I want to see Miss Finch before she goes away."

"My dear boy, you cannot possibly do her any good. I do not see the object of it."

"I *mean* to see her," he answered so decidedly that Lady Dyson knew he was determined to have his own way. She was dreadfully afraid of that interview. Good and docile as Lily was, who could tell what she might not say or do to upset Sir Edgar's engagement were she to be alone with him?

"I do not see what good you can do her," she repeated. "It will only be making her ill again for nothing She is very weak still."

"She will be stronger by Friday," answered Sir Edgar quietly.

And Lady Dyson was clever enough to raise no further objection.

Sir Edgar went away on the morrow. What he intended to have said to Lily on his return he probably hardly knew himself. Before he went away he was weak enough to go into the empty school-room, where he had so often spoken words of love to her, and where his last sight of her had been, alas! encircled by the arms of his own brother.

His heart smote him as he stood once more in the dingy, deserted little room. All the children had been sent away, as a matter of precaution, directly their governess had been taken ill. The chairs were ranged against the wall, the books were all packed away upon the shelves; there was no pleasant litter of copy-books and slates upon the table.

Edward Dyson turned away sadly and mournfully from the familiar room. Would he ever see her again, he wondered, the poor little girl whom he had loved so fatally, and whose weakness and frivolity had prevented her from being true to him? Poor little thing! she loved him, doubtless a little. She was sorry, very likely, by this time for what she had done; but it was too late now.

He sighed deeply. The brougham stood at the door to take him to the station; his mother was in the hall to wish him good-bye.

He kissed her, and listened to her parting words absently and not very attentively, and stood for a minute at the open door putting on his gloves.

It was a balmy April day. Outside along along the house wall was a long, close-set row of white hyacinths just in bloom. The warm, heavy scent came up in a delicious whiff of fragrance to where he stood. He glanced up at a certain closed window at the farther corner of the house. Did any breath of spring flowers creep into that sick room he wondered?

"You will be late, Edgar," said his mother.

He stooped down suddenly, and gathered one of the delicate waxen blossoms, and stepped back hurriedly into the house.

"Mother," he said, in a low voice, so that the servants might not hear them, "give her this, and tell her that I shall see her when I come home."

He thrust the flower into her hand, and turning hastily ran away, sprang into the carriage, and in another instant was gone.

As to Lady Dyson, she stood for some minutes alone in the hall, contemplating the white blossom in her hand. She turned it slowly over and over, as though she expected to find out some hidden meaning in its pure and stainless petals.

"The height of folly!" she said to herself, at last. "But I don't suppose it can do much harm."

And then she took the hyacinth up-stairs, and laid it upon Lily's lap.

"Sir Edgar has gone away, and he has sent you this," she said to her.

But she spoke no words about his intending to see her when he came back. That was not at all in the programme that Lady Dyson had laid out for the disposal of Lily Finch and her love troubles.

After she had given her the flower she was charitable enough to leave her alone; and when she was gone, Lily lifted the little peace-offering to her lips, and burst into a flood of tears as she pressed it to her face.

"It was to wish me good-bye," she said to herself, brokenly. "And he had forgiven me; but he will never see me again!"

And, like a tired child, poor Lily sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EVENING MEETING.

There was a ferment of unwonted excitement at Wrexham Hall. There were people coming and going, boxes and parcels arriving from London, a perpetual chattering amongst the women-folk of the establishment, for the wedding preparations for the 1st of May were in full swing. Mr. King had been liberal to his granddaughter in the matter of trousseau, and there came down from London many beautiful and costly garments for the bride-elect.

Cecily was not at all above being genuinely delighted and interested by this part of the proceedings.

"I wonder whether any woman ever got a trousseau for her marriage in such a queer way before?" she said to herself more than once, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, which no stings from her slumbering conscience could serve to stifle, as she bent over the rich satin which Stella was unpacking, and echoed her own warm admiration of its delicate beauties.

Poor Stella! she tried hard to be pleased and happy, but it was dreadful work going about with a smiling face with that never-ceasing pain at her heart.

"I shall get used to it in time," she would say to herself, "and dearly as I love them both, it ought to be easy enough. I must be very wicked not to rejoice more in my only sister's happiness!"

And then, with a pang, she remembered that, but for that foolish, childish freak long ago at Valency, when she had deceived her mother for the sake of an hour of stolen and doubtful pleasure, she, Stella, might have been in Cecily's place to-day.

"He took a disgust to me then, and no wonder: and then my dreadful temper did the rest. But for that, he might have cared for me."

And the sting of it all was the knowledge that her own folly had cost her her life's happiness.

Surely no silly, unreasoning escapade of early girlhood had ever been more dearly paid for!

During these days Noman went and came between London and Wrexham, and saw but little of the two sisters; for when he was at home he was closeted chiefly in Mr. King's library, where there was a great overhauling of family deeds and papers, and where the great question of settlements was supposed to be under discussion.

How painfully and terribly anxious Cecily felt during these conferences, and how intensely she longed to know how things were being arranged, no one could ever say. So great was her anxiety, indeed upon the subject, that, clever actress as she was, she could not quite succeed in hiding it from Stella's notice.

"I would not think about it, Cecily, if I were you," her sister could not help saying to her once, after Cecily's impatience concerning the settlements had betrayed itself almost too plainly. "I don't think it looks very well for a girl to think so much about the money when she is just going to be married."

"Do you suppose he is making his will?" was Cecily's only rejoinder.

"I dare say, dear. But what does it matter? You know very well that grandpa will behave well to you. You and Norman will be very well off. I don't think the details can matter very much."

"You know nothing about it!" she cried, impatiently; and then, with a nervous laugh, she added: "He might leave everything to Norman and nothing to me!"

"Well," replied Stella, smiling, "since Norman is to be your husband, that would not matter much. Of course everything that is his is yours also."

"That might not always be the case. Suppose we were to separate?"

"*To separate!* Good heavens! Cecily," cried Stella, aghast. "Fancy talking about separation, when you are only to be married in a week!"

"Oh! I was only joking, of course."

But she sighed, and looked so thoroughly worried, that Stella felt quite uneasy about her, not knowing what to make of her.

Far away, among the green slopes of the park, was an ancient and ruined tower. No one quite knew what had been its original purpose, nor who, in the generations that were passed away, had built it there. It was just a round stone tower, with a low doorway, and no remains of windows. The roof had long fallen in, but thick bushes and a young mountain-ash had planted their roots in the scanty dust of the crumbling walls, and had roofed it in with greenery from the rain and the sun. A small coppice surrounded it, and there was no pathway through the tangled nettles and briars that had grown up in wild disorder on every side of it.

It was within the shelter of this desolate building that a man stood waiting one evening, just after dusk, with his hands in his pockets, and a short black pipe in his mouth.

Every now and then he stooped down and looked out of the low doorway, and then, he knocked out the ashes of his pipe against the rough stone wall, and replaced it between his lips.

"She can't even be punctual now," he muttered, angrily, to himself; "it's too bad having to hang about in a damp, beastly hole like this, in the dark. I shan't stand more of it, so I can tell her. Hallo! here you are at last! I'm so sick of waiting for you!"

The tall dark figure of a woman, wrapped in a long cloak, came towards him, brushing through the undergrowth of the wood.

"I am sorry, Walter, I could not get away! Norman——"

"Yes—yes; always the cousin, I know," he interrupted roughly. "I'll tell you what, I am dead sick of the whole thing! I hate all this manœuvring and plotting, and I am bored to death with hanging about this country doing nothing. Money or no money, I shall cut it and go back to Paris; if you don't like to come, you may stop here by yourself."

Unseen in the darkness, Cecily's eyes filled with tears. She had no great power of loving anybody, but such heart as she had to give, certainly belonged to this man who, alas! for her, had neither truth nor honor, nor any single high principle in his worthless character.

"I don't think you are very kind," she said, reproachfully, "when you know how hard I am working for your future welfare and benefit."

He laughed roughly.

"Yes, you are getting a fine trousseau for yourself, and a handsome lover into the bargain!"

"Why, I do believe you are jealous, Walter!"

"Not I; but the farce is a little too good. How long, pray, is it going to last?"

"Only a few days longer."

"And how, pray, are you going to end it?"

"I will tell you," she said; "listen."

She drew his face down to hers, and whispered something in his ear.

Walter Dyson stepped back a pace or two.

"Upon my word, you are a bold woman!" he said, and there was a tone of startled and not very flattering admiration in his voice. "I suppose you know you might deserve some very ugly names if any one knew——"

"No one is ever likely to know but you; and you are not likely to betry me."

"And if it fails?"

"I don't think it will; if it does, of course I must come to you all the same, and the game will be lost."

"And the will?"

"The will is all right; the money is left to me in my own name absolutely; the house to Norman. I have only found it out to-night—Norman has just told me; it is all drawn up ready; it is only waiting to be signed."

"It is not signed, then? Why not?"

"It is a fancy of the old man's; he will not sign it till the evening before the wedding. There is an old cousin coming down from town, and Norman tells me he has a fancy that he should witness the will, so it will not be signed till then; that is why I can do nothing till the very day. But it will only make the shock the greater. Whatever happens, do not forget; eight o'clock in the morning with your dog-cart in the road behind the wall of the orchard; wet or fine, I will be there."

"And glad enough I shall be to be off," said the young man.

He was slightly mollified by this time, and had passed his arm round her waist; he bent down and kissed her carelessly. He was selfish and heartless and unprincipled, but after all he admired her, and her pluck and daring filled him with a certain amount of respect for her cleverness and cunning.

Cecily went home with a heightened color and a beating heart.

Meanwhile, all unknown to her, within this very hour the fates had already decided against her. Whilst she had been speeding noiselessly and swiftly to her tryst with Walter Dyson in the deserted tower, Dr. Graham's gig had almost by accident turned in at the Wrexham Gates.

The doctor was a privileged and valued friend. As he entered unannounced into Mr. King's private room, Stella rose from her knees by the old man's side, and slipped quietly from the room.

"That is my granddaughter, doctor," said Mr. King, in explanation.

"She is very pretty—prettier than her sister, I think. Is she the one who is going to be married next week?"

"No, it is the younger one."

"Ah! yes," said Dr. Graham, almost involuntarily; "the one who called upon me, I remember now."

Mr. King looked at him in surprise.

"Called upon you, did she? What was that for? Was she ill?"

"No; she was not ill; she called to ask me about you—about your health. I thought she seemed very fond of you, and very anxious—affectionate sort of girl, I should say. It was one evening late, about a month ago she came. I could not think who she was at first. I suppose the girl is very fond of you, Mr. King?"

"Umph!" said Mr. King, and looked straight in front of him for some minutes without speaking; then he roused himself with an effort, and spoke to the doctor about some change in his medicine. There were a few commonplace words between them, and then Dr. Graham rose to go.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. King?" he inquired, cheerily, as he stood buttoning up his coat.

"You are going back to Loughton, Graham?"

"Yes, instantly."

"Then would you please tell Norris, as you go by, to jump on his horse and come over here to me at once; he is to come *instantly*, remember—not to lose a moment's time."

Now, Mr. Norris was the solicitor who had drawn up Mr. King's will.

He sat for some time after the doctor's departure plunged in thought.

"I will make things safe," he said to himself. "The money shall be all left to Stella in trust, until Cecily has been married to Norman three months; to revert to Stella entirely if Cecily does not fulfill her engagement, the little cat! She has been ferreting about to find out how long I was likely to live! but I'll be even with her yet." And the old man chuckled maliciously to himself.

And then came Mr. Norris, the attorney.

"Good-evening, Norris," said Mr. King, turning to him as he entered. "A little matter of business, I won't detain you long; I am going to add a codicil to my will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cholera in Egypt.

A letter from Cairo to the London *Standard* says: Dr. Schaffey Bey, who was dispatched by the Egyptian government to report on the origin of the outbreak of cholera in Damietta, has issued his report. After giving an account of the almost incredibly unsanitary state of the town and of the mode of life of the inhabitants, Schaffey Bey finally concludes that the theory of the importation of the disease from India is altogether untenable, and he draws up his conclusions as follows:

"We find that, besides the points already noted, which stamp Damietta as the type of an unclean town, there are the following circumstances to be considered:

"1. The mouth of a river dried up by prolonged drought, with its banks and part of its muddy bed fermented under the sun's action, exposed.

"2. The river carrying along with it (and depositing them at the bend formed at Damietta) thousands of carcases of animals which it throws up at its edges, to putrefy under the damp heat.

"3. It is at this place that the river receives the outcome of the drains, animal and vegetable refuse, and all sorts of filth which the current can not carry off, being beaten back by the waves of the sea.

"4. The miasmata generated by all this putrefying matter here mixes with the vegetable effluvia rising from the marshes, from a soil full of organisms, and from the wide rice-fields which surround the town.

"5. It is the water of this river which supplied all the needs of most of the inhabitants and of more than fifteen thousand persons from various parts of Egypt who assembled at Damietta for eight consecutive days at the fair of Sheikh Abou el Mastl. An analysis of this water by the government expert proves it to teem with impurities.

"6. During the eight days of the fair regular orgies were held, exclusively on the flesh of animals who died of bovine typhus, and whose skins now fill the store-houses of the town.

"7. It was immediately after the fair that the disease broke out.

"8. The 19th, 20th, and 21st of June were marked here by a sudden rise of temperature.

"9. The epidemic broke out chiefly in the most unhealthy and thickly populated quarter, inhabited by the poor, who drank only the water of the river and canal.

"10. The disease remained for some time localized at Damietta before spreading further, and its spread was invariably in the towns on the river, or carried by sick emigrants from Damietta, as proved by the towns of Port Said, Alexandria, Ismailia, and Suez.

"These facts seem to prove that the same conditions, cosmic and hydrotelluric, which are present at the genesis of cholera germs in the Indian delta and on the banks of the Ganges, were accidentally observable this year in the Egyptian delta and on the banks of the Nile."

There is much more of interest in the report, but the above extracts give the pith of it. From personal knowledge of the town of Damietta I am able to vouch for the accuracy of the description of it. As to the remarks on the water supply, they hold good more or less in regard to any town in Egypt. It is probable that Dr. Hunter, on his return from the inspection he is now making, will be able to add further to our knowledge of the cradle from which cholera sprang this year.

A parliamentary paper has been issued containing a report from Surgeon General Hunter to Sir Edward Malet on the cholera epidemic in Egypt. The report, which is dated Cairo, Aug. 6, states that "it is simply an abuse of words to talk of sanitation in connection with Cairo, every sanitary law being grossly set at defiance;" and adds that "conditions for the development and spread of disease in almost every form, epidemic or otherwise, abound. They are here, there, and everywhere present to the sight, smell, and taste." After expressing the opinion that in all essential features the type of the epidemic does not differ from cholera as it is experienced in India, Surgeon General Hunter proceeds:

"It is gratifying to be able to state that the epidemic is on the wane, although still widespread over the country; and the type, as usual in declining epidemics, is much less severe. The number of deaths from this disease reported up to the 31st of July is said to be 12,600. Registration is, however, so defective that this statement must be taken with much reservation. I am inclined to think that it is nearly double this total. The organization of the medical department is in a most primitive condition, and many of its officers are quite incompetent. The latter are broadly accused of being ignorant, and of neglecting their duty through personal fear. That there are many honorable exceptions to this rule I believe; nevertheless the allegations preferred have come to my personal knowledge. In pleasant contrast to this I would observe that the Egyptian soldiers are loud in their gratitude for the devotion displayed by their English officers to their necessities during the present crisis." Dr. Hunter suggests the thorough reorganization of the medical department and the establishment of a sanitary department.

A fashion item says that "swallows now decorate many articles of feminine attire. They appear painted or embroidered on dresses, enamelled on buttons and jewellery, and the real article is seen on bonnets. Heretofore "swallows" have principally decorated the masculine nose, and in some cases have garnished the windows of homes with old hats. The new use to which they are devoted is a gratifying change.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE DESIGNS OF FRANCE.

What She Has Undertaken.

It must be becoming evident to the French themselves that they have undertaken something more than a promenade, observes the London *Times*, in a leading editorial, regarding the Tonquin expedition. They were very angry when we warned them that their task would prove troublesome, and tried to persuade them from gratuitously involving themselves in a war which can in no case bring honor or substantial advantage. We venture to think that the more sober and serious among them are already asking themselves whether the game is worth the candle. With a sufficient expenditure of men and money—an expenditure, however, which will probably greatly exceed the original estimates—there is no doubt that France can reduce the Anamese towns one after the other. She will find it, however, a good deal more difficult to break down Anamese opposition in the swamps and jungles. Marching through the swamps within twenty degrees of the equator is work which tells very rapidly on Europeans, but which the Anamese can impose to any extent if they understand their own strength. In spite of the diplomatic explanations in Europe, there seems to be every reason to suppose that they are covertly supported and assisted by the Chinese, and the prevailing temper at Pekin is in favor of even more decided action. If the French ignore the officious Chinese war, they will find their difficulties in Tonquin very seriously increased and prolonged by the material and moral countenance given to their enemies. If, on the other hand, they recognize and openly resent Chinese meddling in the affairs of Tonquin, they would find their present enterprise the mere prelude to a more formidable one. In a war with China, France would no doubt be victorious, but the victory itself would be substantially a defeat. For what are our neighbors running all these risks? Suppose them to have chastised the Anamese to their hearts' content and made themselves masters of all these cane-breaks and paddy-fields, what are they going to do next? No one even in France can seriously suppose that Frenchmen will go and live in that delectable region. The French do not colonize even when the conditions are much more favorable. They have no aptitude for the work and no pressure at home to force them to undertake it. If Tonquin were as much at their disposal as Algiers they would never have more than official possession. They would send out a staff of officials, who would be followed by sufficient tradesmen to supply them with the nearest attainable imitation Parisian shops, but there the thing would end. Is it worth while for such a result to go through what has already been done, let alone the much greater labors that are probably in store?

The feverish restlessness which the French government has recently displayed can not be limited and guarded exactly as it might wish. To get up a quarrel with the Anamese about some old treaty may be a trifle, but it leads to difficulties with China, and China has so many commercial ties to Europe that any disturbance of her tranquility reacts upon every European exchange. Nothing is more clear than that. If the present quarrel goes beyond a certain not very distant point, our own commercial interests will be seriously menaced. When important affairs are at stake the people of this country know how to submit with as good grace as others to resulting inconvenience, but they will scarcely regard with patience the disturbance of the east for a mere caprice. Nor does the mischief terminate even with the substantial secondary inconveniences it occasions. Conduct is not exclusively judged in detail; on the contrary, men look for its general tendency and inspiration, which largely modify the view taken of particular acts. The Tonquin expedition does not stand alone, and in dealing with it the world does not forget that it illustrates the recent drift of French policy. It connects itself with the incessant attacks upon this country for no other offence than protecting its obvious interests in Egypt, with the Madagascar expedition with French pretensions on the west coast of Africa, and with the various little asperities of the French Foreign office since the death of Gambetta. The North American *Gazette*, has just administered a severe and unlooked-for rebuke to the French which has depressed prices upon almost every European bourse. The irritation to which it bears witness can not be explained by the reason assigned, since the French press has upon the whole observed for many years past remarkable moderation in regard to Germany. It is rather the expression of a general impatience of French conduct, which seems to justify itself by alleging an ill-feeling toward Germany, of which there has been no particular manifestation. But there is a yet more important lesson to be drawn from that rather remarkable admonition. It ought to convince the French people that their little expeditions up and down the world do not add in the smallest degree to their consideration and influence in Europe. It is not necessary to adopt any particulary theory of the origin of the remarks of the German semi-official journal. It is sufficient that they have been made, and are of a kind which would hardly be addressed, even under the influence of irritation, to a power regarded as formidable. That is the point which it seems to us Frenchmen should consider. They may make what expeditions they please, but so long as the semi-official German press is permitted to address them in such terms they are rudely reminded that they count for very little in Europe. Having reached this point, they may profitably go on to consider whether the best way to regain their position be not to abandon all enterprises that fritter away their strength, and to adopt a policy of reticence and *recueillement*.

"Yes," said Fogg, "Dr. Pillroller is a brave man, no doubt, but he carries his bravery too far. He is foolhardy, sir; never saw so rash a man; called him to see Mrs. F. to-day, and he actually asked her to let him see her tongue! Fact, sir. I wouldn't have believed any living man would have had courage to meet that tongue of hers."

The original publisher of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Mr. John P. Jewett, believes he could have bought the story for twenty-five dollars, as, while negotiating with Professor Stowe and his wife, the Professor said, "I tell wife that if she can get a good black silk gown, or fifty dollars in money, she had better take it."

PER CAUSE HOPELESS.

An Interesting Interview with ex-President Prado—He Advises His Countrymen to Fight to the Last.

"The situation is fatal," was Gen. Mariano Ignacio Prado's brief summing up of the condition of affairs in Peru, a country of which he was twice elected president, and from which for the last three years he has been an exile and a wanderer. He is passing a few days in New York on his way to Europe. He has just arrived here from visits to several of the South American states. He was seen at the Sturtevant House by a New York *Herald* reporter. The general's stock of English is extremely limited, though the few words that escaped him were spoken with excellent accent. The conversation which follows was had in Spanish.

Gen. Prado is a man of medium height, of courteous yet stately presence. He does not look his 57 years. His voice and address are very pleasing, his face is intellectual, his eyes are dark with a settled sadness in them, yet they can gleam and light up with humor. His hair is black, as is his beard, save for a fringe of the frost of time. His manner of speaking is very deliberate, and without that excess of gesture that often characterizes the men of the Latin races. When Chili declared war against Peru Gen. Prado was the Peruvian president. What he thought of the war, what he thinks of Chili, and what of the present situation and prospects of peace will be found in the interview published below. His views are in many respects opposed to those that would pass current here from the news received from time to time. He is, however, for some weeks without mail or private advices, and confessed that he could only pronounce upon the situation from previous knowledge.

"The situation is fatal," was his response to the first question.

"Then there is no hope for Peru?"

"Apparently not."

"No hope of peace?"

"Chili is too exacting. She asks more of Peru than Germany asked of France after the Franco-German war. It is impossible to make peace on such terms."

"What can Peru do?"

"Go on as she has been going—keeping up a desultory warfare."

"Did you hear of the Iglesias treaty?"

"Yes; and he may sign the treaty; but Iglesias is not Peru. He represents nothing but the Chilian interests. He is the creature of Chili, and has no following among the Peruvians. He may construct his cabinets and all the rest of it, but that means nothing. The Peruvians would never accept the terms of such a treaty. Besides indemnity in money, Chili wants Tarapaca, Arica, Tacna, and Moquegua. These provinces represent the wealth and commerce of Peru. Take them away and Peru dies of hunger."

"Has Peru no resources outside of those provinces?"

"None to speak of. To take them is to take all, and Peru can not consent to give them up. It would be equivilent to signing away her life."

"Do you think Chili will be content with no less?"

"It seems not."

"You were present when war was declared?"

"Yes."

"Did you not anticipate war?"

"Never. We were at peace. We were friends, friends—Chili and Peru. The war was a complete surprise to the Peruvians. We had no armies and no armaments. But Chili was prepared for war and had been preparing for years."

"Had been preparing for years, and yet you suspected nothing?"

"Nothing."

"What was Chili's purpose?"

"Just what she accomplished—to crush Peru and seize upon its wealthiest provinces."

"Who was the Chilian Bismarck to conceive this policy?"

"No one man. It was a traditional policy handed down from president to president."

"How and why did you leave Peru, general?"

"After our first disasters I left, with the consent of congress, to come here and go to London, in order to raise resources with which to carry on the war. I was deputed by congress to do this. Behind me I left an established government, with Gen. La Puerta, the vice president in charge. In my absence Pierola created a revolution against me, seized the dictatorship, and the result you see."

"Where is Pierola now?"

"In Paris. But I have no relations of any kind with him."

"Is not Chili anxious to make peace to relieve her armies and evacuate the soil?"

"Yes she is anxious to evacuate, but with Peru in her pocket, by taking off the richest provinces."

"Has Peru any chief at all?"

"She has two—Iglesias, who represents the Chilian interest, and through whom the Chilians treat, and Calderon, who represents the feelings of the people of Peru."

"Calderon is a prisoner in Chili, is he not?"

"Yes, but Monter, the vice president, is left. His headquarters are at Arequipa, whither the Chilans have not yet reached. Montero represents the popular interests."

"And Caceres?"

"Caceres is a good general, but he is without proper equipments and resources. Yes, he was beaten at Huamachaco, but not so hopelessly as has been represented. He retreated, and has gathered his forces around him again.

"A *Herald* dispatch repeats a story current in Lima that Admiral Lynch has offered a safe conduct to Caceres."

"Ah, indeed. Well, Lynch may have done so; but one thing is very certain, Caceres will not accept his safe conduct."

"What of Bolivia?"

"Bolivia sides with Peru, but not actively. It does nothing."

"Does Peru look anywhere for aid?"

"Nowhere. There was a time when she looked for and expected aid from the United States, and when she was given to understand that such aid would be forthcoming, at least to procure more favorable conditions of peace."

"You allude to the Blaine-Hurlbut policy?"

"Yes. That hope failed at a time when better conditions of peace could have been obtained. But now Peru can obtain no conditions at all. She is absolutely at the mercy of Chili."

"Are not the Europeans the chief holders of Peruvian bonds?"

"Yes; the English, the French, the Belgians, and a few in Germany and Spain. But the powers do not care to interfere and mix themselves up with matters on this continent. The policy of the United States stands in the way of such interference."

"Chili collects the revenue, does she not?"

"Everything is in her hands. The commerce, business, and whole life of the country have suffered terribly. And yet the people continue to work and to live when and where they can."

"Would it not be better for them to make peace at any price?"

"They can not make it at the price Chili sets. That means death."

"Suppose peace were made even on the worst conditions, has Peru any statesmen who could help to build her up again?"

"She has men of capacity, but there would be nothing left for them to build up. The people could not live."

"Then what advice do you give your countrymen under the circumstances, general?"

"This," was the reply, with an emphasis approaching solemnity, "if die they must, let them die fighting to the last. It is better to die fighting than to starve. Chili presents no other alternative."

"Are they all good republicans in South America, general?"

"Republicans, yes."

"Then why can't they live at peace together as we do up here? Why are they always fighting?"

The general laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah! that is their misfortune," he said. "What causes the constant revolutions?"

"Who can say?"

"Do you think they may possibly have too many generals?"

Gen. Prado threw a keen glance at the reporter, smiled again, nodded his head, and said: "Perhaps so; too many generals."

GARNERED WITTICISMS.

Early English—baby talk.

Brothers-in-law: Lawyers.

The mosquito must quit, oh!

The mosquitoes generally leave summer resorts at the same time the guests do. The skeeter is the bird that can keep up with hot procession every time.

An awning over the doorway of a Brooklyn saloon has the word "Fresh" painted on it. At any time during the day may be seen a dude standing under it.

A little girl at Newport, seeing the willow phaetons for the first time, exclaimed: "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes-baskets here!"

"Yes," said the druggist, "I'm very sorry I gave Mr. Snagg the wrong dose by mistake and he died. He's the second good customer I've robbed myself of in that way this year."

In front of a colored woman's cottage in Hackensack stands a pear tree on which is nailed a shingle bearing the following legend written in pencil: "*Fife dollus fine, whoever shakes dis tree.*"

"Don't you forget," exclaimed a man arising during a discussion, "that I lay over he deck." "Do you mean that you can whip me?" replied a long-haired Arkansas man, also arising. "No, sir," said the first speaker. "Then what do you mean when you say you lay over the deck?" "I mean that I am a steamboatman, and sleep in the pilot-house."

Chorus of excited boys: "Then the lightning struck you?" Skipper (*indifferently*): "Oh, yes, I was leanin' again the mainmast when it struck it." Excited boys: "Didn't it kill you?" Skipper (more indifferently): "Wal, no; it all ran down my back." Excited boys: "And what did you do then?" Skipper (most indifferently): "I had to haul off my boots and pour the lightning out on the deck."

"I brought my aunt inter the city to-day to show 'er round," said a rustic to a Boston police officer, "and she's got kinder tired walkin', so I wanter find some place where she kin sit down an' rest a bit and have a bite of suthing to eat. Kin yer direct me to any place?" "Certainly," responded the representative of Boston's æsthetic and literary police force. "What you want is a rest your aunt. Go right into that eating-saloon." The pair went in.

When the stranger remarked that he was from Arkansas, one of the passengers suddenly turned and asked: "You are, eh? maybe you are from Crittenden county?" "I am that." "Perhaps from James' Landing?" That's it, exactly." "Then maybe you know my brother, William Henry Jones, from Penn Yang, this State?" "Stranger, put it thar!" exclaimed the Arkansas traveller, as he extended his hand and smiled all over. "Bust my buttons if I didn't help hang your brother for cattle-stealing just before I left home."

Anecdote of Napoleon Bonaparte.

When this daring and ambitious soldier was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," to which he indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian woman, on hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature with impunity thus to usurp his prerogative." It happened to Bonaparte just as it was predicted. His invasion of Russia was the commencement of his downfall.

A Good Friend to the Chinese.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Consul A. F. Bee, of the Chinese Consulate Office, expresses himself clearly in saying that he, as well as his family have suffered severely from rheumatism and neuralgia, and that medicines were used in vain. At last St. Jacobs Oil was tried, which effected immediate cures in every case. The Consul regards the Oil as the greatest pain curing remedy in existence.

An English gentleman named Preston has marked his gratitude for rescue from wreck in his yacht by giving a lifeboat to a Cornish town.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

A high-toned affair: The dinner bell at a mountain hotel.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Young Fastboy says the first girl he ever waltzed with was all the whirled to him.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By druggists.

One reason why more people don't go to the Yellowstone is because it takes too many yellow stones to get there.

The Triangle Package Dyes have won their way to public favor, solely on their own merits, and are now to be found in every section of the country. 30 colors. All perfect. 10 cents.

New York clubs are famous all over the world.—New York *Exchange*. More especially those in the hands of the police.

From Mr. EDWARD MITCHELL, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, Ont.

Hamilton, January 18th, 1883.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, St. Catharines.

My Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday's date, asking my experience with regard to RHEUMATINE and I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a success in my case, and in heartily recommending the remedy to those suffering from Rheumatism. I suffered for months with that trouble in my right arm and shoulder, and often was unable to use my hand, and at night the pain was frequently so great as to render sleep an impossibility. I must confess that I entertained a repugnance to "patent" medicines, but some of my friends persuaded me to try "Rheumatine," and although it may be true that *I might* have got well without it, *one thing I do know*, that after taking four bottles *the pain took its departure*, and *I have now the full use of my arm*. I heartily wish you unbounded success, as I fully believe your remedy is all that you advertise it to be.

I am, my dear sir, yours most truly,

E. MITCHELL.

A Philadelphia girl dropped her shoe out of a window and killed a mule.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Morse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Fashionable ladies like to get a "new wrinkle," but they don't want to show it on the forehead.

True merit brings its own reward, in the case of Burdock Blood Bitters it is rapidly bringing its reward in its increasing sales; as a prominent druggist recently said, "it now sells on its merits." It is the grand specific for diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. 25,000 bottles have been sold, during the last three months. (34)

Boston girls never giggle. They merely express their delight by a dreamy, far-away, north-pole smile.

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. (35)

The Vassar girls talk of getting up a rowing club. Vassarty eight would prove an attractive feature of a college boat-race.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and testimonials free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

Nitro-glycerine is now frequently used as a medicine, under the name of glonoine.

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy. (32)

Matrimony is said to be a lottery, but to the hour of going to press no law has been enacted prohibiting the use of the males.

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well-earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand investigation. (36)

An excited organ of the cremationists declares that the Undertakers' union has been running the thing into the ground long enough.

Age should always command respect. In the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic and all Bowel Complaints. (33)

A fashion item says that "$300 worth of lace can be put on a flimy dress without looking loaded." It is to be presumed they go off easily.

HOW THEY DO IT.—So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

J. E. Kennedy, dispensing chemist, Cobourg, says that no blood purifier that he has ever handled has had such a large sale as Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds, "in no case have I heard a customer say ought but words of highest praise for its remedial qualities. (31)

A Maine girl didn't want a lover to name a boat after her, because she didn't desire to read in the papers that "Matilda Slocum is up for repairs," "Matilda Slocum is on the dock to be scraped," etc.

FOR THE

Kidneys, Liver, and Urinary Organs.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver, and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

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A GENEROUS PUBLISHER.

A LADY'S FINE HUNTING-CASE SILVER WATCH FREE.

The publisher of TRUTH, the well-known weekly magazine, offers among his other premiums, a Lady's valuable Silver Hunting Case Watch FREE to any one telling him which is the longest verse in the Bible by the 7th of November next. Should more than one correct answer be given, the second in order received will get a handsome solid gold gem ring. Should more than two be given, a neat English neck chain will be presented to the sender of the third correct answer in order received. To the fourth will be given a silver-plated butter knife. Not more than the four prizes are offered. So if you want to secure one of them be as prompt as possible in sending in your answer. The conditions attached are that every competitor must send FIFTY CENTS and this advertisement with their answer, for which they will receive every week for three months *Truth*, a 28-page WEEKLY Magazine, containing in each issue 2 full size pages of newest music, either vocal or instrumental; two or three very fascinating serial stories; a short story; short, pointed, pithy editorial paragraphs on all the leading events of the week; beautiful illustrations of the latest English and American fashions, with full letter press descriptions; a Young Folks' Department; Health Department; Ladies' Department; Temperance Department; Sport Department; besides a lot of Miscellaneous reading, and altogether just the paper to interest *every member of the family*. To say nothing about the probability of your getting the watch, the gem ring, the neck chain, or the silver-plated butter knife, you will find you have secured a prize in getting *Truth* for three months. So don't delay sending your answer and half dollar with this advertisement, and secure one of the prizes offered. Address S. FRANK WILSON, publisher *Truth*, Toronto, Ont.

☞ Sample copies of *Truth* sent for five cents. In the last issue of *Truth* for November will be published the names and address of the successful prize winners.

WANTED A FIRST-CLASS BREAD AND Cake Baker with the view of selling or renting to him. A steady young man can do a good business and the rest moderate to the right man. Apply to WILLIAM WALKER Box 171, Lucknow.

DO NOT ALLOW YOUR CHILDREN TO grow up deformed or crippled, but call and examine our appliances for the treatment of Club Feet, and Diseases of the Spine, Hip, Knee and Ankle. Remember the world is progressing, and more can be done to-day than at any former period. We also manufacture Artificial Limbs, Trusses, and appliances for the relief and cure of all kinds of deformities. Will show at Toronto, Guelph and London Exhibitions. AUTHORS & COX, 91 Church St., Toronto.

BLACKSMITHS' BELLOWS,
ANVILS, VICES,
PORTABLE FORGES,
BABBET METAL

The Largest Assortment in the Dominion

WILLIAM DARLING & CO.,

HARDWARE MERCHANTS,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

THE GREAT CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature.

RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature.

"IT IS A SURE CURE

Sold by all druggists. The Rheumating Manufacturing Co., Niagara Falls, Ont. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman, Wholesale Agts., Toronto.

JUST | ARRIVED !

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID

BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug. 23, 1883.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

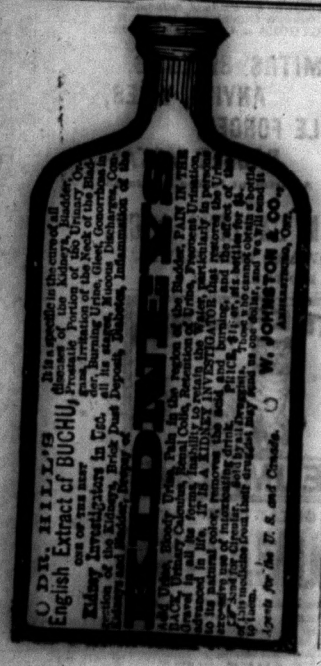
Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.



J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

FRONT STREET.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

A call solicited.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor, to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882. **N. M. MAYBEE.**

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

—WRIGHT'S—

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor

STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

—FRUITS IN SEASON.—

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

—CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.—

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Prices.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883.

R. Casement & Co.
Glass, Putty, Paints,
Varnishes of all kinds.
MADOC, ONT.

R. Casement & Co.
Nails, Iron, Steel
AND
GENERAL HARDWARE
Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 337. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 11, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

Monteagle, et. al., Fall Show.

The annual fall show of Monteagle, Herschel, Bangor, Wicklow & McClure Agricultural Society, will be held at Maynooth, on Friday, October 20th, inst., when the following prizes will be offered :—

HORSES.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Span Heavy Draught Horses	$2 00	$1 00	
" General Purpose Horses	2 00	1 00	
Carriage Horses	2 00	1 00	
Stallion	2 50	1 75	
Brood Mare & Foal	1 50	1 00	0 50
Saddle Horse	1 00	50	
Colt or Filly, 3 yrs old	1 00	50	
do 2 "	1 00	50	
do 1 "	1 00	50	

OXEN.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Yoke of Oxen	$2 00	$1 00	
Pair 4 yr. old Steers	1 00	50	
" 3 " do	1 00	50	
" 2 " do	1 00	50	
" 1 " do	50	25	
3 yr. old Heifer	1 00	50	
2 " do	1 00	50	
1 " do	50	25	
Calf, steer or heifer	1 00	50	
Bull, under 7 years	2 00	1 00	50
Milch Cow	1 50	1 00	50
Beef Ox, Cow or Steer	2 00	1 00	50

SHEEP.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Ram	$1 50	$1 00	$ 50
One Ewe	1 00	50	
Lamb, ewe or ram	50	25	

Judges on Live Stock.—Messrs. Geo. rant, Carlow, Geo. Jeffrey, Rockengham, Dermot Kavannah, Umfraville.

SWINE.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Boar	$1 50	$0 75	
Brood Sow	1 00	0 50	
Spring Pig	0 50	0 25	

GRAIN and SEEDS.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Bushel Rye	$0 50	$0 25	
" Fall Wheat	1 00	0 50	
" Spring Wheat	1 00	0 50	
" Barley	0 50	0 25	
" Peas	0 60	0 30	
" Oats	50	25	
12 Ears Corn	50	25	
½ peck White Beans	50	25	
Timothy Seed, ½ bush	50	25	

VEGETABLES and ROOTS.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Pail Cup Potatoes	$0 50	$0 25	
" Early do	50	25	
3 Sweedish Turnips	30	15	
3 other kind do	30	15	
6 Beets	30	15	
6 Red Carrots	30	15	
2 Heads Cabbage	50	25	
6 Tomatoes	30	15	
½ peck Seed Onions	50	25	
2 Heads Cauliflowers	50	25	
½ peck Top Onions	50	25	
Pale Potato Onions	50	25	
Peck Apples	75	50	25
½ peck Plums	50	25	
Bunch Grapes	50	25	

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Keg of Butter, 25 lbs. or over	$1 00	$0 75	$0 50
3 lbs. Butter, roll	75	50	25
Cheese, 8 lbs. or over	75	50	25
Hard Soap, 2 lbs	50	25	
Maple Sugar, 5 lbs., in cake	50	25	
Loaf of Bread	75	50	25

IMPLEMENTS.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Set Draught Harness	$0 50	$0 25	
Waggon	1 00	50	
Buggy	1 00	50	
Pannel Door	1 00	50	
Ironed Neckyoke	75	50	
Set Horseshoes	50	25	
Men's Boots, home-made	1 00	50	

Judges on Grain, Roots, Dairy Produce and Implements.— Messrs. John Jarman, jr., L'Amable, Edward Johnson, Bancroft, A. Tooley, New Carlow.

NEEDLE WORK, etc.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Crochet Work, wool	$0 50	$0 25	
Crochet Work, other than wool	50	25	
Embroidery in Worsted	50	25	
Patchwork Quilt, woollen	1 00	75	50
Patchwork Quilt, cotton	1 00	75	50
Rag Mat	50	25	
Worsted Stockings	50	25	
Worsted Socks	50	25	
Worsted Mits, plain	50	25	
1 lb. Dyed Yarn	50	25	
5 yds. Home-made Flannel	1 00	75	50
Flannel Shirt, hand-made	1 00	75	50
White Shirt, hand-made	1 00	75	50
5 yds. Fulleloth	1 00	75	50

Judges in Ladies' Department.—Mrs. J. C. George, Bancroft, Mrs. S. Plunket, Bancroft, Mrs. Levick, sr., Monteagle.

—Extract Logwood cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

—Coal Oil at G. A. Rollin's.

—Very finest quality of Dutch Madder, only a york shilling per pound at Deans' Drug Store.

NOTICE.

THE Corporation of the Township of Wollaston hereby give notice that at the first meeting held after the 1st day of October, they will pass a By-law to open a road from Lots 20 and 21 in the 11th concession, 18 and 19 in the 12th con., crossing Lot 19 in the 13th and 14th con's, going north to the boundary line ; also to open a road from the 8th to the 10th concessions, between Lots 11 and 12.

By order,
H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, Sept. 7, 1883. 335

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.

Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

THOS. ROBERTS'

CASH

BOOT and SHOE STORE,

WEISS' BLOCK,

MADOC.

Aug. 28, 1883. 332.

BOWEN & ELLIS

REMOVED! REMOVED!

—TO—

DALE'S BLOCK,

in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,

where will be found a larger and better assortment of

Groceries. Crockery, Glassware, &c., &c.,

than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOWEN & ELLIS.

Madoc, Sept. 4, 1883. 333.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 917.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, October 22

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.

March, 31, 1883. 311.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property ; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.

Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

STRAYED.

ON TUESDAY, September 12th, inst., from the premises of the undersigned, lot 18, 10th Con. Huntingdon, a LIGHT BROWN STEER, with white spots on forehead and flanks, straight horns, turned down slightly at the end, with rope attached. Any person giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the same will be suitably rewarded. Information may be given at this office or to the owner.

JOHN GRAHAM.

Tweed, Sept. 24th, 1883. 335 3w

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS! WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

RECEIVING NOW:

Watermelons, Harvest Apples Pears and Peaches,

Fresh Tomatoes, Peanuts and Lemons,

Hair Oils, Perfumerey, Combs, &c., &c.

We have a full stock of COMMON CANDIES ; and our Fancy Candies are altogether of the CITY STYLES.

FRESH OYSTERS

now arriving.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.

Madoc, Sep. 10, 1883.

Farm For Sale.

LOT No. 13, 4th concession Madoc, a good farm of 200 acres, of which about half is cleared and in workable condition ; well watered, well fenced and for Dairy purposes, excellent. For further information apply to

GEORGE ADDISON.

Madoc, Aug. 20, 1883.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS !
LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.
DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or post card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Salesmen Wanted.

TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,

Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop'

We can start in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

April 12th, 1883. 312

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.

July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council for the Municipality of the United Townships of Carlow and Mayo, will pass a By-Law at its next sessions for the purpose of closing up the Government Road where it crosses Lots No. 21 and 22, in the sixth Concession of the Township of Carlow.

By order of Council.
W. J. HUGHES,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Clerk's office, Carlow, Sept. 3rd, 1883.

FURNITURE!

ALL new from the manufacturer and of first-class quality. Hard-wood Bedroom Sets, Bedsteads, from $2.50 to $10 ; Parlor Sets, spring bottom Sofas and Chairs, and different kinds of Sideboards ; Couches ; Lounges, covered or plain ; Bureaus ; enclosed or open Washstands ; kitchen Chairs from $2 per half dozen up to any price and quality. See our variety of Rocking Chairs, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Mark ! as we PAY CASH DOWN, we guarantee quality as good and prices as low as any dealer in the Dominion

AT SCOTT'S,

adjoining the Grist Mill.

N.B.—Cash paid for eggs, hides, pelts and fur. Sales and valuations made throughout the County.

THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctione

A GHASTLY MEMOIR.

England's Common Hangman.

The death of Marwood, the common hangman, which took place recently, terminated a somewhat remarkable career. The deceased's illness was of short duration. It began with an attack of jaundice, and was aggravated by other complications. Marwood assumed the office of executioner on the retirement of Calcraft about ten or a dozen years ago. He had occasionally assisted Calcraft, and showed an expertness in discharging the ghastly duties of his office. Public executions had been abolished when age and increasing infirmity caused the retirement of Calcraft and the appointment of a younger and more active man, Marwood was a shoemaker and saddler by trade, and carried on a small but lucrative business at Horncastle, Lincolnshire. What made him particularly notorious was his introduction of the "long drop," by which he claimed to have dispensed with all unnecessary torture. Calcraft not unfrequently gave his victims a drop of no more than three or four feet, the consequence being that many painful scenes were enacted in full view of a horrified public. Marwood's system has been to allow a fall varying from 7½ ft. to 9½ feet., and by a dexterous adjustment of the noose under the chin, has almost invariably managed to secure instantaneous death. Some few mishaps have marked his performance of the repulsive duties of a hangman, but these have arisen from causes over which he had no control. The only conspicuous blunder was, singular to say, in the last execution at which he was called upon to officiate—namely, the sensational case at Durham a few weeks ago.

When Marwood was appointed to the post he was successful for some time in keeping the fact from the knowledge of his neighbors, but when it became known his presence in the little town of Horncastle was not at all appreciated, and he was continually hooted at and hissed. This practice gradually wore off, and when not engaged on his professional duties, or on circuit, as he used to term it, he went in and out as an ordinary mortal, and his spare time was occupied as a cobbler in a little shop close to the parish church. He took much pride in the manner in which he performed his executions, and was never weary of recounting his experiences, and of speaking of the great improvement of the long drop over all other systems previously adopted in this country or elsewhere. Many railway passengers who have met him in a train have heard from his own lips a description of his mode of hurrying criminals out of the world, and to show his peculiar vanity in this respect, it may be remembered that only a few days before his last illness he visited the House of Commons and distributed with evident pleasure a number of his professional cards, also shaking hands with several members of the house and leaving his autograph with them.

The deceased executioner had amassed a fair amount of property, having several cottages of his own besides several other investments, a marked contrast to his former days, when he led a most penurious life. He had for some time past contracted rather dissolute habits, and this circumstance aggravated his illness, and without doubt hastened his death. He leaves a widow but no son, the statements made from time to time that he was accompanied by his son being incorrect. Nothing is known in Horncastle as to Marwood's successor, but the inhabitants unanimously hope he will not reside there. The deceased is said to have been between fifty and sixty years of age.

Marwood's first appearance in Liverpool in an official capacity was on the 31st of August, 1874, at the execution of a young Irishman named Henry Flanagan, for the murder of Mary Flanagan, in that city; and in the same year he executed four other persons at Kirkdale, including the three "cornermen," for the Tithebarn-street murder. His other engagements in Liverpool were not very numerous, and they included Heap, the Gorton abortionist quack doctor, and Fish, the Blackburn barber, who murdered and mutilated a child.

A special correspondent gives the following graphic account of interviews with and experiences of the deceased executioner:

"Would you like to see Marwood?" I asked a lady at Kirkstead station, the junction of the Horncastle line with the main system of the Great Northern, about a fortnight ago—the day, in fact, on which the executioner was returning from Durham after the scene on the scaffold to which attention was called in the House of Commons. "Certainly I should," was the reply. My old friend was standing on the platform, stick in hand, joking with the porters, and occasionally giving a friendly nod to those who recognized him. "What a benevolent-looking man," was the remark of the lady as soon as he was pointed out to her; and this would probably be the opinion of everybody who saw Marwood unofficially. A man of middle height, with broad, compactly set shoulders, dressed in such a coat as a Lincolnshire farmer would wear, with high black stock and a low felt hat, he looked the very personification of a good-humoured old countryman.

It was not on such an occasion as this, however, that he was seen to the best. His place of business was a little one-storey building close to Horncastle Churchyard. Over the door the words, "Marwood, Crown Office," in large letters, showed that he was not ashamed of his work, and a very short conversation with him was sufficient to show that he looked upon himself as a benefactor of the human race. Someone had taught him the phrase probably, but he said in so many words in my first interview with him that he had "reduced the sum of human suffering," and he held his office in as high esteem as that of the judges of the land. The little shop was filled with implements of his work as a country cobbler, but hanging from the roof there were some curious coils of rope, concerning which he was particularly proud. Somehow or other he had obtained possession of a rope used by Calcraft, with a clumsy slip-knot. This was an ordinary piece of cord. He compared it, with considerable self-exultation, with the ropes hanging from the ceiling of the little shop. These were made to his order, he said, in Government workshops, and there were some sixty good strands in each of them. At one end a spliced loop, at the other a running noose, fashioned with a knot, as was the case aforetime, but with a clean ring of metal, giving a running noose which made one shudder to look at from another portion of the room.

The first time I met him I saw a rope with which he had just executed a sea captain at Hull, who, as he said, went off like a lamb, and the same rope had served for Peace, Lefroy, Dr. Lamson, and Kate Webster. There was no difficulty in getting him to talk about his grim occupation. Until he was executioner he said he had never seen an execution, but for many years he had thought over the subject, and he objected to the way in which Calcraft, as he called it, "choked" his prisoners to death. When it was intimated that Calcraft was about to give up his office, Marwood was one of three who applied from the same neighborhood for the appointment, and he explained how he described to the gentleman who occupied the position of common hangman at Newgate the method of hanging which he proposed to introduce. It will be remembered that about this time a long drop had been attempted by an eminent professor in Dublin with the effect of pulling off the head of the prisoner, and Marwood was exceedingly anxious, as he invariably was to all his visitors, to let us know that his method was based upon scientific principles. With his cobbler's apron on, and standing with one foot on his stall, he showed the cruelty of the French method, and what he called the inhumanity of what had been the practice in England. By carefully ascertaining the weight of the criminal, he reckoned that he produced just—by his long drop—the necessary force to dislocate the vertebræ, and cause instant death.

"Did you never try," said one of my friends, "to hide from the Horncastle people the nature of your new occupation?"

"Why," said Marwood, with a cheery smile and with a peculiar twinkle of the eye, which showed how he realized the joke, "I did, and when they used to ask me where I had been, when I came back from the station with my little black bag, I said, 'On a little private business.'"

"Are you never nervous about this work of yours?" was another question put.

"England," he said, "does not send nervous men out for a job of this kind, and why should I be nervous? There is a judge and the jury, and then the Home Secretary, and, you may depend upon it, when a prisoner comes into my hands, he deserves his fate."

Marwood, be it noted, never talked about "hanging;" he always used the word "execution," and on his cards, which he printed himself from an india-rubber stamp, were the words, "William Marwood, executioner, Church-lane, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, England." The story is a true one that at an important international conference one of these cards was quietly slipped amongst the list of speakers, to the utter discomfiture of the gentlemen who received it. It may be taken for granted that three parts of the newspaper stories that appear about Marwood are untrue. He had a perfect hatred of newspaper men, and I should never have been on terms of intimacy with him had he known that I belonged to the Press. "Lying rascals," he used to term all reporters, and, as an illustration of this, he mentioned an incident in connection with the execution of Lefroy. The newspaper men, he said, thought that when he laid hold of Lefroy, after pinioning him, the prisoner was fainting. "All my eye," said Marwood; "Lefroy meant mischief, and if I had not had him by the belt I believe he would have given me a run round the yard." It was not an unusual thing for Marwood to receive an intimation that prisoners who were committed to his hands had declared that they would be dragged from the cells to the scaffold, and he was often advised to have an assistant, but, said he, "When I tap them on the shoulder they always come with me;" and, accordingly, he gave many prisoners confidence by the words which he whispered in their ears, which were, as he told me, that he would not hurt them, and it would soon be over. By the way, it was noticeable in all conversations I had with him, that he never referred to the execution of Dr. Lamson without making the remark that "the doctor died like a gentleman." Once or twice, persons I introduced to him were anxious to see the process of pinioning, and he would fasten his shop door, and produce his appliances. I have talked to people who have seen him at executions and who could not understand my description of him as a genial, jovial man. The explanation was to be found in the fact that as soon as he had his apparatus in his hand he appeared to become at once, even in his little shop, fiercely interested in his work. All his implements were of his own make; the belt which encircled the waist of the prisoner, and to which were attached the straps for the arms, was of peculiar strength, and where it met the buckle the eyelet holes were so close together that they almost touched. With an amount of strength which would hardly have been anticipated from a glance at the man, he drew the strap to the very last eyelet, and then fastened the arms. "Now," said a friend, who had had been pinioned in this way, "where do you put the thimble of the rope?" "Well," replied Marwood, "that is one of the points, but if you will allow your head under my hands for a moment I will show you." There was a sudden gasp on the part of the person pinioned, and he asked Marwood not to do it any more.

The executioner was very angry at the attempts that were made by prison authorities generally to obtain from him the ropes with which prisoners were executed. Their object was, he said, to make a sort of museum, but he preferred to keep his own museum, and as has been before mentioned, the same rope served many culprits. Before every execution he had supplied to him very exact information as to the age, size, weight, and occupation of the prisoner with whom he had to deal, and probably he has taken to the grave the principle upon which he calculated the length of the drop, for he never would tell anybody. "They have asked me at the Home Office many a time," he said, "whether I am bringing up anybody else up to follow me, and when I think I am failing it will then be time enough to have an assistant."

There were many attempts to get a portrait of Marwood, but he always refused. An enterprising photographer offered him £50 one day for a sitting, but he declined, his explanation being that one of the things he enjoyed more than anything else was to go to a town by an earlier train than he was expected by and mix in the crowd that was awaiting Marwood. If his correspondence has been preserved it will be very curious. Quite recently he showed me a sword of a Japanese executioner, which had been sent to him by a gentleman from Brighton, and it was certainly of considerable intrinsic value. He had contemplated, he said, putting another storey on to his shop and making a kind of museum, where he could show his friends and neighbors the peculiar things he had collected during his experiences as an executioner. Once only he had an interview with Calcraft, and that was when a party of Americans, I believe, had asked to be allowed to visit old Calcraft. Marwood went with some official to ask Calcraft if he would receive visitors. "A little wizen old man," was the description Marwood gave of his predecessor, whom I knew well; and when Calcraft was asked whether he would also see Marwood, he replied, not knowing that Marwood was present, that Marwood was the long-drop beggar, with whom he wanted to have nothing to do.

Marwood was a pious man, and there was a curious illustration of this upon one occasion, when he was asked what was the programme at an execution. Be it remembered that, in the opinion of the old hangman, the proceedings of the executioner on the fatal day were always of more importance in his view than were those of the culprit. "Well," said Marwood, "when I get out of bed I do what I don't do every day of my life—I kneel down quietly and ask God's blessing on the work that I have to do, and his mercy for the poor prisoner." Amongst his neighbors he was the mildest of men, and it was his love of company, in my opinion, more than any desire for notoriety that tempted him to make what was called an exhibition of himself at taverns near the gaols to which he had been summoned to do his direful duty. Certainly he was fond of a glass, but he used to declare that previous to the execution in Ireland, where a prisoner's arm caught in the rope, he never had a single slip, and never made the slightest mistake in his work. With regard to the Durham case, concerning which he was summoned to the Home Office immediately after the question had been put in Parliament, he stated that the prisoner fainted at the last moment, and this was the cause of the rope catching in his arm, and he was particularly careful to mention that at the inquest and satisfactorily clear himself. His opinion was in that in all future executions a warder should stand on each side of the prisoners on a plank extending over the drop, and the loose portion of the rope be tied up to the beam by a slight cord, which would give away with the weight of the body; and he declared that he should never undertake an execution again without these precautions being adopted.

Many of his Irish experiences were a source of great amusement to him, and an escort used to meet him at Chester and convey him across the Channel. The story told in the papers that, in answer to an inquiry from a constable, he had stated that if his son were an honest man he would bring him up to succeed his father, but if he were a rogue he would make him a policeman, was a pure fiction, for Marwood had no children. It will be remembered that after some of the early executions connected with the Phœnix Park assassinations Marwood had to proceed to Glasgow, and he related with great glee how an escort which was to accompany him to Glasgow were disappointed when they found that he declined their company, and that he intended to move about England with his little black bag without any protection whatever.

It was at Glasgow, while he was preparing the prisoner on the scaffold, that a letter was received by the governor of the gaol, which might have been a respite. The governor signalled to Marwood whilst he read the letter, and it was characteristic of the executioner's kindness of heart that he was careful not to allow the prisoner, by any cessation of his grim labors, to feel that any delay was taking place. The letter proved to be on other business, and the executioner proceeded. Marwood used to say he never visited a gaol without impressing on the authorities the importance of doing away with the old scaffold with its flight of steps, and substitute the pits, so that the prisoner, until he was under the beam, had no climbing to do. Referring once in a conversation to the arrangements at Kirkdale Gaol, he said with a touch of humor which was never absent from his talk, "Somebody will be killed coming up them stairs if they don't mind." The point of the joke will be appreciated when it is mentioned that the steps were never used but for the purposes of an execution.

The deceased hangman received very few threatening letters. The most remarkable is appended. The others were for the most part hoaxes, but on the original of this letter being sent to the Home Office and compared with other missives of a similar character which were found to have had their source among the Invincibles, the handwriting was said to be identical. It ran thus:—

"Dublin, 19th May, 1882.

"Marwood,—It was decided last night at a meeting of the secret association here to forward this communication to you, to the effect that no doubt you are longing intensely for the job to murder us here by your rope for the wilful murder of Burke and Cavendish. Well, don't be in a hurry, for, although we are all in Dublin, we are not caught yet, and not likely for this paltry ten thousand pounds. Should we be arrested and convicted, on the peril of your life you must not set your foot upon the soil of this city or any part of this country of Ireland; if you do you will never go out of it alive. You very narrowly escaped from Armagh the last time you were there, but you will not escape the next time you come over here, even should you have an escort; we shall manage the whole lot of you about right. We shall have revenge somehow, you may depend upon it, and this I tell you once and for all, so now beware. We know you; there can be no mistake in the carrying out of this resolution, so now you are cautioned. Your movements will be telegraphed here from the time you leave Horncastle until you get here, if you get so far under a false name and false business. We want no hangman in this country to carry out English law. Enough! Beware! From 'Jack of ——,' the murderers of Burke and Cavendish."—*Liverpool Post.*

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Groups.—When two or three are originally taken together, we make them without extra charge. We can also separate any picture from the group, making the Oilograph only from the person you designate.

Separate Originals can, if of the same size, be generally put together in one Oilograph, but this we cannot promise for certain until we see them.

Alterations.—We can generally make any changes required, such as removing a hat (but this is not advisable unless you give full particulars as to style of hair, etc.), also changing color of dress, etc.

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NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic, and War Items.—Pithy, Concise and Potented.

The foot-and-mouth disease is spreading among the cattle in Ireland to an alarming extent.

The Emperor William, the Crown Prince, King Alfonso, and King Milan have arrived at Hamburg.

The cholera victims in Egypt since the outbreak of the present epidemic, up to Aug. 26th, numbered 26,597.

A terrible hurricane has occurred at Mason Many houses were blown down. Fifty vessels were wrecked, and sixty lives were lost.

It is stated that Mr. Parnell has selected Mr. Edward McMahon as the candidate of the Home Rulers to contest the election for Parliament for Limerick.

Despatches from Australia exhibit the highest indignation at the conduct of the Government with regard to the New Guinea and Pacific Islands.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Copenhagen has produced a deep impression at Vienna, and may lead to the modification of certain points of the Austro-German policy.

Efforts are being made to obtain the services of Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., to lead the defence of O'Donnell. A Central Committee is being formed to obtain funds.

A Vienna despatch says the American Minister to China has joined with the English representative in urging China to come to an understanding with France.

A Constantinople despatch says a box of dynamite was recently discovered within the precinct of the Yildzkiosk, the residence of the Sultan. A Circassian has been exiled.

The Italian barque Fratelli Gaggino, from Dunkirk for Darien, has been in collision with an unknown steamer. Both vessels foundered, but the crews were saved.

A Berlin despatch says Mr. Gladstone's expected meeting with the Czar is regarded as of the first importance. Vienna newspapers attribute political motives to his visit to Copenhagen.

A great struggle between capital and labor in the Lancashire cotton trade is expected. The operatives will resist a reduction of wages, which the masters consider the condition of trade renders necessary.

A Paris despatch says:—It is reported that the memorandum of the French proposals upon the Tonquin question, which the Marquis Tseng telegraphed recently to Pekin, have not proved acceptable to the Chinese Government.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have left England, and intend to live in retirement in Germany, where they can economise. Their apartment in Kensington Palace have been placed at the disposal of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

A Melbourne despatch says: Kavanagh, Hanlon, Smith, and the other Irish informers in the Phœnix Park murder trials, who arrived here but were not permitted to land, have been reshipped to Europe.

Col. Clibborn, of the Salvation Army, has been expelled from Geneva, and Miss Booth, a member of the Army, is imprisoned at Neufchatel for violating the order prohibiting them from holding meetings.

It is stated that during the bombardment at Tamatave, Missionary Shaw's residence was looted, and he was threatened with punishment by the French officials because he failed to remove the *debris* caused by ransacking his house.

The British ship Oxford, from New York, with a full cargo of petroleum, has been burned at her dock at Havre. The steward of the vessel was caught in the flames, and his body entirely consumed. The balance of the crew escaped.

The *Narodroja Wolja*, a Nihilist organ, is being secretly printed in St. Petersburg. Reviewing the work of Count Tolstoi, Minister of the Interior, it says: "The continuance of a similar policy cannot be tolerated. The days of Tolstoi the hangman are numbered.

There are now seven Chinese gunboats moored alongside the English and French men-of-war at Canton. Placards were posted on the walls of Canton recently threatening the destruction of all European property if the Government decides that an indemnity shall be paid for the damage done during the recent riots.

English journals ridicule the idea that the purpose of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Copenhagen was to form a coalition against the Austro-German alliance. They declare there is no political purpose to effect, and say that if Mr. Gladstone had any object of this nature it was simply the exercise of a moral influence in favour of peace.

The Association for the Advancement of Science has been discussing the condition of the English cotton trade. The general opinion was that England had nothing to fear from foreign competition. Sir William Wheelpoose ascribed the commercial depression to the operation of free trade laws. He advocated a return to a protective tariff.

A Rome despatch says:—An enormous crowd witnessed the ceremonies attending the commemoration of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome in 1875. The Syndic, alluding to the King's visit to Vienna, said the ancient enmity between Austria and Italy had changed to sincere friendship. The Syndic then placed a wreath on the tomb of Victor Emmanuel.

At Big Cattle ranche, N. M., Joel Fowler met Ponby Forest and Bill Childs, against whom he had a grudge. Forest and Childs commenced firing, and Fowler shot Childs dead. Forest ran into a house occupied by Mr. McGee. McGee asked him to come out, when Forest fired, killing McGee and Fowler. He then set fire to the house and put a ball through his own heart. All three were buried in the same grave.

A Paris despatch says:—The *Diplomatic Gazette's* London correspondent says the Austro-German alliance is directed against Russia and France. In the event of war between Germany and France, Austria is to maintain an armed neutrality. In the event of war between Austria and Russia, Germany is to do likewise. If a third power attacks Germany or Austria, this armed neutrality will be converted into active co-operation.

At a banquet at Grossardin, Hungary, recently, Herr Tizze, the Hungarian Premier, said the Croatian question would not be solved by street riots. It was necessary first to restore order, and then the Diet would co-operate with the local authorities by adopting equitable and conciliatory measures. Jew-baiting affected the honor of the Fatherland, and the Government was bound to protect the lives and property of all citizens, regardless of class prejudice.

A recent wedding at Erie, Pa., culminated in a probable tragedy. While the marriage service was in progress three brothers, Ferdinand, Charles, and William Weber, entered uncalled for, and grossly insulted the bridal party. Being turned into the street the Webers waited until the newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. Thaler, left for the train on their wedding trip. They stabbed the groom with knives, and beat his wife's face with stones until the young woman was unrecognisable. All three are in gaol awaiting the result of Mr. and Mrs. Thaler's wounds.

OUR WELL-WORN EARTH.

The Never-Ceasing Changes on Land and in the Sea.

That the falling drop will wear away the stone, is a saying which few adult persons have not been able to verify by observation; but it is not so generally understood that falling drops of rain will wear away a mountain or wash away a continent. Rain, frost and ice have ground down the summits of the loftiest mountains; and there are few high peaks now in existence which have not been much higher, and which are not being steadily levelled by atmospheric agencies. In colder climates solid glacier rivers, are also found, which moving imperceptibly, but with irresistible force, hollow out valleys and grind down the superincumbent rocks. The sea also devours the land rapidly. Furthermore, innumerable rivers, streams and springs are perpetually loosening the soil, rasping down the rocks with sand, and bearing off billions of tons of solid matter to the sea bottom, where the whole mass is squeezed by the terrific hydraulic pressure into stone, marble or solid strata of some kind. The Mississippi alone carries annually to the sea 812,500,000,000 pounds of mud. All the habitable land of the globe is being continually ground and washed away—planed down to the ocean-level; while the sea-bottom is being as steadily filled up. The deposit of foraminiferal shells alone—not including other remains—is sufficient as Huxley has calculated, to create a bed of limestone in the bottom of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans 800 feet thick supposing these oceans to have existed for only 100,000 years.

Were it not for internal forces the time would come when all existing land would be leveled with the ocean, and thereafter planed down still further by the action of the waters, so that the entire globe would be a shoreless ocean. The coral islands would form no exception; for the coral-builders cannot live above water, nor could their islands ever have reached the surface but for subterranean upheavals. Thus the tendency of the world's crust is to become uniformly smooth and level, and to surround itself with an envelope of water. But within the earth enormous forces are constantly at work to counteract this tendency—forces which manifest themselves in volcanic action, seismic action and in other and even more mysterious actions.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Luther as a Preacher.

In the October *Century* Professor George P. Gisher, of Yale, says: "For moving eloquence in the pulpit no one excelled Luther. He not only knew how to preach, but he could tell the secret to others. One defect, he observes, may eclipse numerous gifts in a preacher. 'Dr. Justus Jonas has all the good virtues and qualities a man may have; yet merely because he hums and spits, the people cannot bear that good and honest man. Let a preacher stick to his text and not ramble: "A preacher that will speak everything that comes in his mind is like a maid that goes to market, and, meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold a goose-market.' He despised the hunger for applause: 'Ambition is the rank-poison to the Church, when it possesses preachers.' 'Cursed are all preachers that in the Church aim at high and loud things, and, neglecting the saving health of the poor, unlearned people, seek their own honor and praise, and therewith to please one or two ambitious persons. When I preach, I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. I preach to these, directing myself to them that have need thereof. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open unto them; they may begone.' 'An upright, godly, and true preacher should direct his preaching to the poor, simple sort of people, like a mother that still her child, daudles, and plays with it,' etc. 'When they come to me, to Melanchthon, to Dr. Pommer, etc., let them show their cunning, how learned they be; they shall be well put to their trumps. But to sprinkle out Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in their public sermons savors merely of show,' etc."

Why the Editor Could'at Write the Truth.

"How is it you can tell such whoppers?" asked a caller addressing the editor of the fish story department.

"Well, you see," replied the editor, "our wife's name is Anna."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A good deal. When we are writing fish stories we usually have Anna nigh us to help us."

The caller was carried to the hospital.—*Somerville Journal.*

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Taking a Team Over the Kinzua Bridge in Utter Darkness.

Mr. William Batterson, a business man of Buffalo, travelling in the Kinzua district of Pennsylvania a few nights since with his family, lost his way in one of the forests of that mountainous region. His story is a remarkable one. The night was very cold, and Mrs. Batterson and the children began to suffer from the chilly air, as they were not clad with the expectation of being out long after nightfall. Mr. Batterson found an old railroad lantern in the carriage, and, lighting it, he prospected through the woods in the hope of finding a road which would lead them out of the woods. There was none to be found. About a hundred yards ahead of where he left the carriage he came out upon a railroad track. This was the track of the Erie Railway's Bradford branch or Johnsonburg extension. Feeling that neither his wife nor children could stand a night of exposure in the mountains he resolved to drive along the railroad track, notwithstanding the great danger that attended such a course, in the hope of coming to some road crossing the track or some station near by. He did not know what railroad it was, nor what the chances were of trains coming along before he might reach a place of safety. His wife was willing to take the risk with him, and he led the horse out upon the track. He then walked ahead with the light, and his wife drove the horse along over the ties after him. On either side were the woods and high banks. There was no way to escape should a train appear. They had proceeded nearly a mile without finding any crossing or place where they might turn out. Then Mr. Batterson took his wife and children from the carriage, so that they might climb the bank or get into the woods away from danger if a train was heard approaching. He led the horse, and they followed on foot by the side of the track. After proceeding in this way for a hundred yards or so, they came to a bridge, on one side of which was a narrow plank walk, the railroad track occupying the remainder of the bridge. This was

THE GREAT KINZUA VIADUCT,

which spans a ravine at the bottom of which flows the Kinzua Creek. This bridge is the highest in the world, being 303 feet above the creek. It is nearly half a mile long. Mr. Batterson and his family were now in a situation the peril of which was too apparent, and the uncertainty of which filled them with terror. They were entirely ignorant as to where the bridge would lead them if they ventured to cross it, but knew it was madness to remain where they were. Mr. Batterson at last determined to attempt the crossing, trusting to Providence for the result. He succeeded in getting his horse on the footpath. The wheels on one side of the carriage extended over on to the track and bumped on the ties. Mr. Batterson at first suggested abandoning the horse and carriage, but his wife would not hear of it, taking the ground that their presence on the track might lead to a disaster on the railroad. The horse was led slowly forward on the bridge and Mrs. Batterson and the children followed close behind the carriage. A high wind was blowing down the valley, and it was with difficulty that they could keep their feet. They had proceeded on their way only a short distance when a sudden gush of wind extinguished the lantern. It was impossible to relight it in the gale that was blowing, and they were compelled to grope their way onward in the darkness. They crossed the bridge in safety, and, if they had known it, really placed themselves in greater peril, for trains pass over the bridge at a very slow rate of speed, and can be stopped almost immediately.

When Mr. Batterson and his family left the bridge they entered a deep rock cut made for the track, and were wrapped in still greater darkness. A train coming upon them in the cut would have crushed them all to death, for there would have been no escape. That they were not ground to pieces in that way was owing to the fact that a coal train that was due at the cut at the very time Batterson and his family were stumbling and feeling their way through it was detained a mile below by a hot journal. The party emerged from the cut and discovered the light at Palen's Switch, a small station a short distance below, just as this coal train whistled for the station. The horse and carriage was turned from the track into the road leading alongside of it to the station, and Mrs. Batterson and her children had reached a place of safety just as the train rushed by and thundered into the cut. A delay of one minute in making their way through the passage would have been fatal to the entire party. When the full force of the peril to which they had been exposed and the narrow escape they had made broke upon her, Mrs. Batterson fainted away. Mr. Batterson himself was so unnerved that it was some time before he could summon aid. They found shelter at Sweet's boarding house at the station, where all were soon revived. They ascertained that Howard's Hill was only four miles from the station. In spite of the terrible experience through which they had passed and the lateness of the hour, Mrs. Batterson was anxious to proceed to their destination, which they did, reaching the settlement safely about midnight.

The Roar of London.

W. J. Stillman says, in the October *Century*, in his essay on the "Characteristics of London": "As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone-paved streets (for which wood is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a gnat in the sounds of a summer day—a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowered in green trees, with cowslip and daisy-flecked fields spread out under my eyes—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale, run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a dingy fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone dashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again in the sullen monody. This is audible London."

A Bad Indian Conquered by Soup.

"An Apache, in full war paint, stalked into an Indian school at Albuquerque, N. M., one day. The children were immediately terrified, and tremblingly told us he was a 'bad Indian.' They said an uncle of one of the boys had killed his brother and they feared he had come for revenge. As it was dinner-time I saw nothing better to do than have the children marched into the dining room, as usual. We keep open house to Indians at all times and treat them as distinguished guests, so I motioned to our Apache to take a seat at the table. He sat down, terrible in his war paint, and laid two loaded revolvers on the table before him. The children began to tremble. I summoned all my courage and said: 'Pat those revolvers on the window.' The Apache never moved. The cook placed before him a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup. 'Take away that coffee and soup,' I commanded, with my heart in my mouth, and adding, to the Indian: 'You shall not have them until you put these revolvers on the window.' Trembling for her life, the cook obeyed. When the Apache saw his dinner removed he deliberately arose, picked up his revolvers and—shall I ever forget that terrible moment?—quietly laid them on the window. His dinner was restored to him; he ate it in silence, and then picked up his property, and walked out without a word.

"I did not see him again for years. But this last time, on my way home, as I was waiting in the train at Santa Fe, my terrible Apache, in all his feathers and war-paint, got into the car and walked its whole length, as if looking for some one. My blood ran cold. He stopped beside me, gave a grunt of satisfaction, and broke into smiles. Then nothing would do but I must vigorously shake hands. He then left the car, and returned with a dozen other braves, as horrible as himself. He introduced them all, and all must shake hands."—Harriet Phillips, in Philadelphia *Times.*

English and French Women

The French are very fond of decrying the women of our country as a flat chested, long-membered, large-footed race, awkward in gait, ill-dressed or overdressed, unlearned in the elementary rules of that important matter, the dressing of the hair, and incapable of harmonizing colors, says a writer in the London *Standard.* These criticisms are ill-natured and exaggerated, but nevertheless a good many grains of truth underlie them. Take a London and a Parisian shop-girl as an example. The former has generally the advantage over the latter in clearness of complexion and in comeliness, yet she loses by the comparison. She is neither so becomingly dressed nor so careful to suit the color of her dress to her complexion, nor so neatly shod; and, above all, she seems to be ignorant of the resources an abundant head of hair affords her as a frame to an attractive youthful countenance. The horrible, barbarous fashion of cutting the hair short, which obtains no favour in France, prevails, I observed with real regret, to a considerable extent in London, and, when the scissors have not been ruthlessly applied to masculinize the female head, there seems to be a deplorable want of taste displayed in the arrangement of their tresses by London girls. Those I met out, those I saw behind the counter, appeared to have a peculiar penchant for screwing their hair up into tight, ugly little knots, singularly ungraceful—so I thought, at all events, fresh from the sight of Parisienne heads. The appearance of the London nurse-maid also contrasted unfavorably with that of the French bonne. I do not refer to the elite of the calling in either country, but to the ordinary middle-class nurse-girl or bonne, such as one meets with in Kensington gardens or in the Tuileries. Perhaps the tasty cap worn by the latter, with its meter and a half of broad ribbon streamers behind, gives her an advantage; perhaps she holds herself better, or pays more attention to her general appearance. Whatever may be the cause, the result undoubtedly is that the eye rests with more pleasure upon a group of French nurses gathered together with their charges in a public garden than upon a similar group in a London park. To sum up my impression concerning London women of the middle or lower classes, they seemed, as a Frenchman would put it, *vetues*, not *habillees*—clothed, not dressed.

A hardy postboy, with a bare throat, was driving his vehicle along an exposed road in the teeth of a biting wind. A passenger suggested, as the driver had no neckcloth of any sort, that he should at least fasten his shirt at the neck with a pin. "A pin!" was the reply; "sure there's no hate in a pin!"

Lord Chancellor Hadwick's bailiff, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, came one day into the dining-room when full of company proclaiming, with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston Fair, my lady, and have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

A young lady who recently started out as a fashion writer has determined to quit journalism. She mentioned in an article on ladies' fashions that "skirts are worn very much shorter this year than usual." The young lady is certainly justified in being angry with the careless compositor who changed the "k" in skirts to an "h."

A travelling man, noticing a pretty girl alone in the car, went over in her direction and smilingly asked:—"Is this seat engaged, miss?" "No, sir; but I am, and he's going to get on at the next station," "Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg pardon—," and he picked up his feet after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking car to be alone awhile.

In the great cities of the Western States the gamblers seem to hold sway. It is a notorious fact that the present Mayor of Chicago is a great champion of the gambling interests, and his election was carried in spite of the strongest efforts of the better class of citizens to the contrary. News now comes from St. Louis that the Vice-President of the Police Board has resigned on account of the powerful efforts of the gamblers to get control of the Board and nullify the effect of the new law against gambling. The fact that he has resolved to step down and out is a pretty good indication that he finds resistance to the gamblers too great an effort to persist in. The foreign element constantly being introduced in the United States cities on such a large scale by immigration, is attended with great moral danger to the people.

GENERAL;

The United States official returns show that about one-third of all the immigrants arriving are from Germany, while those from Ireland are much less than from several other trans-Atlantic countries. In several of the western states, or in larger portions of them, the German population is now in a majority over all others, and many of the institutions bear more the complexion of the German than of the American. The Germans do not assimilate as rapidly as some other people. One of the future dangers of the American Republic, as it now stands, probably lies in the fact that there is such a vast German population.

The grave clericals of the Methodist Church now in conference assembled at Belleville have their occasional humors much like other mortals. One day last week Dr. Steuart, of Nova Scotia, moved for an all-night session, and the President took no notice of it. When the President's attention was called to the fact he apologised by saying he supposed the motion was intended as a mere joke. The dignified doctor assured conference that he depreciated the idea of committing a joke on them, whereupon another delegate ventured to blurt out his opinion that it would be no joke to have an all-night session such as was proposed.

An unusual case has just come to light from Kingston. A Forwarding Company of that city, of which Mr. A. Gunn, M. P., is president, was exempt, with some others, from municipal tax by the action of the City Council, and they have actually made the announcement that it is not their intention to accept of any such exemptions, but to pay their fair share of the municipal expenses along with others doing business and making profits in the same city. It is now in order for others to speak, but where are the others to come from? If corporations have not souls to save or bodies to kick, it is evident that some of them have at least a fair sense of business honor about them.

A FALLING OFF.—There seems to be a falling off in the demand for liquors in the United States as well as in England. The Chicago *Signal* says that a wealthy German business man of that city has just gone out of the liquor business for another branch business. His reasons for doing so are that the business is now "dreadfully demoralized." Many of the Western distillers are running at only one quarter of their capacity, and yet the market is overstocked. Many saloon keepers are ready to sell out, but nobody is willing to buy them out. This, he says, is owing partly to overproduction in Kentucky, and partly to the fact that "the temperance folks have made a big hole in the business."

It is a great thing to be a great man and a self-made one at that. It is fine and consoling to be told that Jay Gould was a rat-catcher, and Wm. Vanderbilt an unsuccessful farmer, with a great many similar facts intended to be stimulating; and wonderful. But after all can it be said that any of those whose names are thus trotted out are really great? Not much. There are successful men every where who have started with as little as any of those supposedly big folks, and have made life better and brighter though not so full of gold and silver. How many of the leading people of Toronto were at one time dreadfully poor? Most of them. But their money is not their chief claim and distinction. At least it ought not. It is awfully difficult to make a money grabbing life sublime. Indeed it "can't be did."

In Ottawa an attempt is being made to require the members of the Civil Service to pay their fair share of the city's tax along with the rest of the inhabitants. They are determined to evade any such burdens if at all possible, throwing the entire amount of it on those not so well favored with a good "sit." Last week more than two hundred of these gentry assembled and bound themselves together "to protect their interests," and they are determined to fight it out in the courts. Of course they would be among the first to find fault if the streets and walks are not in the best condition, and the police system the most efficient. All these things cost money and require taxes and why should not Government officials bear their fair share of the burdens if they are to enjoy their full share of their advantage? This question of exemptions must yet be more equitably arranged in some way.

Even in the agricultural districts of the United States immigrants are not now looked upon with anything like the old-time favor. The people begin to feel that the country is so filled up that nearly all really valuable farming lands will be needed by themselves or by their children. Much of the unoccupied lands of the western territories are barren and worthless, and much land now occupied is not worth the cultivation. So soon as it becomes pretty evident that the good lands are all needed by present residents the party platforms will recognize the fact. In addition to the cry "the Chinese must go," will be added that of "other people must not come." That day is evidently hastening. It is many years ago that Thomas Jefferson said: "We shall get along well enough so long as we have plenty of land on which to put the increased population; but when population begins to overflow we shall eat one another as they do in Europe." America will be a much harder country for the poor than Europe as soon as there becomes a surplus population.

JOHN BRIGHT'S POSITION.—The *Union* says:—"The Hon. John Bright has at last committed himself to the principle of local option and control. In an address at Birmingham, a few weeks since, he gave it as his idea that the public sentiment of a place should have the control of the license question for that particular locality through elective representatives, changeable with the public opinion of the place; and that publicans who obtain licenses are entitled to have their property and their licenses acknowledged and protected, and not subject, ed to the whims of officials appointed stationary in their offices, and having no real local interest in most of the questions of licenses decided by them. The main thought running through the entire address was that local communities should be intrusted, as far as possible with their own local self-government, and should be controlled as little as possible by non residents, or non-local elective officials."

The Review will be sent from now to Jan'y 1st, 1885, to new subscribers, at $1.25 in advance

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 11, 1883.

MADOC GRAIN MARKET.

The grain market this season is the dullest we have known here for years. Scarcely one hundred loads have so far been received at both warehouses, and no apparent prospect of an increase is noticeable for the near future. The prices may have something to do with this quiet state of the market, however, the leading grains only bringing: fall wheat, $1; spring whea , $1.05; barley, 50 to 60 cents; rye, 50 cents. The bulk of the grain brought in so far is barley, which is a fair crop, some good samples being shown. The crops generally have turned out a fair average yield throughout the district this year. American papers predict a considerable rise in the market, especially for rye and barley, before the season closes.

MR. LION, the Reform candidate, was elected in Algoma last week by a majority verging on 100. Dreadful charges of "bribery and corruption" on both sides are made.

Desperate Effort to Break Jail.

KINGSTON, Ont. 8.—At the penitentiary on Saturday afternoon there came near being a serious outbreak among the prisoners. Three convicts named Jas. Wright, Rapson and Armstrong plotted to effect their escape. They were all good conduct men. They went into the library and gagged the librarian. One of them then summoned Keeper McNeil to the library, when he was gagged also. A convict who went to change a book was placed in a helpless condition too. The warden, hearing a noise in this department, rushed in and captured the three desperadoes and handed them over to the authorities, when they were placed in dungeons. It is supposed their intention was to gag all the keepers in the department and let loose about 200 convicts, when the remaining bolts in the prison would be drawn. B Battery would be unable to cope with 700 desperate convicts. It will be remembered that two years ago Wright, and three others, escaped and were nearly frozen on the ice. Wright carried Blake on his back rather than leave him to die. They were afterwards captured near Watertown and brought back.

The Marquis of Lorne will be created a Knight of the Garter upon his return to England.

An old iron chest is alleged to have been discovered in a quarry in Virginia containing coins and tools apparently relics of an ancient race.

Sir John Macdonald has subscribed $25 towards the erection of new barracks at Kingston for the Salvation Army.

It is stated that an amnesty will be granted shortly to all implicated in the late Egyptian rebellion, with the exception of those convicted of murder and outrage.

It is reported that the French troops in Tonquin have had an engagement with, and defeated, the Chinese regulars whose retreat will be cut off by gunboats.

—Order your Vines and Shubbery from Fred. Davis, Madoc.

—Call at White's Agricultural Works and see their mills in operation polishing stove plate—Alfred Hardy will explain *modus operandi*.

—Fruit and Ornamental trees—Fred. Davis, Agt., Madoc.

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

Cheese Market.

Notwithstanding that the public cable has advanced 1s. 6d. since last week to 57s. against 56s. last year, 59s. in '81, 66s. 6d. in '80, and 56s. 6d. in '79, still the market has no buoyancy, and the feeling in the trade is unsatisfactory.

In Montreal, August make is quoted at 10c. to 10½c., and September 11c. to 11½c.

At Woodstock, 13,300 boxes were offered, but no sales made. At Stratford 4,900 were offered, and only 900 sold, at private terms. At Ingersoll, 3,526 were offered, and 1,600 of August make sold at 11c.

Birth.

BREAKELL.—On Sunday, 7th October, the wife of Robt. H. Breakell, of this village, of a son.

WILSON.—In this village, on Sunday, 7th October, the wife of B. A. S. Wilson, of a daughter.

HASTINGS.—In Belleville, on the 10th inst., the wife of Mr. W. H. Hastings, of Madoc, of a son.

Married.

BREAKELL—GRIFFIN.—In Brockville, on the 3rd inst., by Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Wm. H. Breakell of Madoc, to Miss Martha Griffin, of Brockville.

CASEMENT—TRUMBLE.—On October 10th, at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., John Casement to Effie Trumble, both of Limerick.

SARGENT—FRAISUR.—On October 10th, at the residence of Mrs. McCay, Madoc, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B.A., Chas. Sargent to Miss Nancy Fraisur, both of the Township of Limerick.

O'FLYNN—DALE.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Tuesday, 9th October, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., Mr. F. E. O'Flynn, eldest son of E. D. O'Flynn, Esqr. to Miss Alice M., youngest daughter of John Dale, Esq., all of Madoc.

Died.

RILEY.—In this village, on Monday, 8th inst., Samuel Riley, aged 39 years.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Ever Useful. The afflicted by illness should look their diseases fully in the face, and at once seek a remedy for them. A short search will convince the most sceptical that these noble medicaments have afforded ease, comfort, and oftentimes complete recovery, to the most tortured sufferers. The Ointment will cure all descriptions of sores, wounds, bad legs, sprains, eruptions, erysipelas, rheumatism, gout and skin affections. The Pills never fail in correcting and strengthening the stomach, and in restoring a deranged liver to a wholesome condition, in rousing torpid kidneys to increase their secretion, and in re-establishing the natural healthy activity of the bowels. Holloway's are THE remedies for complaints of all classes of society.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Volunteers, Attention!

THE members of No. 4 Company are requested to return all clothing belonging to the company into the armoury at once.

By order,

W. S. VOLUME,
Capt. Commanding No. 4 Co'y.

Oct. 10th, 1883. 337

NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Wm. Rodgers, of the Township of Rawdon, Farmer:

THE creditors of the above named William Rodgers, who died on or about the 25th day of May, A. D. 1883, are notified to send by post prepaid to the undersigned at Madoc P. O., on or before the 30th day of November, A. D. 1883, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, the nature of their accounts and particulars of their security, if any; or in default thereof they will be excluded from participating in the said Estate according to the statute in that behalf.

Dated at Madoc this 6th day of October, 1883.

W. J. COONEY,
Executor the last will of William Rodgers.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

BOY WANTED.

A SMART, intelligent boy wanted at the REVIEW Office. Apply immediately.

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

THE ESTATE OF

JOHN COLVIN,

LATE OF THE

VILLAGE of MADOC,

DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having any claim against the said Estate to send in full particulars thereof to Charles Gream, of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, or the undersigned, Executrix of the Estate of the said John Colvin, on or before the 4th day of November, next, by letter prepaid; and notice is hereby further given that after that date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the Assets among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given; and that she will not be liable for the Assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim she shall not have had notice.

All persons indebted to the Estate are hereby notified to pay their indebtedness to the said Charles Gream or the undersigned at once in order to avoid expenses.

JANE COLVIN,
Executrix.

Madoc, Oct. 4th, 1883. 336

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice,

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE RIDLEY.

HUFF VS. HUFF.

PURSUANT to a Decree or order of this Court bearing date the 8th day of September, 1883, there will be sold with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., Master of this Court, at Belleville, by public auction at his chambers, Shire Hall, in the city of Belleville, on

Saturday, 13th October, A.D. 1883,

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the following property in the village of Tweed, that is to say, Lot No. 127 in the village of Tweed, according to a plan drawn by John Emerson, P. L. S., and registered in the Registry Office of the County of Hastings—containing one-fifth of an acre of land, be the same more or less.

There is erected upon the premises a good comfortable frame dwelling about 18x24, with frame kitchen attached, also a small frame stable. The Lot is well fenced with boards, and has on it a good well.

Possession given at once. Terms of sale: A deposit of $10 in the proportion of every $100 of the purchase money, and the balance within two weeks thereafter.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master. In all other respects the Conditions of Sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the Law Office of S. B. Burdett, Esq., and Messrs. Flint & Sherry, Belleville.

Dated this 15th day of September, 1883.

S. B. BURDETT,
Pltffs. Solicitor.

S. S. LAZIER,
Master at Belleville.

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ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating pier and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head of upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS must accompany the Tender, which sum will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Sept., 1883. Send

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

—o—

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

=FANCY | CHINA | WARE=

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,

AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

—o—

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVE PIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

—o—

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH
COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

New Tailor

—AT—

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

—o—

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENT

NEXT WEEK.

D. C. CLARKE.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Rixford's Celebrated

SCYTHES

just to hand at

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, July. 1st, 1883.

FALL OPENING!

Thursday & Friday, Oct. 11 & 12.

We shall show on the above dates a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

Madoc, October 8th 1183.

M. McLEAN.

Latest Local News.

North Hastings Fair.

There was a large attendance at the North Hastings fall fair, held at Garner's on Thursday last. We understand the exhibition was one of the most successful, especially in the live stock departments, that has yet been held by this Society.

Madoc Free Fair.

The last free fair of the season will be held at this village on the first Tuesday in November, 6th prox., and we have no doubt but that it will be largely taken advantage of by farmers and others having stock or implements of any kind to dispose of.

Mail Change.

The mail for the north now leaves this office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays after the arrival of the noon train from Belleville. Mr. Simmons is making excellent time on this route, and is giving good satisfaction to the public in the carrying of parcels, &c.

Madoc Church of St. John the Baptist.

His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario is expected at Madoc, at the end of October, instant, to administer the holy rite of Confirmation. Instruction to candidates is given one evening each week in the church. All who take any interest in the proceedings are invited to attend.

Stabbing Affray.

On Friday night last a serious stabbing affray took place in the Irish Settlement, when John O'Connell received a knife wound in the thigh, which severed the main artery. How the affair happened has not been learned. Dr. Dafoe has been attending the wounded man, but has pronounced his case as very serious.

Temperance.

Mr. Thomas McMurray, Provincial Deputy Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, will address a meeting in the Town Hall in this village on Thursday evening, 18th inst. Chair taken at 8 o'clock. We understand an effort will be made to establish a Division of the Sons of Temperance in Madoc, which we hope will be successful.

Fall Fairs.

Considerable of our space has been taken up during the past few weeks with the prize lists of the various Agricultural Societies' fall fairs in this section. We need scarcely offer an apology for this, however, as these fairs are of real practical value to the farmer, and therefore the great majority of our readers must be interested in seeing the lists published.

The Alleghanians.

This company of bell players appeared before a very respectable audience in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening. On the whole the performance was fair, especially the bell playing, but the vocal efforts were scarcely up to the average, with the exceptions of their concerted pieces which were rendered with good dramatic taste and musical effect. Mr. Boulard and Miss Hiffert were the best manipulators of the bells, but we would suggest that the latter leave the stage at the first opportunity as her appearance is not calculated to captivate an audience.

Warmer Weather Still Due.

Mr. H. G. Vennor writes to the Montreal *Witness* under date of Oct. 3rd as follows:—"SIR,—From a comparison and study of past weather records and present indications I am led to anticipate a term of unusually warm October weather during the fore portion of the month and a very wintry term after the middle with cold rains and snow flurries over a large portion of the continent. I think the snow fall in December will be scant, and that the year will close with little or no snow. Frequent thaws will in all likelihood characterize Jan'y, 1884, and abundance of rain. A good deal of warm weather is still due 1883."

A Nobby Team.

Mr. Arthur Coe a few days ago brought to this village the smallest and prettiest team of horses in this section of the country. They are a well matched span of Shetland ponies, about twelve hands high, and of a glossy black color. They are attracting a great deal of attention.

Hymeneal.

On Tuesday of this week a large number of friends and acquaintances assembled at the residence of Mr. John Dale, merchant, to witness a ceremony which is always of an interesting character, especially to the fair sex. It was to see our young citizen, Mr. Frank E. O'Flynn, lead to Hymen's altar Miss Alice M. Dale. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B.A. The bride was supported by Misses Robinson and O'Flynn, while the groom was supported by Messrs. O'Flynn and Sargent. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests sat down to a sumptuous repast, after which the happy couple left for their wedding trip to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. O'Flynn were given a hearty "send off" by their numerous friends—all wishing them joy in their journey, hand in hand, through life.

In Brockville, on the 3rd of October, two of our friends were led willing victims to the hymeneal altar in the church of the Holy Trinity, Mr. Wm. H. Breakell, well known as one of our apparently confirmed bachelors, and Miss Martha Griffin of Brockville, who won for herself many friends while residing here as a teacher. The wedding was an extremely quiet one. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Rector. Miss Griffin, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. Mr. Smith, late of Madoc, acted as groomsman. After the ceremony the happy couple left by the Utica and Black River R'y for a trip to Utica and the Hudson, bearing with them the best wishes of their friends both in Brockville and Madoc, not only for their honeymoon among the beauties of the Hudson but for the longer and more rugged journey of their lives.

Moore vs. Central Ontario Railway.

The last number of the Queen's Bench Reports contains a full report of this case, and the judgment of the full Court. It is of considerable importance. The Central Ontario Railway is subject to the general Railway Act of Ontario, and required from the plaintiff a right of way through his farm, Lot No. 18, in the 3rd con. of the Township of Madoc; they offered him a certain sum ($300), which being refused, an arbitration under the Act was had. After three days' examining and hearing of evidence, the arbitrators were just about making their award, when the Railway Co'y served a notice of desistment under the Act, and asked a new arbitration, which was obtained, and another three days was consumed in giving evidence before three new arbitrators, who were about making their award, when again the Railway served notice of desistment, and making for a third time precisely the same offer for the land, asked for a third arbitration. The arbitrator appointed by the Railway withdrew, and the other two made an award giving plaintiff a large advance upon the amount offered him by the Company. He then sued on the award, which the Company defended upon the ground that they had desisted, and had a right to under the Statute, from the arbitration. The plaintiff contended that the Statute allowed the Company the right to desist from an arbitration only once. The case was first tried before Chief Justice Wilson, who after hearing argument and taking time to consider found for the plaintiff, holding the award good, and that a Railway Company can only desist once, and entered a verdict for $561 with interest, and full costs of the arbitration and of the case. The defendents then appealed to the full Court, which has sustained the verdict.—Mr. Dickson, Q. C., for plaintiff; Mr. Falconbridge, for defendent.

Everythings.

—Division Court to-day.

—Also Tudor, *et. al.* fall show.

—Mr. Richard Costello, a Belleville merchant, died yesterday morning.

—M. McLean's fall opening takes place to-day and to-morrow, Thursday and Friday.

—It is reported that the evening train on this end of the Midland railway will soon be changed to arrive here at 10:45 p. m.

—White's Agricultural Band, including the President and Drum Major, were photographed by Mr. Morrice on Monday afternoon.

The business of the Division Court in this village to-day was concluded in about one hour—the shortest time the clerk, Major Rawe, says he has ever known here.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. John McCoy, of Madoc township, who for some time past has been excessively prostrated with asthma, is now so far recovered as to be able to take a little out-door exercise.

—Rev. Mr. McAmmond reports that the revival services at Hazard's are still progressing, with increased interest nightly. Upwards of forty have already gone forward. The meetings will be continued for a week or so longer.

—We would direct the attention of our readers to the new advertisement in this issue, of Mr. J. A. Chambers, at the sign of the big teapot. "Joe" keeps a neat and well-stocked grocery throughout, and has just placed on exhibition a handsome assortment of about six dozen fancy china matched cups and saucers, the largest stock of these goods we believe ever brought into this village at one time. Read his advt. and call and see him.

—Pick it up carefully,
Hide it with zest;
Weep o'er it prayerfully,
Give it a rest.
Tell not of its history,
Past is the day;
Shroud it in mystery,
It gives you away.
Bury it carefully,
Quickly at that;
Mourn it not tearfully—
Your summer straw hat.

—Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, I'll sell the hat from off my head, I'll go without my daily bread; I'll let my children go unfed, and starve the dog till he is dead. My hands of charity I'll spread, and up and down the streets I'll tread; all avenues for aid I'll tread, and never pause till hope is fled; I'll work in constant fear and dread, I'll sell my clothing every shred. I'll sell my house and rest a shed; but what I'll pay up every red, I owe unto the printer.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 50	to	$6 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 00	to	1 05
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 60	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 56	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 38
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 22	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to	0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins	0 50	to	0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:oxo:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,

House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

FRUITS IN SEASON.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Price.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883.

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

Farmers patronize home industry and avoid the vexatious delays that you have to put up with when you purchase foreign machinery. We are turning out a superior class of

STEEL | AND | IRON | PLOUGHS

for the fall trade. Our

Stove Department

is complete. We manufacture all kinds of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

Madoc, August 28th, 1883.

103mg

STELLA;
OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

SANDYPORT.

The little seaside village—for it is little more, of Sandyport, lies upon the flattest and the ugliest portion of the Essex coast. There are neither trees nor hills landwards, neither cliffs nor rocks seaward, to break the dull and bleak monotony of the scene; nothing but sand—sand everywhere. Flat sandy fields, sparsely covered with ragged grass behind, low heaps of sandy hillocks in front, merging into wide yellow stretches of wet, swampy sands at low tide; and between the bare fields at the back and the sandheaps between it and the sea, lies the village itself. One straggling street, a cluster of brown fishermen's huts, a stuccoed Church with a dwarf tower, and a dozen or so of green-shuttered lodging-houses beyond it, which owe their existence to the fact that the healthy air—the one recommendation to Sandyport that any one can urge—induces the people in the neighborhood to send their children to them for sea air. It is healthy and it is cheap—nobody can say anything more in favour of Sandyport.

It was at the door of the very last in the row of these lodging-houses that Lily Finch and her small box were deposited late one afternoon by the one-horsed omnibus, which went backwards and forwards to meet the trains at Sandyport Junction, three miles off.

Mrs. Barnes, a portly and important personage, who patronized her, and called her "my dear" in familiar and motherly manner, gave her her arm to help her out of the vehicle that had brought them, and rang the bell at the green-shuttered abode to which she had brought her charge

The door was instantly opened by a tall and melancholy-faced woman, with whom Mrs. Barnes instantly exchanged friendly greetings.

"You see, I've brought you your lodger, Mrs. Wilson. She isn't good for much yet, but my lady says you are to take good care of her."

"It is very good of her ladyship to have recollected me. I hope"—turning round with a solemn stare at Lily, who was so faint and tired after her journey that she could hardly stand—"I hope, miss, that you mean to get well, and give her ladyship no more trouble."

Poor Lily had not strength to answer her landlady's somewhat alarming welcome. She followed her meekly up-stairs to the room that had been provided for her.

A large airy upper room, overlooking the sandheaps and the sea beyond them, as cheerful a view, probably, as any room in Sandyport could possibly command; and yet, when the two women had gone downstairs to gossip over their tea, and she and her box were left alone together, Lily, although she had food, and clothing, and lodging provided for her by the kindness and charity of others—although she knew that nothing was expected of her but to enjoy the sea air and get strong—felt more unspeakably lonely than she had ever felt in her life before.

It will be easily imagined that there had been no parting scene between herself and Sir Edgar. Lady Dyson had carefully provided against such an alarming and dangerous experiment. No sooner was Sir Edgar's back turned, than superhuman efforts were made to strengthen up poor Lily's frame to enable her to endure a journey. By dint of port wine, and beef tea, and calves'-foot jelly, and with the help of an invalid's carriage, Lady Dyson effected her desire, and sent her safely off out of the house on the very morning of the day on which her son was expected to return. Nobody but herself and Barnes, who was bribed to secrecy, knew the destination of her journey. She was gone "to the seaside," that was all the information bestowed upon the rest of the household. Even Mrs. Finch was kept in the dark, for Lady Dyson was determined that, untill her son was safely married, he should have no chance of hearing of Lily's whereabouts.

So Lily was bundled off, weak and unequal to the move as she certainly was, and was safely landed, as we have seen, the same afternoon, in Mrs. Wilson's clean, but somewhat desolate-looking domicile.

She felt very lonely in it. She stood by the window, and looked drearily out at the melancholy yellow hillocks of sand beyond the road, and the long line of leaden-colored sea beyond them, and she felr weak and hopeless both in body and mind.

The next day Mrs. Barnes w ent back to Barfield, and Lily was left alone, in a solitude so utter and so depressing, that she felt at first as if she should die of it.

Mrs. Wilson brought up her little meals to her three times a day, and generally lingered a few minutes to make some kind enquiries about her health, and to give her some not very exhilarating admonitions concerning the trouble she was causing her friends.

Then, her life went on for a few days of unspeakable monotony and dullness, and Lily felt sometimes as if the solitude and the dreariness were more than she knew how to bear.

At length, however, relief came to her in the shape of new friends, whom she was fortunate enough to find in the rector and his family.

The one good-sized and pleasant-looking house in Sandyport was the Rectory. It stood near the Church, within a high-walled garden, wherein clustered the only trees to be found in the whole place. When Lily arrived at Mrs. Wilson's the lilacs and laburnhams were just coming into flower in the Rectory-garden, and the Miss Nortons, the Rector's daughters, were just setting up the lawn-tennis net again, after the long dullness of the winter season.

Mr. Norton, the Rector, being a placid and a good old man, was quite contented with his lot in life; but Mrs. Norton and her daughters did not appreciate the absolute tranquillity of Sandyport at all. The dullness was unspeakable. There was no neighbours, and there was no society. Marian and Katie Norton were good girls; but they caught eagerly at the faintest and slenderest excitement to break the monotony of their lives.

Such an excitement was afforded by the arrival of Lily Finch at the Terrace with the odging-houses.

A young lady—and a pretty young lady too—could not have dropped down in any corner of Sandyport without at once attracting the attention of the whole of its inhabitants, and of course the Rectory people were among the first to know of it.

"Such a pretty girl, mamma!" said Marian, excitedly. "I caught a sight of her on the Terrace yesterday. I wonder who she is—do let us call on her!"

"Certainly we will call on her; let us go to-day."

But Miss Finch was out, sitting on the sands by the sea, when the called, and so there were only a whole flight of cards awaiting her return when she came in.

But a few days later the two sisters met her face to face, close ottside their own door.

"You are Miss Finch, are you not?" asked Marian, holding out her hand. "Do come in and see us. How tired you look!"

"I have been ill; I am not very strong yet," said Lily, accepting the invitation gratefully.

They took her into the pretty garden within the high walls, and she sat on the bench in the sun, while they played lawn-tennis.

By and by the Rector and his wife came out and joined them, and welcomed Lily kindly and cordially.

"How do you like being at Mrs. Wilson's?" asked Mrs. Norton. "Does she make you comfortable?"

"Oh! yes, very, thank you."

"But you must find it rather dull?"

"It is not exactly lively," answered Lily.

"My dear, I hope you will come here as often as you like," said kind Mrs. Norton.

And Lily gratefully accepted the kind invitation to the Rectory.

She went there, indeed, every day; and their constant kindness, and the fresh seabreezes began at last to work favourably upon her health and spirits.

One day that she came in as usual to join the two sisters in their game at lawn-tennis, she found the whole family in an unusual state of delight and excitement.

"Such a wonderful thing is going to happen," explained Marian Norton to her. "A young lady is going to stay with us."

"A great friend of yours?" asked Lily politely.

"Well, no, not exactly. To tell you the truth, papa was her brother's tutor before he married; it was a long time ago—and her brother died. We only know her very slightly; but she is so handsome and clever."

"Yes, and so nice and pleasant too," said Katie.

"And she is engaged to be married too," cried Marian; "and I do think it will be so amusing to have an engaged young lady—for you know Katie and I have never had any lovers ourselves."

"She has had a bad attack influenza, and is ordered to the sea to get well before her marriage, and so she thought of coming to us—for you must know she is rather above ourselves in rank—so it shows how nice she is to want to come to a quiet clergyman's family," explained Katie.

"And what may her name be?" inquired Lily, without any great interest in the stranger. But the answer to the question startled her.

"Her name is Lady Honoria Rosett," said Katie.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOUGHTON FAIR.

Once a year, and it is always in the last week in April that it takes place, there is a fair held in the queer little old-fashioned town of Loughton. The market-place for three days is filled with open stalls, where all sorts of cheap wares—crockery, cutlery, turnery and articles of dress—both masculine and feminine—are sold all day long, among the Babel of voices and shouts and confusion. This is the business part of the proceedings. Hard by, in a large open space on the outskirts of the town, the votaries of pleasure hold high revels from morning till night, and pretty nearly from night till morning. Here the goods sold are more of a frivolous description—gaudy toys and unwholesome looking sweets, gingerbread men and penny ices, being the chief ingredients of commerce. There is a long line of booths, wherein fat boys, three-legged ponies and performing dogs are constantly ataracting crowds of eager sight seers, and a merry-go-round that goes by steam, and gyrates to the tune of "Tommy make room for your Uncle," with a deafening clamor and with unceasing energy and perseverance.

It will readily be imagined that at fair-time Loughton is a place to be avoided by all decent and respectable inhabitants. The town is filled with a crowd, of the worst and most rowdy description. An immense concourse of ruffians of every kind—gypsies and vagrants, who never come to the surface at any other time—pour in from the country around, and hold high jinks for these three day of unbridled pleasure.

I suppose, if the townspeople had taken the matter strongly in hand, the nuisance might have been put down; but the fair is good for trade, and so the Loughton authorities submit to the institution, and put up with its many inconveniences as patiently as they can.

But amongst the neighboring gentry Loughton fair-time is held in deep and indignant abhorrence, and the town is as much deserted and as carefully avoided by them as Margate at Whitsuntide and Epping Forest on Bank Holiday is by the respectable and peace-loving Londoner.

I don't know how it came to pass that Stella King, being a stranger, knew nothing about Loughton fair; and as ill-luck would have it, the fancy came into her head to walk by herself into the town on the afternoon of the third day of the revels.

Norman was away, or she would probably have been warned against so rash a proceeding; but he had gone up to town for a few days, and the time of his return was so uncertain. It so happened that something was wanted for the decorations that were now in process of preparation for the wedding next week. All the morning the two sisters and Mrs. Finch had been working hard at some white satin quillings, which were intended to wreathe the bannister all the way up the staircase, tied up at intervals with bunches of greenery. They worked at it till they were tired, and until they had exhausted all their materials.

"We shall want at least two dozen more yards of white satin ribbon," Mrs. Finch had said, when their task came perforce to an end. "It must be got at Loughton."

In the afternoon Stella remembered the white satin ribbon. She had a headache, and such an utter weariness of mind and body, that it came into her head that a walk by herself would do her good. So she thought she would go and buy the ribbon herself in Loughton. Without saying a word to anybody, and with no recollection of the fair, which, if she had heard of, she had certainly not realised the condition of things to which such a festivity can reduce an ordinary tranquil, and dead-alive little country town, she put on her hat, and sallied forth alone across the fields.

When, however, she got near the town, she perceived that some unwonted excitement was going on. There were tents covered with gaudy paintings; flags flying in every direction; a confused sound of coarse, half-drunken merriment, and the jingling music of the interminably gyrating merry-go-round.

Stella was a little disturbed in her mind at these indications of vulgar revelry; but she was now so near the town, that it seemed to her a pity not to go on and accomplish her errand.

She was, moreover, naturally grave, and not easily daunted; it was unpleasant, of course, to have to push her way through a rough, tipsy-looking crowd; but, after all, she did not imagine that they could hurt her.

So she pushed on quickly and courageously, looking neither to the right nor the left, working her way straight up the middle of the booths and the open stalls.

The people fell back a little to let her pass, staring with some curiosity at the delicate, lovely young lady who had ventured thus unprotected in their midst. One or two men stared at her rudely, and a ragged woman shrieked after her some taunting, horrible words, of which she hardly caught the meaning, but which made her shudder with disgust.

Nothing, thought Stella, should induce her to return the same way. She now felt sorry that she had come; but there was a longer way home by which she could get back to Wrexham without coming near these horrible merry-makers again. She reached the little draper's shop and made her purchase; the shopman seemed surprised to see her, and even made some remark about the place not being very orderly for ladies to walk about in.

"I had no idea there was anything going on," said Stella, as she paid for her ribbon. "What is the matter?"

"Why, it's the fair, miss—didn't you hear of it? And a shameful state of things I call it, that respectable persons should be kept shut up for three days because of all these drunken vagabones. However, there is some as likes it even among them as ought to know better. You are never going to walk back, are you, miss? Would you like my little lad to go with you? It would be a kind of a protection like."

"Oh, thank you very much. No, I don't want any one, because I shall go back another way. I can get across the common to Wrexham; it is a longer walk, but it will be quiet that way."

The shopkeeper shook his head.

"There's a many bad characters loafing about everywhere, miss. You had better let Johnny go with you.

But Stella declined the protection of the valiant Johnny, who was twelve years old, and small for his age, and decided upon venturing forth again by herself.

She started forth across the common at a rapid pace, and soon left the town and its noisy occupiers far behind. It was a breezy, blowing day; little showers scudded across the heavens, alternating with gleams of sunshine.

The common across which she walked was a wide expanse of heath and brushwood, some three miles or so in length. It was not a flat plain, but was undulated; the path leading up and down a succession of little dips in the land; and it was so thickly studded over with gorse-bushes and juniper-shrubs, that a whole army might have been concealed upon it without betraying a sign of its existence until you were close upon it.

Stella walked on bravely and quickly; the wind blew gently in her face, flushing it a rosy red, and ruffling the soft locks of her fair hair. She looked very serious as she walked, for her thoughts were full of sad and solemn things; but there was no despair or rebellion in her grave eyes, because she was a good girl, and she would not allow herself to dwell overmuch upon that sad secret of her heart which only of late had been fully revealed to herself.

"I lost him by my own folly," said Stella to herself; "and now I have got to make the best of things—to love them both dearly, and hope for their happiness, and to do my duty in the life that is before me. I shall live with grandpapa, as he said, and make him happy till he dies; and I shall be an old maid, and make the most model of maiden aunts," and she smiled to herself a pale, sorrowful little smile that had no depth nor life in it.

And then all at once she heard somebody running up behind her. Turning round quickly, she was rather dismayed to see close to her a rough looking man in a suit of ragged corduroy, and a red scarf tied loosely around his bare uncovered throat. He was very dark, had wild, rough hair, and a lawless but not altogether unpicturesque appearance.

"Here! stop!" cried the man to her.

But Stella, although her heart beat violently, made no answer, but walked rapidly on; only with a sudden impulse of self-preservation she quietly slipped off her watch and the rings from her fingers, and the earrings out of her ears, and unfastened a little gold brooch at her collar, and dropped them all into the pocket of her jacket. By this time the man had come close up to her.

"Why didn't you stop when I called out to you, miss?" he said, looking at her curiously, but not altogether uncivilly, and panting loudly—he was evidently out of breath with running after her. "You might have waited a little bit for a fellow!"

A wise instinct told Stella that to look frightened, or to speak roughly to this man would be fatal. Her only chance lay in preserving her coolness and her temper.

"I couldn't wait," she answered quite civilly. "I am in a hurry to get home."

"And where may your home be, pray, miss?"

"Oh—over there," she answered pointing, vaguely to a belt of wood beyond the common. Oh! how poor Stella wished herself there!

"Well, I suppose you won't mind a poor fellow like me walking alongside of you, miss?" said the man, with a sort of a half-familiar, half-respectful manner, looking at her curiously. Probably if she had been plain and old, instead of the loveliest vision of womanhood he had ever set eyes on in his life, he would not have been at the pains to be so polite to her.

"I can't help you walking by me, of course, if you like," answered Stella, keeping her eyes straight before her. Her companion was staring hard at her, looking her up and down from head to foot. Stella felt certain he was looking for her rings and watch, and congratulated herself for her prompitude in hiding them.

"I suppose, now, you have never walked alongside such a rum-looking card as me in your life before, miss?" said the man, presently.

"Never," answered Stella, and for all her terror, she could not help smiling.

Presently the man stipped short close in front of her.

"Look here!" he said to her "there are three of us about here on the common, and we drew lots which should come and trap you!"

"What do you mean?" faltered Stella, changing color for the first. "You cannot mean to do me any harm—you seem a civil-spoken young man—I am sure you will not stop me!"

He laughed.

"Oh! I don't know about doing you any harm. If you wasn't such a pretty lass, I'd have knocked you down behind the first green-bush long ago; but you've got them pretty blue eyes and hair just like the sunshine on a cornfield, so that I can't find it in my heart to lay a finger on your pretty throat."

Stella turned sick and cold with fear, yet she had sense enough to know that to resent the man's rude admiration would be to bring his wrath upon herself.

"I am sure you wouldn't hurt me!" she said. "You look too kind and manly to ill-treat a woman with no one to protect her!"

He laughed uneasily.

"I don't know about that," he said. "I've been sent after you to get your money and your jewellery. I know you got them somewhere about you, because I saw you slip something into you pocket as I came up; but now, you look here, I'll not take them from you—not a thing—I'll go back and tell my mates you had nothing about you, if you will let me give you one good kiss."

Stella uttered a faint cry of horror.

"You'd better not try screaming, because I've only got to whistle, and my pals will come up directly. Now, will you or won't you?"

He stood close before her—there was no chance for her to escape. In despair Stella empted out her pockets.

"Take everything I have got!" she said, trembling, "and for pity's sake go away!"

The man looked surprised, and even disappointed. A woman who would part with her jewellery sooner than submit to an insult was evidently a new experience to him.

"I would sooner kiss you than take them," he said, doubtfully, half-pushing back her out-stretched hand.

And then, in the tension of her over-strung nerves, and in the terror of her loneliness and helplessness, Stella at last lost her presence of mind.

"How dare you offer such an insult to a lady! I would sooner die than touch so much as your hand!" she cried, half-frantic with fear and disgust.

Suddenly, at her words, the evil nature of the man, that had been charmed for a short space to sleep by the spell of her beauty, awoke once more into life.

"Oho! my lady! so that's your game, is it!" he cried furiously. "Let us see whether you can show fight, you pretty pigeon!"

He seized her in his arms, and dragged her roughly to him. The wild, brown face with its rough black locks and shining wicked eyes, was close to her. Her brain reeled, her heart almost ceased to beat, her very eyesight seemed to fail her!

Then close behind her a footstep upon the grass—a voice that cried out suddenly:

"My darling—I am here!"

A few smothered oaths—a struggle—a blow or two—and she was free! There was a swift vision of a dearly loved face above her; and Stella remembered nothing more, for she had fallen headlong on the soft grass among the gorse-bushes at Norman Allingham's feet.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"IS IT TOO LATE?"

When Stella recovered her consciousness, she found herself staring straight up at the cloud-flecked sky, whilst somebody was sprinkling water upon her upturned face. For a minute or two she could not recollect what had happened, nor make out at all where she was.

"Do you feel better, Stella?" asked Norman, gently, and then she suddenly discovered that she was in the middle of Loughton Common, and that her head was supported upon her cousin's shoulder.

She sat up blushing.

"He is gone away, dear; don't be frightened," said Norman, reassuringly; "the brute went off quickly enough when I appeared on the scene. I felt as if I could have killed him when I first caught sight of him!"

But Stella was not thinking of the vagrant who had given her such a fright. She had but the dimmest recollection of his coarse words and his rough gestures. She was quite safe now, and not in the least frightened—only what she was thinking now was, that it was Norman's voice that had called out to her.

"*My darling—My darling!*" Norman, who was to be married to her sister next week—Norman, who had called her by that sweetest, tenderest, and least to be mistaken name in the English language. *My darling!* he had called her. Ah! what a great glow of gladness was in the depth of poor Stella's heart when she remembered it! Ah! could it be possible, that he loved her, and not Cecily!

And then her conscience smote her, and almost at the same minute she seemed to see the meaning of his words. Was it not the case that she and Cecily were very much alike—he had come up behind her; at a little distance he would hardly have been able to tell which sister it was—of course he must have mistaken her for Cecily.

"You thought it was Cecily, I suppose?" she said, aloud, following the current of her unspoken thoughts.

"Cecily!" he repeated, in surprise. "No, why did you think that? I knew it was you—besides, could I ever make a mistake between you?"

She had risen to her feet by this time.

"Do you feel able to walk now?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh! yes, quite; let us go on, Norman." And then turning suddenly to him. "How on earth did you happen to be here, in the middle of Loughton Common, just in time to rescue me from that dreadful man?"

"Why, that is simply told. I came home just after you had left the house; nobody knew where you were, but Mrs. Finch thought you had gone to Loughton. I remembered the Fair, and how nefis it was for you to be walking about the country whilst it was going on; there are always so many of these tramps and gypsies about. So I set out and followed you. I traced you into the town, and to the draper's shop; and the man there told me you had started to return home by the common—about the worst place, by the way, you could have selected to walk over by yourself; so I put my best leg forward, and as you see, mercifully arrived upon the scene in time to save you from that ruffian's insults."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When the Great Mississippi Bursts its Bounds.

The river all through the bright moonlight night had quietly lapped the edges of the embankment, the surface being quite serene. As the storm neared, however, the surface roughened, and from far over on the Missouri side the wrinkles began to crawl across the surface, deepening as they came. The night-workers knew that this meant danger, and of common consent they moved, halting only when they reached places where the ground back of the dike was high enough to brace the earthworks reasonably well. By this time the first gush came, and it was followed by another and another, the bosom of the old Father heaved and there was a long swash against the bank, which made the earth tremble and dashed spray up over the top of the dike. George Hoovener and another reckless laborer stood far out where the dike was most dangerous, and their friends yelled to them to come away quick or they would be caught. Almost as the warning was given the mischief began, for down about the lowest point of the little valley, and just at the line where the dike began to rise, the ground suddenly gave way and a volume of water about the size of a barrel spurted through the wall of clay and out into the low ground. A couple of scrub oaks were close to the spot and the water striking their roots with great force was thrown high up as by a fountain. A second later the opening had increased to ten times its original size and the volume quickly enveloped the scrub oaks. Two seconds more and the earth all crumbled and sank down into the gap, being carried out into the lowlands with a power that was apparently irresistible. Meanwhile the flood was pouring through the gap with a roar that could be heard a mile distant, and the walls of either side were being rapidly eaten away. In less than ten minutes after the first small opening at the bottom of the dike appeared, there was a gap about 200 feet wide, through which a volume of water twelve feet deep was running. This had continued for two hours, and an immense roaring river was moving through wheat fields and potato patches two miles away, when a second gap a hundred yards further south, opened with a roar, and added a second flood to the first. The workmen stood and watched the sublime scene for a time, and then they began to hurry off in ones and twos to carry news of the break to the anxious people inland.

The London Flunky.

W. J. Stillman says in "Characteristics of London," in the October *Century*: "In the intonation of the low-toned command is the highest expression of that incommunicable, indescribable, and, except by generations of cultivation, unattainable quality we call *high* breeding. In the reply to it is that perfect antithesis in breeding, which we ought to call *low*—the profound, unquestioning, and unhesitating prostration of self of the traditional hereditary 'flunky,' disciplined like a soldier, who, as his master never permits himself to express a disturbing emotion, never allows *himself* an expression of surprise or a word of comment; whose self command is as great as his master's—perhaps greater—a well apparelled statue, save when an order is given; whose bows and deference for his master's guests are graduated by the distance at which they sit from the head of the table; a human creature that sees nothing, knows nothing, and believes nothing which his master does not expect him to see and know and believe; who, if he thinks of a heaven at all, never dreams that it can be the same thing for his master and himself; he hopes to meet his father and grandfather and great-grandfather in the servants' hall of that celestial abode where his master and all the family for countless generations will dwell in their mundane state; his brains could no more take in the parable of Dives and Lazarus than the laws of Kepler, and the most insensate chartist or radical could never inspire in him any ambition to be anything beyond butler in his master's mansion."

"Why didn't you deliver that message as I gave it to you?" asked a gentleman of his stupid servant. "I did the best I could, sir." "You did the best you could, sir, did you?"—imitating his voice and look. "Pshaw! If I had known that I was sending a donkey I would have gone myself."

Other nations pray for rain as we do. In a season of great drought in Persia, a schoolmaster, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Schairaz in procession to pray for rain. A stranger asked whither they were going. The tutor told him, and added, "He doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children." "My honest friend," said the traveller, "if that were the case, I fear there would be no schoolmaster left alive."

THE FARMER'S CORNER.

Farm Work for October.

Large weeds in meadows and pastures are now readily seen, and can be quickly removed with a chisel-blade attached to a long handle. Grass land to furnish hay next year should not be closely fed by stock during the late autumn, but instead be top-dressed with fine, well-rotted manure. Grass seeds may be sown on spots where the sand is poor, and if harrowed over, and some fertilizer added, a good growth may be expected.

It is not too late to sow wheat and rye; if the soil is in fine condition, both may do as well as early-sown grain, and are more likely to escape the ravages of the Hessian Fly. A top dressing of manure will assist in giving the plants a good growth before the ground freezes.

Potatoes should be dug as soon as they are ripe, and kept for a time in heaps in the field to dry out. Sunlight injures potatoes, and they should therefore be stored in a dark, frost-proof place. All decayed potatoes should be assorted out, and burned with the vines, when clearing up the field. Mangles and beets are injured by the frost, and should be harvested in safety. These roots may be kept in heaps near the stable, and removed by the load as required. It is important to ventilate the pits well to prevent heating. Turnips will stand frosts, and continue to grow until the season closes.

Make the necessary water-courses in fields to relieve them of the excess of surface water during heavy storms. The furrows, wide and shallow, should run diagonally across slopes, with little fall. All kinds of litter, except weeds with ripened seeds, should go out into the barnyard. There should be a general cleaning up in and around the garden and stables, to give a neat appearance at the end of the season. Now is a good time to make the necessary repairs and improvements for wintering the farm animals before bringing them permanently into the yards and stables.

Notes on Live Stock.

Horses should no longer be turned out at night. A cold rain may bring on troubles which are difficult to cure at this time of year. If horses are unavoidably drenched, rub them dry as soon as possible, and cover with blankets. Horses need to enter upon the winter in good health.

Cows cannot be kept in good flow of milk without ample rations of rich fodder. As the pastures become bare, corn stalks, cut and mixed with ground oats and corn, may be given. Feed the tops of beets, turnips, etc., in small quantities. The aim should be to have the cows in fine form at the close of their pasturage.

Speak for March lambs this month. There is often a fine profit in buying poorly-fed sheep from sections where fodder is scarce, and turning them off fat in the spring. In this way a large amount of straw, if fed with corn, may be made into manure as a second source of gain.

Brood sows need to be kept in good condition to meet the male next month for March pigs. It is best to begin at once to feed for pork, using the soft corn first. The pens should be clean and warm. The store pigs will do well on the slops of the house, with bran stirred in. Skim milk is good for these.

The pullets will lay through the winter if kept in a warm house, and provided with crushed shells and good fed. Chopped cabbage and other green food is relished by fowls along with grain. Avoid crowding the poultry, and keep the nests, walls, etc., free from vermin. Early fattened poultry are more profitable marketed during the latter part of October and early in November than at Thanksgiving or Christmas time.

Choosing Sheep for Profit.

A point to consider is the increasing use and value of mutton, and, no doubt, this increase would be more rapid and greater in amount if the quality of the meat offered were better; the second point is the large value of an early Spring lamb, worth not so much for size as for quality and plumpness; the third is the market value of wool. Now, i should go without saying to the practised and practical farmer that all those points depend for their most successful issue upon the management of the flock—the selection, the breeding, the care, the feeding, and the shelter. All these are of the greatest importance, but the first of all is the selection. For if a sheep is kept that makes inferior meat, rears a thin, scraggy, bony lamb, or produces low-priced wool, all the care bestowed upon it is thrown away and labor lost. And in regard to mutton, while it must be admitted that the Southdown stands first and the Shropshire second, and that these hold the same place as regards market lambs, yet we have a class of Merinoes, know as delane wool sheep, which are large, deep-bodied, and of which a 3-year-old wether yields as good and well-flavored mutton as even the Southdown, and a Merino lamb is proverbially plump and fat. At the same time the wool of this sheep, classed as fine combing—for it is long enough for combing with the present improved machinery—and delaine, is quoted in the Boston market at 48 to 50 cents per pound, which is 5 cents higher than Ohio and Pennsylvania full blood fine wool from the pure short wool merino. This, then, would seem to be the most profitable sheep for the farmer to keep, more especially as it produces as heavy a fleece as the long wool sheep, which is inferior in every point. Next to this might be placed the Southdown and Saropshire sheep, so nearly alike, except in wool, that an expert only could distinguish them. These produce mutton of a peculiar short texture tender quality, and gamey flavor which is very profitable. For the most part, these sheep, being small and compact, all die young, strictly speaking, for they appear in the butcher's stall as "lamb" although they may be mature and full grown. It is very true that as "lamb" goes generally, these sheep make as good a kind as the long wool lambs, really in their lamb estate. But as Spring lambs, weighing 40 pounds and three months old, they are unexcelled or even unapproached by those of any other breed. Such lambs have sold and often sell at $8 or $10 each when early enough and heavy and fat enough. Here is a full 100 per cent. dividend on the ewe, with another to come by and by from the fleece of 25 per cent. or more. And the ewe, when fed, will always return her cost, with interest. These are the sheep from which the fine, soft lambs' wool is sheared when a year old, of which the finest and softest fabrics are made, but which is not plentiful enough ever to come on to the market as a graded sort. These sheep yield a fleece of about five pounds of that kind of wool which is sought by the country mills and buyers for ordinary domestic goods. The wool is short, medium fine, and strong, and is usually classed as medium, carding, or clothing wool. Either of these breeds make an excellent cross upon the native grades ewes, and the cross is as valuable in every way except for breeding, as the pure bred. They are worth study and examination by farmers who are desirous of going into sheep as a farm product.

The Potato Rot.

The daily papers recently contain telegraphic accounts of the great destruction of the potato crop in various sections of the country. The disease was the one known as the "potato rot." This is not a new trouble, and most of the older inhabitants can remember the ravages of this pest in 1842 and again 1845, when it spread over Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States, causing much distress to those who make the potato the leading article of food.

The rotting of the potatoes is caused by a microscopic fungus, *Peronospora infestans*, which infest the potato plant.

By fungus is understood a plant of a very low order, the more familar members of which are the toadstools, mushrooms, mildews, and moulds. Some of the fungi live only on decaying organic matter, and are comparatively harmless; in fact, are often helpful in hastening decay and preparing substances for future usefulness. Other species of fungi are parasitic, growing upon living things. The bread mould is a familiar illustration of a small fungus which feeds upon dead matter, while the potato rot fungus is an equally striking example of one thriving upon a living plant. The mildew of the grape, which has caused great damage in many vineyards, is a close relative of the potato rot. They both belong to the same genus (*Peronospora*), a genus which contains a large number of species, and all are destructive to the host plants.

The potato rot fungus consists of long filaments or threads, which grow through the substance of the potato plant, and rob it of juices and induce a rapid decay. The fungus usually makes its first appearance upon the under side of the leaves as frost-like patches, soon causing the foliage to curl and turn brown. The frost-like appearance is due to a multitude of spores which have formed upon the ends of fungus threads protruding from the breathing pores of the leaf. There are many thousand stomata or breathing pores to the square inch, and a dozen or more threads may come out at each opening. Each of these threads form branches, and each branch bears a spore. This helps to give an idea of the vast number of spores formed upon a single affected leaf. These spores germinate quickly and in a peculiar manner—each spore giving rise to several smaller spores provided with hair-like appendages (*cilia*) by means of which they move quickly around. This is a most admirable provision for the rapid and perfect spreading of the disease when it has once "struck" a potato field.

After the foliage has become affected the disease passes into the stems and down to the tubers, when the most destructive work is done. The farmer should be on the watch for this fatal pest of his potato field. Like most fungi this Peronospora thrives best in warm, rainy, or "muggy" weather. In one of the recent press reports it was stated that the decay was caused by the wet weather which has prevailed in many parts of the country. The weather was only a favoring condition for the growth of the rot plant, as much so as the rains are aids to the profitable development of the various field crops. Weeks ago we predicted, and with a great degree of certainty, that the potatoes would rot in many sections. This came from a knowledge of the nature of the rot and the conditions which favor its development.

It has been shown that the disease is first seen upon the leaves. When the foliage begins to curl and turn brown, the potatoes should be dug at once, and in this way prevent the fungus from reaching the tubers. The potatoes should then be placed in a cool and dry place—the conditions least favorable for the further growth of the fungus should it be present. All affected tubers should be thrown out and gathered with the vines and burned. This destroys multitudes of spores which might otherwise live through the winter and be ready to propagate the rot the following season.

There has been a great deal said about "rot proof" varieties of potatoes, but they probably do not exist. Some sorts are more susceptible than others, probably from constitutional weakness. Many prizes have been offered in England for the finding of the best sorts to withstand the attacks of the rot fungus, but without any satisfactory results. Knowing that the disease is caused by a parasitic fungus, the rapid development of which is favored by moist, warm weather, there is little hope of finding a variety of potatoes so abnormal as to be "rot proof."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Rochester *Post-Express* says: A cat that would'at gladly die for the privilege of having its dead body thrown at Oscar Wilde as 'Romeo' must have a very poor comprehension of the beauty of Shakespeare."

A new Gatling gun has been invented which can be so elevated as to fire perpendicularly into the air. It will be popular with Virginia editors.

Hamburg landlords insure their tenants' furniture for them and add the premium to the rents.

There are said to be 250 legitimate life insurance companies in the world, and 9,000,000 policy-holders, implying some 45,000,000 people depending on the stability of the institution.

An indiscreet son-in-law:—"Your mother-in-law appears to have a pain in her side?" "Not at all. She has a toothache." "But every now and then I see her put her hand to her side, as though she felt a pain there." "That is because she put her teeth in her pocket."

A SCENE OF CARNAGE.

Charge of a Railway Train Upon a Multitude—Frightful Mutilation of Forty Victims.

Heartrending and appalling are but weak words to describe what must be called a railway "accident," which occurred near Berlin recently and resulted in the immediate death of about 40 persons, comprising 17 men, 18 women, and four children, and the more or less serious wounding of many others. An old soldier who witnessed the catastrophe said that he had been present at six pitched battles and a variety of minor engagements, but that all the scenes of carnage he had ever beheld were surpassed by that upon which he looked yesterday.

The sad story is soon told, Steglitz, at the station of which the accident happened, is a village, or townlet, about three miles from Berlin, on the Potsdam-Magdeburg-Cologne Railway Line; and the fine Sunday weather had tempted to the place, as to all other suburban resorts, crowds of pleasure seekers of the poorer class, including some patriotic societies, to celebrate the anniversary of Sedan. At the close of the day the station was besieged by several hundreds of the excursionists, eager to get home by the first train from Potsdam. The station at Steglitz is furnished with insufficient waiting accommodation, and passengers going to Berlin have to cross the rails in order to enter the up trains. Until the up trains arrive it is usual to detain Berlin bound passengers on the down platform, by means of a moveable barrier, such as is used at most crossings, and behind this barrier towards ten o'clock, an impatient crowd of 200 or 300 people were waiting for the train that was to take them home to Berlin. The train arrived; and eager to secure seats, the excursionists either burst, or jumped, or pushed back the barrier poles, and began to stream across the rails,

LIKE A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

This they did in spite of the shouts, remonstrances, and lantern-waving of the railway officials—of whom, however, it is said there was an altogether insufficient number—who saw, to their horror, that the Cologne express from Berlin was tearing down upon the station at the rate of a kilometre per minute. There was one heart-rending and unanimous shriek which silenced even the thunder of the approaching wheels, the heavy engine dashed in among the wedged and struggling mass, and in another instant the line was strewn with the horribly mutilated bodies of some 40 human beings.

The catastrophe was as appalling as it was unique. Words could not describe the scene of carnage which presented itself after the express, its wheels clogged with ghastly proofs of the ruin it had worked, had passed the fatal spot. Surely never had Juggernaut's car a more ghastly harvest of sacrificial victims. The station-master, a strong man, fainted away at the sight; and the driver of the express was so shaken by the spectacle that he had to leave his engine at Potsdam. Some of the corpses were mangled and mutilated beyond all possible recognition. One poor young mother had both her legs cut off, and gave birth to a child in her dying agonies. The fragments of the dead were gathered together and laid out in one of the waiting-rooms, and a sort of panic-terror spread over the place. Medical help was procured from all sides, but a good many cases were beyond the reach of surgery.

CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

Towards morning the Potsdam terminus in Berlin was besieged by an eager crowd, such as used to await the arrival of the wounded from the seat of war in 1870. The Emperor sent two of his adjutants this morning to inquire into the nature of the disaster, with the responsibility for which the Prussian Parliament must ultimately be saddled. It is true that the primary blame must fall on the unfortunate excursionists themselves, who rushed across the line before they ought to have done so; but at the same time they never would have been tempted to break the rules had the Prussian Chamber been characterized by a less penny-wise and pound-foolish spirit of niggardliness.

The Berlin-Cologne Line is now a State railway, like most others in Prussia, and it was only in April last that Herr Maybach, the Minister of Public Works, asked Parliament for 422,000 marks to build a proper station at Steglitz, where the traffic is active, and to construct a tunnel under the line, so as to obviate the dangerous necessity for crossing over it. But the Chamber refused this most reasonable demand, and the recent horrible catastrophe is the result.

The Terror of the South.

JASPER, FLA.—Mr. Boardman W. Wilson traveling for A. G. Alford & Co., dealers in Firearms and Cutlery, Baltimore, was prostrated here, with the "break-bone fever," he asserts that in his own, as well as in the case of others, the only thing found to relieve this painful malady was St. Jacobs Oil. This wonderful pain-cure has the endorsement of such men as Ex-Postmaster General James, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, and an army of others.

Sam Patch and Captain Webb can go down to an inglorious immortality together. Another idiot is said to be preparing to emulate the latter.

Do not wear faded clothes when a 10 cent package of the Triangle *Dyes* will make them look bright as new. All the popular colors. 10 cents.

At a curiosity shop—"Oh, the charming little box! Antique, isn't it?" "No, madame, it is modern." "What a pity—it was so pretty!"

CORNS! CORNS! Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Poison & Co., Kingston, propts.

A NEW INDEPENDENCE.—The *Irish Templar* says:—"July 4th is hereafter to be the temperance holiday, if the Good Templars of Los Angelos, California, are to have the ordering of the day. They have called a great temperance meeting to be held at Oak Grove, near Pasadena, on that date, for the purpose of making a new "declaration of independence"—this time from the power of men—and so do away with "the humiliating fact that America's holidays are red letter days in the annals of crime and drunkenness."

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Affecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly, and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that he has found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merit of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,
R. A. GUNN, M. D.
Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.

The fruit merchants strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. (27)

From MR. WILLIAM MAGARTH

Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved* me—the third bottle *freed me from all pain*.

WM. MAGRATH.

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

"Your language is wholly uncalled for," as the publisher told the author whose works failed to sell.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia to be worse than the old Rheumatism; but however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It also makes pure blood, regulating the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating scrofulous humor from the system. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months. (25)

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.

The Greatest Horse Breeding Establishment of America.

One of the many wonderful enterprises the great West is noted for, and one which none favored with opportunity should miss seeing, is the great breeding establishment of "Oaklawn," owned by M. W. Dunham, at Wayne, Ill., 35 miles from Chicago. His importations of Percheron horses from France, to date, have aggregated the immense sum of $2,500,000.00, and at the present time at "Oakland," 500 head of the choicest specimens of that race can be seen, while on their Colorado ranges are 2,000 mares and 21 imported Percheron stallions in breeding.

In a slander suit in Oregon, the Court held that "an honest man is a man who won't steal firewood on a cold night."

In the summer and the fall, the urchin
climbs the garden wall,
For green apples, in his frolic;
He will eat his fill, till, very ill,
He's doubled up with Colic.
The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

"Does poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply; "even the little children shell out."

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream,
There is naught to excel strawberries and cream.
Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

When a man is about to be told a secret he shuts the door; when it is a woman she opens it, to be sure no one is listening outside.

The well-known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

"If I thought I was going to become grey I know I should die," exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned grey she did dye, sure enough.

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renovating tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months. (28)

"A. P." 144

FOR SALE CHEAP—SPLENDID STOCK or Dairy Farm, 460 acres adjoining Courtland, 5 miles from Tilsonburg, about 120 acres cleared, free from stumps and stones, a quantity ready for cleaning up; standing timber worth half-price asked; frame barn and stabling; two new frame houses; good water; would sell half, or exchange for a small property. Apply to ROBERT WHALEY, Box X, Courtland.

WANTED—STEADY EMPLOYMENT and good pay given to every lady owning a sewing machine. Material sent and returned by mail. Send one dollar with your application as a guarantee that the material we furnish will be returned when finished. FINDLAY & CO., Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

909 ACRES MINERAL AND TIMBER lands in the township of Darling, county of Lanark, at one dollar and a half per acre; lies near Kingston and Pembroke Railway; joins township of Lavant, where the Caldwell gold mines and other mineral deposites have recently been discovered; must be sold in one lot; mining companies or dealers in wood can have a bargain. Apply immediately to I. S. SPARLING & CO., Real Estate and Commission Merchants, Pembroke, Ont.

THE LILY
is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.
78 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

JUST | ARRIVED!

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID

BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug, 23, 1882.

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET. MADOC.

J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month. A call solicited.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,
$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE— Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

CENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of
AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES
of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine
COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!
for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed.

A full line of
SOLID GOLD RINGS,
from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1882.

E. B. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. OSS, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 338. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 18, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—Will some enterprising Tory come forward and explain what has gone wrong with the N.P. and the grain market. While McKenzie and Cartwright were at the head of the government every depression in the price of grain was attributed to their "free trade" policy, and we were told that if the government could not remove the "hard times" they should make way for those who could. Reformers argued then, as they do now, that the price of most kinds of grain could not be affected by any action of the government, and that occasional periods of commercial depression were unavoidable; but such arguments were treated with utter contempt by Conservatives. The *Mail* whined dismally about the wrongs of the poor farmers who were selling their barley for seventy cents a bushel, and their rye for eighty cents. These prices were said to be ruinous, and the only refuge for the farmer was Sir John Macdonald and "Protection." Well, we have now had about five years of the National Policy; it has been in existence long enough to be in good working order and to have had a fair trial. The Policy has been sustained at two general elections, and by very large majorities, so that they have had every possible opportunity to fulfill their promise, and make the country prosperous, by Act of parliament. If the Tory leaders are not mere quacks and charlatans, if agricultural protection is not a miserable swindle, invented for election expenses, then the present price of farm produce must enormous. Shortly before the advent of the N. P., barley was selling for one dollar per bushel or over; now it should be at least $1.25. The price of rye furnishes another evidence of the success of the N. P. Rye was kept up by excluding American corn, thereby compelling distillers to buy from Canadian farmers at almost any price they might ask. Tory papers dwelt largely on the fact that good crops of rye could be raised from land that was partially exhausted, and the poor farmers who had been nearly ruined by the free trade theories of Cartwright and McKenzie were to become rich and happy by having a "home market" and a high price for their particular kind of grain. Every one knows that Tory politicians won't lie. If they have promised to do a thing we may be sure that it has been done. We may therefore assume that rye is selling at $1.40 per bushel, and if the market report seems to contradict this then the market reports must be wrong, for the statements of Conservative politicians are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Another great advantage that the farmer received from the N. P., is the increased price of wool, which our benevolent government has so nobly protected. During the bungling administration of Mr. Cartwright wool was only worth about thirty cents a pound; but now that we have "protection" and a "home market" we may suppose it to be worth from fifty-five to sixty cents. But in fairness to Sir John it must be admitted that he has not had leisure to attend to the interests of the farmers—his whole time being occupied in bribing the electors of Muskoka with frozen whiskey, and in helping Mr. Norquay to rob Ontario.

J. P.

Madoc, Oct. 15, '83.

Several shipping disasters on the lakes were reported to have occurred on Monday.

It is expected that 4,000 tons of steel rails will be unloaded at Belleville before the close of navigation.

A severe earthquake shock was experienced on Sunday at the Island of Chios. Houses were destroyed and people injured.

—The Seasons' Dye Stuffs of fine quality and cheap, have arrived at Deans' Drug Store.

At the closing of the Cork exhibition on Saturday the singing of the national anthem elicited a storm of mingled hisses and cheers. The police had great difficulty in preventing a free fight.

—Call at White's Agricultural Works and see their mills in operation polishing stove plate—Alfred Hardy will explain *modus operandi*.

During the one week in which all the the mail going through the Detroit post office to and from Canada was counted, 20,623 letters, 3,206 postal cards, 20,077 newspapers, and 4,692 packages of printed matter passed thro' to Canada, and 22,572 letters, 2,498 postal cards, 10,004 packages of papers came from Canada to that office.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

BOY WANTED.

A SMART, intelligent boy wanted at the REVIEW Office. Apply immediately.

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

Volunteers, Attention!

THE members of No. 4 Company are requested to return all clothing belonging to the company into the armory at once.

By order,
W. S. VOLUME,
Capt. Commanding No. 4 Co'y.
Oct. 10th, 1883. 337

Farm For Sale.

LOT No. 13, 4th concession Madoc, a good farm of 200 acres, of which about half is cleared and in workable condition; well watered, well fenced and for Dairy purposes, excellent. For further information apply to GEORGE ADDISON.
Madoc, Aug. 20, 1883.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council for the Municipality of the United wnships of Carlow and Mayo, will pass a ty-Law at its next sessions for the purpose of closing up the Government Road where it crosses Lots No. 21 and 22, in the sixth Concession of the Township of Carlow.

By order of Council,
W. J. HUGHES,
Clerk of said Municipalty.
Clerk's office, Carlow, Sept. 3rd, 1883.

NOTICE.

THE Corporation of the Township of Wollaston hereby give notice that at the first meeting held after the 1st day of October, they will pass a By-law to open a road from Lots 20 and 21 in the 11th concession, 18 and 19 in the 12th con., crossing Lot 19 in the 13th and 14th con's, going north to the boundary line; also to open a road from the 8th to the 10th concessions, between Lots 11 and 12.

By order,
H. T. MILLER,
Township Clerk.
The Ridge, Sept. 7, 1883. 335

FARM FOR SALE.

THE old residence of Walter Lackey, lot 7 in 1st. concession of Elzevir, containing 200 acres, about 75 acres cleared on the west hundred, and 30 acres on the east hundred. A good house and barn with a good fruit bearing orchard, and a spring creek running through the land, also a good well on the premises. Under good state of cultivation and well fenced. The farm will be sold in part or whole. For futher particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD.
MADOC.
April, 10th 1883. 6. mos.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

—:o:—

Notice to Contracters

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating pier and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 20th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS must accompany the Tender, which sum will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Sept., 1883. 335d2

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, October 22

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Wm. Rodgers, of the Township of Rawdon, Farmer:

THE creditors of the above named William Rodgers, who died on or about the 25th day of May, A. D. 1883, are notified to send by post prepaid to the undersigned at Madoc P. O., on or before the 8th day of November, A. D. 1883, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, the nature of their accounts and particulars of their security, if any; or in default thereof they will be excluded from participating in the said Estate according to the statute in that behalf.

Dated at Madoc this 6th day of October, 1883.

W. J. COONEY,
Executor the last will of William Rodgers.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.
Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

BOWEN & ELLIS

REMOVED! REMOVED!

—TO—

DALE'S = BLOCK,

in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,

where will be found a larger and better assortment of

Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,

than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOWEN & ELLIS.
Madoc, Sept. 4, 1883. 333.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc. August 6th, 1879.

1883
NORTH HASTINGS!
WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY
Flouring Mills,
MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

THERMOMETERS
Croquet, and
HAMMOCKS
—AT—
C. G. WILSON'S
DRUG STORE,
MADOC, - ONT.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,
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LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

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SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

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Land, Loan, & Commission Agency
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 96

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Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.
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IF you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

Salesmen Wanted

TO begin work at once on sales for Fall 1883, for the Fonthill Nurseries. The largest in Canada,
Messrs. Stone & Wellington, Prop'r
We can start in addition to our already large force
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply (enclosing Photo, if possible) to

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.
April 12th, 1883. 312

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St, Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
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July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

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Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
—DEALER IN—
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.
CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO,
WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.
Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 295

HISTORICAL EARTHQUAKES.

A List of the Most Serious Disasters of this Nature.

There was an earthquake in Asia that overturned twelve cities, A.D. 17; Herculaneum buried by one, 79; four cities in Asia, two in Greece, and three in Galatia, overturned, 107; Antioch destroyed, 115; one that swallowed up 150 cities, 357; at Nicomedia, in Bythinia, 358; at Jerusalem and Constantinople, 363; in Italy, 369; Nice destroyed, 307; a general one, 377; one from September to November swallowed up several cities in Europe, 394; five in different parts of Europe, 400; one swallowed up several villages of the Cimbri, 417; one in Palestine, 419; one at Constantinople, 434; at Constantinople, Alexandria and Antioch, 446; one that destroyed Antioch, Sept. 14, 458; one at Constantinople that lasted forty days, 490; one at Antioch that destroyed that and other cities, 526; another at Antioch that swallowed up 4,800 inhabitants, 528; Pompelopolis, in Mysia, swallowed up, 541; one almost universal, 544; one at Constantinople, 552; one at Rome and Constantinople, 557; city of Beritus destroyed, the Isle of Coos shaken, and Tripolis and Biblus damaged, 560; at Daphne and Antioch, 581; six hundred cities destroyed, 742; in Palestine and Syria, where thousands lost their lives, 746; at Mecca, where 1,500 houses and ninety towers were thrown down, 867; Constantinople overthrown and Greece shaken, 986; one at Batavia, 1021; at Worcester and Derby, 1042; one on April 8, 1076, in England, and again in 1081 and 1089; one throughout England, followed by a scarcity, 1090; one in Shropshire, 1110; one which overwhelmed Liege and Gotenburgh in Sweden, 1112; one in December at Antiochia, which destroyed several cities and towns and overturned the castle of Trialeth and the cities of Mariseum and Mamistria, 1114; in Lombardy for forty days, 1117; one that overthrew the Church of Lincoln and others, 1185; at Calabria, in Sicily, a city, with its inhabitants, lost in the Adriatic sea, 1186; Verona greatly damaged, 1187; in Somersetshire, 1199; at Brisa, in Lombardy, where 2,000 lives were lost, 1222; general one that threw down St. Michael's on the hill, without Glasstonbury, 1247; the greatest ever known in England, Nov. 1318; a dreadful one in Germany, 1346; several churches thrown down, May 21, 1382; a very dreadful one accompanied with thunder and lightning, Sept. 28, 1426; one in Naples, when 40,000 persons perished 1456; in Italy, 1510; in the Isle of Cuba, 1530; at Ryegate, Croydon, Dorking, in Surrey, May 1551; in China, 1556; in Herfordshire, which overthrew Kingston chapel, etc., Feb. 17, 1571; in Yorkshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, etc., Feb. 26, 1574; in London and Westminster, when part of St. Paul's and the Temple churches fell, it was felt at Sandwich and Dover, in Kent, April 6, 1580; in Peru, 1581-2; in Dorsetshire, where it removed a considerable piece of ground, Jan. 13, 1583; in Bohemia, Moravia and Hungary, 1590; in Japan, where several cities were swallowed up, 1596; in Kent, where

THE HILLS BECAME VALLEYS

full of water, 1596; at Peru, Quito, and Arevupa, 1600; at Banda, in the East Indies, 1621; at Manilla, 1637; in Calabria, ig Italy, March 27, 1638; at Mentlin, in Germany, 1640; in Norway, May 24, 1657; in France, June, 1660; at Ragusa, in Illyrium, nearly six thousand inhabitants were lost, and several towns in Dalmatia and Albania, April 6, 1667; in Chius, 1668; in Staffordshire and Derbyshire, 1677-8; in Oxfordshire and Staffordshire, 1679; at Oxford, 1683; at Naples, where a third part of the city and much shipping were destroyed, June 6 and 7, 1663; Smyrna destroyed, July, 1688; Lime in Dorsetshire, nearly destroyed, 1689; Port Royal, in Jamaica, destroyed and three thousand people lost, September, 1692; Messina, in Sicily, overturned in a moment, eighteen thousand persons perished, and in the island sixty thousand, January, 1693; a dreadful one in the island of Teneriffe, Dec. 24, 1704; one at China, June 19, 1717; Palermo, in Sicily, nearly swallowed up, September, 1726; at Boston, in New England, Oct. 29, 1727; the whole kingdom of Chili swallowed up, with St. Jago, July 30, 1730; at Aynho, in Northamptonshire, Oct. 10, 1731; one at Naples, 1731; another in the city of Avellino, which it destroyed, and Orions in great part, Nov. 29, 1732; in Calabria, where the territory of Nova Cosa sunk twenty-nine feet without destroying a building, April 18, 1733; at Arundel and Shoreham, Oct. 25, 1734; in Ireland, which destroyed five churches and above five hundred houses, Aug. 1734; in Hungary which turned round a mountain, Oct. 23, 1736; at Smyrna, April 1739; at Palermo, which swallowed up a convent, but the monks escaped, Feb. 4, 1730—40; at Leghorn, Jan. 5 and 6, 1742; in Somersetshire, June 15, 1745; a terrible one at Lima, which destroyed that city, and five thousand persons lost their lives; there were 74 churches, 14 monasteries, and 15 hospitals thrown down, and the loss in effects reckoned immense, from Oct. 27 to Nov. 20, 1746; it extended itself to Callao, which was destroyed with about 5,000 of its inhabitants: in London, Feb. 8, and March 8, 1650; at Liverpool, Chester, and Manchester, April 2, 1750; at Fiume, in the gulf of Venice, Feb. 5, 1751; the greatest part of the city of Adrianople destroyed, Aug. 22, 1752; Grand Cairo and two-thirds of the houses and 40,000 of the inhabitants swallowed up Sept. 2, 1754; the city of Quito, in Peru, destroyed April 24, 1755; the island of Metalino, in the archipelago, where 2,000 houses were overthrown, May, 1755, which did considerable damage at Oporto, in Portugal, and Seville, in Spain, but more particularly at Libson, where

IN ABOUT EIGHT MINUTES

most of the houses and 50,000 inhabitants were destroyed, and whole streets swallowed up; the cities of Corinbra and Braga suffered, and St. Ubes was swallowed up; at Fero 3,000 inhabitants were buried; a great part of Malaga was destroyed; one-half of Fez, in Morocco, and 12,000 Arabs were swallowed up, and about half of the island of Madeira destroyed. It extended 5,000 miles. At the Azores Isles, where 10,000 were buried in the ruins and the island divided in two, in 1757; at Bordeaux, in France, Aug. 11, 1756; at Tripoli, in Syria, which extended nearly 10,000 miles; when Damos lost 6,000 inhabitants, and several other cities, with the remains of Baalbec were destroyed between October and December, 1759; in Syria, Oct. 30, 1760; in the Moluccs islands, 1763; one at Constantinople that buried 880 persons, May 22, 1776; at Martinico, August, 1766, where 1,600 lost their lives, and at St. Pierre, 1767; at Comora and Bada, June 28, 1768; one in the Brazils, 1772; in the archipelago 700 houses and 100 inhabitants were lost in December, 1770; one at Fez, in Morocco, May 6, 1763; in Kerry, in Ireland, June, 1773; Gautimala, in Spain, entirely swallowed up and many thousands inhabitants perished, Dec. 15, 1773; at Radicofan, near Florence, in Italy, great damage was done, Oct. 5, 1777; at Smyrna, June 26, 1778, which destroyed a great part of that city; at Tauris, in Persia, were fifteen thousands houses were thrown down, and a great part of the inhabitants perished, Dec. 2, 1780; at Calabria and in Messina, July, 1783, and in 1875, which totally destroyed Messina; at Archindechen, when it destroyed the town and 12,000 inhabitants, July 18, 1784; Arequipo, destroyed, 1785; in the north of England, Aug. 11, 1786; in Mexico and other parts of New Spain, April 18, 1787; Borgo di San Sapoloro, in Tuscany, had its cathedral, bishop's palaces, etc., destroyed Sept. 30, 1789, with the adjacent town of Castello, etc., and Borgo had 150 houses destroyed, and 30 houses, etc., swallowed up by an opening of the earth; in Westmoreland at Arnside, March 6, 1776; in Scotland, in October, 1791, in Sicily and Calabria, October, 1791, particularly at Mileto and Monte Leone; at Lisbon on the 27th of November, 1791, when many chimneys were thrown down and much damage done; at Zant, in the Adriatic sea, where many buildings were blown down, and about sixty persons perished, Dec. 3, 1779, in the counties of Bedford, Leicester, Lincoln, Nottingham, etc., March 2 1792; at Domingo, where thirty-two houses were overthrown, at the Cape, April, 1793; at Shaftesbury and Salisbury on Sept. 29, 1793, but no very material damage done; in Turkey, where three towns containing

TEN THOUSAND INHABITANTS

were lost, July 3, 1794; near Naples, where the city of Torre Greco was nearly destroyed, June 13, 1764; in different parts of the north of England, Nov. 18, 1795; at Sumatra, in the East Indies, great damage was done and about three hundred persons perished, Feb. 20, 1797. The whole of the country between Santa Fe and Panama destroyed by an earthquake, including the cities of Cuzco and Quito, with 40,000 inhabitants, in February, 1779; there were several violent shocks in the West India islands in the same month; at Sienna, in Italy, when fifty persons lost their live by the fall of the buildings, May 25, 1798; at Constantinople, Oct. 26, 1800, which destroyed the royal palace and an immensity of building—it extended into Roumania and Wallachia, to Bucharest and Adrianople. June 12, 1802, an earthquake nearly destroyed Crema, in upper Italy; Minguin was entirely swallowed up in a lake; Brescia had three churches and twelve houses destroyed; so violent a shock in Holland as to cause the chandeliers in Manslin church to vibrate two or three feet, in January, 1804; the Church of La Tour and most of the houses in Lucerne, partly destroyed by an earthquake, April, 1808.

The list might be extended down to the the present time, but it will suffice to refer to great earthquake in New Madrid in 1811-12, the effects of which were sensibly felt over a broad area of country—even to Cahokia, near St. Louis, where the brick dwelling owned by Maj. Jarrott was cracked by the earthquake waves, the crack in the south wall of which can be seen to this day.

In 1846 Sir Charles Leyell, the eminent English geologist, visited what he calls the sunk country, around New Madrid, and from his account the following extract is taken:—

He says: "Before I left New Orleans Mr. Bringler, the engineer, related to me that he was on horseback near New Madrid in 1811, when some of the severest shocks were experienced, and that as the waves advanced he saw the trees bend down, and often the instant afterward, when in the act of recovering their position, meet the boughs of other trees similarly inclined, so as to become interlocked, being prevented from righting themselves again. The transit of the wave through the woods are marked by

THE CRASHING NOISE OF COUNTLESS BRANCHES,

first heard on one side and the other, at the same time powerful jets of water, mixed with sand and muddy bituminous oealy shale, were cast up with such a force that both horse and rider might have perished had the undulating ground happened to burst immediately beneath them.

He also told me that circular cavities, called sink holes, were formed where the principal fountains of mud and water were thrown up. Hearing that some of these cavities still existed near the town, I went to see one of them, three-quarters of a mile to westward. There I found a nearly circular hollow, ten yards wide and five feet deep, with a smaller one near it, and I observed scattered about the surrounding level ground fragments of black, bituminous shale, with much whiter sand. Within a distance of a few hundred yards were five more of these 'sand bursts,' or 'sand blows,' as they are sometimes termed here, and rather more than a mile farther west, near the house of Mr. Sarose, my guide pointed out to me what he called the 'sink-hole where the negro was drowned.' It is a striking object, interrupting the regularity of a flat plain, the sides very steep and twenty-eight feet deep from the top of the water's edge. The water now standing in the bottom is said to have been originally very deep, but has grown shallow by the washing of sand and the crumbling of banks caused by the feet of the cattle coming to drink. I was assured that many waggon-loads of matter were cast up out of this hollow, and the quantity must have been considerable to account for the sand; yet the pieces of lignite and the quantity of sand now heaped on the level plain near its borders, would not suffice to fill one-tenth of the cavity. Perhaps a part of the ejected substance may have been swallowed up again, and the rest may have been so mixed with water as to have spread freely like a flui dover the soil."

Sir Charles describes lakes which were formed by the earthquake twenty miles and upward in extent, while others were found that had been drained.—St. Louis *Republican*.

More truth than poetry kills a poem.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

What shall we do when our foe appals us,
And duty calls us
With him to fight?
What can we do when our hearts are failing,
And spirits quailing
At his dread sight?
Though he be mighty, and fear appals us,
If duty calls us,
We will be true;
Muster our courage and bravely fight him!
Yes, we will smite him!
That's what we'll do.

What shall we do in temptation's hour,
When drink's fierce power
Our souls would bind?
What shall we do when our friends are chiding,
Or else deriding,
Hard, and unkind?
Though they deride us, yet in that hour
From Drink's fierce power
We will be free!
We'll take the pledge, and we'll be Abstainers,
Total Abstainers,
That's what we'll be.

C. E. T. Chronicle.

Alcohol and Cholera.

Dr. Kerr, one of the best known physicians of England, gave recently an able lecture on "Cholera and its Prevention," in London in which he gave some significant statements, well worthy of the most careful consideration. He said that neither bad water, nor dirt, nor filth, nor alcohol, could be said to be the origin of the disease. All these existed in abundance in many countries, but only in India Cholera was indigenous, showing in that country, where the disease was first observed in Bengal exactly 330 years ago, there were special conditions favorable to its development. When developed the cholera poison, or germ, could be readily carried long distances. The cholera germs required conditions of evil favoring their development into an attack of cholera. With the mind calm, undisturbed, and devoid of fear, and the body sound and vigorous, through healthy surroundings, and a healthful habit of life, though one might be infected through water or other agents laden with cholera germs, the risk of an acute attack was slight, compared to the risk of the fearful, the weak of body, and the intemperate in living. To drink freely was to invite the disease, and by diminishing the strength, to lessen the chances of recovery. In England alcoholic indulgence had been a prolific factor in the mortality from cholera. From personal experience he could testify of the inutility and danger of intoxicants as a remedy for the cure of cholera, and to the great value of pure water. The doctor himself had been attacked and discovered in a state of unconsciousness, but recovered without alcoholic drink; and if he should be attacked again he would rather have an unlimited supply of clear cold water and ice than be surrounded with every comfort and medical treatment, if water were either forbidden or administered with a grudging hand.

If the conditions of the body were unfavorable to the growth of the cholera, even when introduced into the frame, these germs were eliminated and destroyed, and the individual escaped uninjured. That intemperance was the main cause of that state most favorable to the development of the disease, was not only the conclusion to which nearly all, if not all, medical men who had seen much cholera had come, but was attested by the striking disproportions between the rates of cases of deaths among the temperate and intemperate.

Why did alcoholic drinks predispose to cholera? Because they, in some degree, had a similar effect on the blood. Cholera blackened and thickened and vitrated the blood, thereby impeding the circulation. Strong drinks disturbed and corrupted the blood, cutting short the life of the red globules and loading the vital fluid with carbonaceous or fatty matters. Both poisons disturbed and poisoned the blood, rendering it less pure and healthy. In other ways alcoholics predisposed to the disease, (as, for example) by weakening the vital powers and depressing the system, bodily weakness and mental depression being a powerful invitation to an attack. In Paisley, Scotland, while in every 191 inhabitants there was one case, only one in every 2,000 of the teetotallers was attacked."

Civil Service Exemptions.

What a set of uncultivated Philistines they must have for Aldermen down in Ottawa, when in all sober seriousness they propose to tax those models of deportment—the civil servants. And these dear fellows held an indignation meeting over it, did they? The poor dear things, it was shameful so it was, for the Council to intimate that in its opinion, they, the Civil servants, were not sufficiently ornamental to be excused from bearing the ordinary burdens of humanity. It must have been an imposing sight, all these dignified gentlemen met in solemn conclave, to protest against such a piece of outrageous absurdity as their being asked to pay something for the privilege of hearing their own patent leather boots go patter, patter, patter, along well-paved streets, or of mixing their daily whiskey with the clear and limpid waters of the mighty Ottawa. Gentlemen of the Civil Service, keep your heads cool; if necessary, take a bath,—to use a vulgar phrase which, even to your fastidious ears may not be wholly unintelligible, "Keep your shirts on." Tell us now please, Why should you not pay taxes? You are the servants of the Government, which by a strange fatality happens to have its headquarters in the thriving town of Ottawa. But the town of Ottawa and the Government of Canada are two entirely different entities, and it does not follow that the enterprising burghers of that famous city on the noble river of the north, are to be so devoured with a sense of the honor of your presence, that they will willingly light the streets for you, pave the streets for your convenience, place policemen near convenient hiding places, for the protection of you and your families, or do any of the hundred and one things which, perhaps, an amiable and rightly constituted mind like any of yours might easily imagine that they would be very glad to do. A *priori* reasoning, however, is sometimes a deceitful thing in this practical age, and the Common Councilmen of Ottawa, are apparently a very practical set of men.

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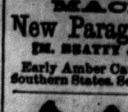
Early Amber Cane Seed imported from Southern States. Send for catalogues and prices.



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In Hunting Case, Key Winders, at following prices: $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, $23.00, $27.00.
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Jas. Lee & Co., Montreal, P.Q.

A NIHILISTIC BUG.

The Remarkable Insect Discovered by a Jersey Professor—A Living Source of Dynamite.

The Agassiz Entomological society of this city was yesterday in receipt of an important communication detailing the discovery of a new species of bug, possessing wonderful qualities. Its discoverer signed himself Prof. Valentine Geysir, A. M., and asserted that the insect discovered by him might commonly be called "the dynamite bug," as its possesses extraordinary explosive powers. The address of the discoverer was given as No. 642 Guilford street, Newark, N. J. So wonderful were the properties ascribed to the new discovery that a committee of three was appointed to visit the professor and investigate the report.

The details of the experiments, as set forth in the letter to the society, are briefly as follows:—On the evening of Aug. 27, while walking in the gardens surrounding his residence the attention of the professor was gradually drawn to a small striped bug crawling upon the bark of a willow tree. Mechanically he teased the insect with his fingers, watching the little fellow's attempts to escape. Removing his cigar from his lips, he hastily tried the effect of heat in turning his victim from its path up the tree. Slightly touching the bug with the glowing tip of his cigar, the professor was startled by a loud explosion, accompanied by a disagreeable odor. A sensation of pain revealed part of his thumb-nail blown away and the forefinger severely burned. The entire hand was blackened as if burned by powder. After binding up his injured hand a search was instituted for other bugs of the same species. An hour's toil was rewarded with the capture of two of the striped insects.

Carefully carrying them to the house, the scientist stumbled as he entered the rear door, dropping his captured pets upon the floor. He called for a light and the servant came with a lamp. By its light the two bugs were seen moving across the room. Reaching after one of his pets, the professor shouted to the domestic to stop the other one. Supposing it to be a detested cockroach, the maid, raising her skirts, brought down a New Jersey foot upon the insect and in an instant found herself thrown violently to the floor, while a deafening detonation shook the house.

The professor here goes into elaborate details, explaining how the sole of the girl's shoe was torn completely off, her stocking burned, and the floor of the room where the accident occured charred for a space of six inches in circumference. The remaining bug he carefully dissected, and found what he demonstrated was the explosive form—a small sack just beneath the back filled with a grayish substance resembling chalk.

Painstaking experiments with minute quantities of this matter, which is detailed at length, demonstrated the substance to be an entirely new form of nitro cellulose possessing properties analogous to the compound called dynamite. He estimates it explosive force at *twenty three times that of any known explosive*. Its fulminating properties appeared to be especially great, the matter exploding with greater force when struck than when touched with flame.

In conclusion, the discoverer of this new force in nature goes on to relate that after patient search he now possesses three of these insects, which he proposes to examine in the presence of an accredited committee of the Agassiz society.

This much was given as facts, and in a few concluding sentences the professor gives various theories regarding the part which the insect is expected to play in the economy of nature. He is reluctant to believe that this powerful explosive is placed in an humble insect merely for the purposes of revenge, as to wreak its anger the bug would be compelled itself to die an awful death. He readily explains how certain foods might be assimilated into such an explosive, and in experimenting with a view to discovering what is most voraciously eaten by his captives. It is his belief, though unsupported by evidence, that the insect possesses the means of discharging small portions of its charge at short range. This he hopes to prove by careful microscopic analysis.

His classification places the insect in the Blatta family, and the name given is B Occidentalis.

A reporter of the *World* visited Newark yesterday with a view towards securing more information concerning this strange freak of nature. The city directory located Guilford street three miles out in the country, across long stretches of salt meadows. At the corner of Avenue L, half hidden by ancient trees, the residence of the scientist stood—an old, two story frame building. Moss lined the walks, the gate had disappeared and the quaint, old-fashioned knocker responded to no effect. The professor was cordially out. Back of the house was a well and on the way to this refreshening spot a pair of legs were brought to view dangling from the limb of an old willow tree. The usual courtesies of the day brought no response from the owner of the limbs and a loud "hallos!" was rewarded with a childish "hush."

A request for information concerning the dynamite-bug finally brought a bald head to view and a pair of green goggles gleamed down as he said:—

"Come up into my laboratory?"

"Where is it?"

"Here. Come up here and I will explain the wonderful discovery which is to make the name of Geysir famous forever. Come up."

There was no escape, and astride a limb twenty feet from the ground the details of the singular bug's construction were gone into with a mixture of technical and common terms that would have driven a Harvard professor wild. Warming to his subject the queer old fellow threw his arms wildly about as he described the changes his pet would work over the entire civilized world.

"There will be no more slavery, nor will the present governments continue to exist. Whose insects will be domesticated and can be used to most deadly advantage. They can be concealed beneath the pillow of a thief, and a few score allowed to burrow beneath the Bank of England's vaults can lift the millions stored there into the street, where the poor can enjoy their rightful share.

"The bugs burrow in a straight line invisibly, and by allowing, say, ten to enter the same aperture, they can easily be exploded at the proper time and place, and will shatter any building. This bug," tenderly rolling a new acquisition, "is the great communist and leveler, as I will make the rich poor and the poor rich," and so he continued in an endless strain.

The man was evidently a harmless scholar with unbalanced mind. The bug he held so carefully in his hand was inspected and found to be of a common species known as the potato bug. Placed upon a stone and trod upon, it gave forth a slight crackling sound as its shell was broken. That appearance to be its only explosive quality. The long tramp across the meadows was taken again, and a resolution formed not to be present at a battle between bugs which the professor announced would occur Friday.—*New York World.*

CHINA'S DEFENCE.

Her Forts, Fleet, Guns, and Arsenals—Disadvantages of France.

If France should declare war her actual difficulty, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be the question of transport. Unlike England, which has coaling stations at intervals all over the world, the French possess few points between Toulon and Saigon where they could put in to replenish their bunkers or refit their ships. In case of war between the friendly Powers the ports of neutrals would necessarily be closed to the ships of both belligerents. To China this would not matter, for she is self-contained, and would merely be fighting a defensive battle. To France it might be serious indeed. The enormous fleet of transports necessary to convey an army of 30,000 men across the world would find the greatest difficulty in securing coal. No doubt this difficulty might be surmounted, but no small part of the resolution of the Chinese to oppose the aggression of the French arises from the belief that it is practically impossible for any Power but England to land an effective expedition on the Chinese coast.

THE CHINESE FORTS.

The old Taku forts have not only been made twice as effective as they were when they were captured in 1860, with a loss to the allies of 400 men, but new forts have been erected at some distance from the mouth of the river. Forty-three guns of heavy calibre are mounted on the Taku forts, and it is believed they could be rendered almost impregnable without much difficulty. Seven detached forts have been erected round Tien-tsin, and altogether the fortresses of the Chinese littoral are so strong that some time ago, when confidential enquiries were made as to the number of troops necessary for a successful invasion of China by two European Governments, it was stated that it could not be safely undertaken with less than forty thousand men.

THE FLEET.

In addition to the fortresses on the coast the Chinese possess a fleet which, although in some respects inferior to that of the French, is much stronger in weight of metal. It is divided into four squadrons, the vessels for the defence of Pei-ho consisting of two iron-clads of the type of the *Inflexible*—namely, the *Yan-quei* and the *Chao-yong*. Both of these were built in England; their horsepower is 2,400 and their tonnage 1,300; they carry each two Armstrong guns of 26 tons and six mitrailleuses; their speed over the measured mile was 16½ knots. They are the best vessels in the Chinese fleet, and they are supported by 13 gunboats. The squadron of Foochow consists of two cruisers and 21 smaller boats. At Shanghai there are six frigates and one armoured gunboat. The Canton squadron consists of two cruisers and 22 gunboats. The majority of these gunboats are very small vessels of little importance, but eight are very formidable fighting vessels indeed. They are the *Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta,* and *Theta,* built in England by Sir William Armstrong. These boats have a displacement of from 400 to 450 tons, engines of 310 horsepower, a speed of nine knots, and a draught of only eight feet, the first four carrying each a 27½-ton gun, and the others a 38-ton gun, all worked by hydraulic power. With slight differences in construction the length of each of these gunboats is 125 feet, and the breadth between perpendiculars 30 feet.

THE GUNS.

The guns are fixed irremovably along the centre line of the boat and rest upon trunnion blocks, which work upon a couple of beam slides. The projectiles are brought by steam from the magazines below to the loading positions and thrust home by a mechanical rammer working beneath the glacis plates at the bow. In addition to these there are two gunboats, constructed in England, of 250 tons, each carrying a sixteen-ton gun. The number of cannons in the Chinese fleet is said to be 350. It is manned by 8,000 seamen, 2,000 of whom, however, are in the reserve.

THE ARSENALS.

The Chinese maratime arsenals stand at Foochow, Shanghai, and Canton. The old arsenal still stands at Canton; a new one has been established at Tientsin; a third stands at Nankin. The manufactory of arms has been established at the capital of the province of Kan-tsu, on the Yellow River, and artillery and torpedo factories are established at Foo-chow. The chief weakness of the Chinese navy is in the scientific, medical, and commissariat service; the dockyard accommodation is bad; their skilled officers are few, and it was stated some time ago that not a single doctor had been appointed on any of the ships. The steamers of the China Merchant Company, forty in number, may be freighted for the transport of troops and materials, and could be of considerable service. The possession of these steamers enables the Chinese to move their troops with considerable rapidity from place to place, thereby materially increasing their capacity either for offence or defence. In 1860, when war was expected with Russia, an army of 20,000 men was shipped on from Hankow to the north without the least difficulty, solely by the Chinese steamers and transports.

"Miss Fitzjoy—aw—are you not fond of etchings—aw—you know they are deuced clever—some of them are?" "Ah, yes, indeed, Mr. Featherweight. And do you know there is something about you that reminds me very much of an etching?" "What, really—aw—how charming ——" "Yes. There is about you such a foggy suggestion of something that isn't there, you know."

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

Five townships in Tipperary County have been proclaimed on account of agrarian outrages.

Anti-Jewish excesses are reported in the Vesprim district of West Hungary. Houses were burned, leading to several arrests being made.

The rebellious African chiefs Mampoer and Mapoch, defeated by the Boers and captured in August, have been found guilty of treason and sentenced to death.

The shah has sent his private secretary to Cabul to sound the Ameer respecting the purchase of Herat by Persia. The secretary also conveys an assurance that England would readily consent to the transfer.

Bradlaugh has addressed a letter to Sir Stafford Northcote declaring he will again demand his seat in the Commons. He charges Sir Stafford with causing all the mischief that has grown out of the continued violation of Bradlaugh's rights.

It is reported that Russia will issue a note to the European Powers taking exception to the recent changes in the Government of Bulgaria, by which Prince Alexander removed the Russian Ministers, Generals Sabeloff and Kaulbars, and placed Zankoff, a Liberal at the head of his Cabinet.

Cetewayo has sent a messenger to Mr. Osborne, the British Commissioner in Zululand, to negotiate his surrender to the British authorities. The messenger states that Cetewayo's followers will deliver themselves to the British officials on the latter promising to guarantee their safety.

It is reported that negotiations between the Vatican and France have reached a satisfactory conclusion. The French Government has restored the suppressed stipends to the Catholic clergy and given formal assurance of her most pacific intentions towards the Holy See.

The Black Flags have abandoned Sontay, Phung, Lugne, and Day, and retreated to the left bank of the Red River. Several mandarins have given in their submission to the French. The French forces will undertake no offensive operations until after the arrival of reinforcements.

The general feeling throughout Europe is one of great uneasiness. It is felt that the relations of the Great Powers are daily growing more uncertain and dangerous. All the diplomatists look with anxiety to the Balkan peninsula and the growing probabilities of a rupture between Russia and Austria.

The Khedive has taken kindly to Clifford Lloyd, the former residental magistrate in County Clare, Ireland, during the conspiracy trials, and who was recently appointed Under Secretary in the Home Department in Egypt. The Khedive has given him carte blanche power in his work of organizing the Egyptian constabulary.

The majority of the Paris newspapers depreciate any exhibition on the part of the people of anything resembling open resentment upon the occasion of King Alfonso's arrival there. The *Temps* expresses the opinion that Bismarck intended by the appointment of Alfonso to the Colonelcy of the Uhlans to prepare a cold reception for the King upon his arrival in France, and urges Parisians by their conduct when the King enters the city to upset these calculations.

The report that the Czar and the Emperor of Germany will hold a conference at Kiel is of doubtful origin. Nevertheless reports that the Emperor William will shortly have a meeting with the Czar continue to be published in Berlin. Some of the German papers are of the opinion that the date of the interview depends on the return of Prince Bismarck, who will certainly be present. Prince Bismarck will make a trip to Friedrichsruhe on Saturday. His health has much improved.

The Paris *Clarion* publishes an interview of its Geneva correspondent with an eminent Russian general, who, under a semi-transparent disguise, is easily recognized as General Gourko, governor of Poland. Gourko declares that war between Russia and Germany is imminent. He has not the slightest doubt that the day will soon come when the Russians' bitter antipathy to Germans, especially Polish Germans, will develop into a general anti Teutonic feeling which will involve bloodshed

A trusty messenger from Cape Town has brought Mr. Sullivan, M. P., chief counsel for O'Donnel, a number of documents of great importance to the defence. Among those papers are affidavits of several reputable residents of Cape Town, to the effect that Carey, while there, was drunk and disorderly, and very quarrelsome. There are also included in the documents statements made upon oath, tending to show that the shooting was unpremeditated and the result a quarrel provoked by Carey. O'Donnel complains bitterly of his treatment at the hands of officials since his arrival here, and accuses them of hampering the defence in every possible way.

Faults of our School System.

We school the children too much. That is to say, we keep them at school all the year round; we continually force their perceptive and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties. In other words, they don't reflect upon what they have learned or attempt to apply it in their own minds. We cram them with too many studies. How else in the fact to be accounted for that a child on the country, having but four months' schooling in the year, will come to Boston more matured in his education than one who has had nine months' schooling in the year? In our city schools there is too much teaching and too little learning. By that I mean to say that the great press of studies placed upon the young mind by oral teaching for a few minutes at a time, and a different study most every hour in the day, tend to break up the continuity of the pupil's thought, and the oral addresses and lectures receive but little attention from the tired minds of the pupils.—*B. F. Butler.*

Greensburg, Pa., men shot a tramp for stealing potatoes from their field. Such conduct is tuber-rootal for anything.

A FIENDISH MURDER.

A Beautiful Girl Stabbed Twenty-six Times by a Mysterious Murderer. Was it a Madman?

OXFORD, Ind.—Mounted men are scouring the country in every direction for traces of the murderer of Miss Ada Atkinson, aged 18 years. She had been left alone in the house in the afternoon, and her sister found her mutilated body on the floor. There were twenty-six wounds on her person. She had not been outraged. The wounds are evidently made with a penknife in the hands of some nervous person and for revenge. The victim was rich and accomplished.

FOWLER, Ind.—The excitement over the murder of Miss Ada Atkinson has increased considerably. The fact that the young lady, who was handsome, rich, and popular, was terribly mutilated by her murderer, her body being stabbed again and again evidently after life was extinct, adds to the intense feeling in the community. As no property was taken from the house, the deed could not have been committed for the purpose of robbery, and the physicians have asserted that the girl was not violated. The general theory of the crime has been that the murderer was inspired by revengeful feelings. She had been left alone in the house, and her body was found late in the afternoon. There are few clues as to who did the deed.

Mrs. Hugh, a neighbor of the Atkinson's, was examined by the Coroner. It was alleged that she had made threats against Miss Atkinson. She proved by her children that she remained at home the entire day, sick with chills. Her house was searched twice, but nothing was discovered to excite suspicion.

A young man named Adsit, who had blood upon his sleeve and shirt front, when asked how the blood came there, said he did not know. He was taken before the Coroner. He then said

THE BLOOD ON HIS SHIRT FRONT

was caused by being struck in the mouth during a fight in Oxford Saturday night. He said he was pressing hay on the afternoon of the murder. The people believe him innocent.

The most important information received since the murder has come to light. Two brothers named Jefferson, residing near the Atkinson place, started to Oxford with a load of wood. In passing the Atkinson residence, which stands back about twenty yards from the main road, they saw no one in the yard. After going a short distance one of the boys, on looking back, saw a man leaving the gate of the yard. He was mounted on a gray horse. He started toward them on a gallop, but upon nearing them checked his horse, drew his hat over his eyes, and rode past. There was blood on his right hand and on the side of his face. He was apparently about 20 years of age. They did not know him. After passing the waggon he started off at a breakneck speed, taking a road leading eastward, evidently to avoid going near Oxford. It was about 2.30 o'clock when he passed them.

The mysterious man was also seen by Jerome Wattles, a farmer, who was going west on the road mentioned, but was not close enough to recognise him.

The two Jefferson brothers have been closeted with detectives and startling information is promised. A farm laborer in the employ of Mr. Atkinson, and the only person who was near the house during the afternoon, is shown up in a very bad light.

Two days before the murder, Lucy, sister of the murdered girl, made known her intention of going to Oxford that evening. In going to her room an hour afterwards, and upon entering the door, she

DISCOVERED A MAN'S FOOT

protruding from under the bed. She asked twice, "Who's there?" but received no reply. She called her father, but he had left the house in the mean time. Soon after the farm hand came out of the room exclaiming, "Don't get frightened; it is only me. When asked what he was doing under the bed, he said:

"I dropped some money and was looking for it."

A good deal of suspicion is directed toward this man. On Friday night last the murdered girl, in company with a young man named Glasscock, attended a dance given at this place. The day after the murder a handkerchief belonging to him was found in the yard at Atkinson's house. It was tied in a knot. When questioned regarding it, Glasscock said that the murdered girl's brother had taken it from him during a scuffle they had at school. Young Atkinson does not remember keeping the handkerchief, and denies having thrown it in the yard. The funeral of the murdered girl took place to-day. Fifteen hundred persons attended. The cries of the bereaved mother and sister moved many to tears.

Nothing whatever is missing from the house. There were many valuables of all kinds, but nothing was molested.

The house of Mr. Atkinson is about half a mile from any neighbor. An old man at work in a neighboring field heard no sounds of a struggle. The fact that no outrage was committed is accounted for by some on the theory that the girl rapidly bled to death and the villain fled. Others think the nature of the wounds and their number and the places selected for their infliction indicate that it was the work of a madman, who delighted in inflicting as many wounds as possible upon the body.

The physicians think the murderer could not have left the house without getting much blood on his clothing. Some have hopes that this may point him out.

Mr. John Morley, a leading English "light" of the sceptical world of the present day, was answered according to his folly—the only legitimate way to answer a fool sometimes—in the most effectual manner by a Reviewer. Mr. John Morley, it seems, has lately issued one of his books. He very carefully writes "God" with a small "g" wherever he has occasion to use the name of the Deity. The reviewer accordingly, in noticing the work, just as carefully writes "mr. john morley" wherever he has occasion to use the name of that distinguished gentleman. "mr. morley" should be very careful in his efforts, as the mere use of a small letter instead of a Capital to imply want of respect is not a token of such great originality that it cannot with the utmost ease be imitated.

A Straight Case.

In a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day it was shown that the assault took place on the wharf soon after the landing of the boat on which the pair had come down from the flats.

"Did you have any fish?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Ten bass."

"You were out in a boat with the defendant?"

"I was."

"Both fishing for bass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who caught the most?"

"Neither of us."

"Ah, how is that? Did each catch five fish?"

"No, sir. Each of us bought five. Neither of us had a bite."

"And it was over the division of the string that you quarreled, eh?"

"No, sir. I wanted him to lie and claim that it was our catch."

"And he refused?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you——?"

"I punched his head, sir."

"Punched his head because he wouldn't lie, did you?"

"I did, sir, and under the same circumstances I would do it again. A man who will give a fish trade like that away deserves the contempt of every honest man, and he will certainly lose all standing in society."

"You bet!" called a dozen voices in the audience, and his Honor rapped on his desk and called out:

"Order, back there—you'll scare the fish away!"

The New York Opera House.

The new Metropolitan Opera House, New York, of which Mr. Henry E. Abbey—the most enterprising of American managers—is director, will be inaugurated on the evening of October 22nd. The new building—which is in the Italian renaissance style, and of imposing appearance—combines, it is believed, more of the desiderata of a secure and elegant opera house than can be found anywhere else in the world, the object aimed at being to secure absolute fire proof protection, the greatest convenience, the utmost comfort, and the amplest facilities for the safety and accommodation of the public, and the production of modern works of art in the most elaborate manner, and on the largest scale. The audience room has a seating capacity of 3,064, while the stage is 76 feet deep from footlights to dead wall, and 101 feet between walls. There are three tiers of boxes, a balcony and a gallery. The orchestra can accommodate 150 musicians, and is built in the shape of a reverberating arch, floored over; and it is believed the most perfect acoustic effects will be obtained. Gounod's immortal opera of "Faust" has been selected for the opening performance, and will be presented by the following splendid cast:—*Marguerita*, Madme. Christine Nilsson, *Marta*, Mme. E. Lablache, *Siebel*, Mme. Sofia Scalchi, *Faust*, Sig. Campanini, *Mephistoples*, Sig. Novara, *Valentine*, Sig. Del Puente. The company is a remarkably fine one—it is unnecessary here to give the list of artistes, which, however, besides those already mentioned, includes such well-known names as Fursch-Madi, Marcella Sembrich, Zelia Trebelli, Victor Capoul, and Kaschmann. Signors Malvini Cavalazzi will be Premiere Danseuse, and Signor Vianesi Musical Director. The orchestra and military band will number 95 pieces, the chorus 80 voices, and the ballet 32 coryphees. The operas will be presented with phenominally strong casts, with new, complete and elaborate costumes and *mise-en-scene*, and with every appliance that is necessary to present the master works of the great composers as they have never yet been presented in the great American metropolis.

ALL SORTS.

A sure sign—No trust.

A fast color—Cyclone blew.

Egotism is the I-dear of most everybody.

Waggon tracks a royal road, for are they not prints?

Look out that your stove-pipe is not "full." Its cow is often crooked.

To speak of the thread of an argument would imply that the whole thing is a "yarn."

It doesn't follow because a surveyor gets the lay of the land that he has monopolized the egg business.

The man who was reconciled to his lot must have had the mortgage on it lifted, or something.

The point of a swell's existence is his shoes; but a woman's existence is sometimes even more point-lace.

The boy who bit into a green apple, remarked, with a wry face, "'Twas over thus in childhood—sour!"

The late Mr. Yale, of New Haven, left a fortune of $3,000,000. Like Samson, his strength was in his locks.

There is a man in Pittsburgh so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.

A Modern Fable.

A Dog on a warm summer day, lay down in the Shade, and soon feel asleep. He was Awakened by the Noise of a huge Ball approaching his shady resting place.

"Get up," said the Ball, "and let me Lie down there!"

"No," replied the Dog, "you have no Right to the place; I was here First."

"Well," said the Ball, looking Innocently at the dog, but with a ferocious Twinkle in his left Eye, which made the dog's spinal Column run cold and his lower Jaw give way, "let us Toss up for it."

"Thank you," said the Dog politely, "I never Gamble," and he walked Away.—*Life.*

A false profit—Money made by deception.

A rich sensation has just been spoiled in St. Louis. A wealthy young lady of that city had fully made up her mind to run away with and marry her father's coachman, when at the last moment she discovered that the coachman wouldn't have her.

The Review will be sent from now to Jan'y 1st, 1885, to new subscribers, at $1.25 in advance

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 18, 1883.

EXTENSION OF RAILWAY.

Mr. Chas. B. Daly, Engineer, commenced the work of the preliminary survey of the proposed extension of the B. & N. H. R. on Thursday last, and is to continue the same until completed. He will be assisted by a staff of assistants such as are required to efficiently perform such work. We learn that the probabilities of the extension give great satisfaction in the north country, and that a liberal subscription for that purpose was given at L'Amable. We believe a sum of about $600 has already been raised in the village of Madoc, and that sum can be considerably increased if necessary. In addition to this Belleville promises $1000 and the Midland Railway $500. A meeting of the subscribers, we understand, is to take place in this village on Friday evening next, to arrange various matters in connection with the work, and report. We have no doubt that with their usual enterprise the leading men of the village will push this matter forward to completion, and when the road is built will compete successfully with Belleville for the trade, as they have done in the past. Give us the opportunity and we will risk results.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD has been unseated in Lennox, for bribery by an agent. He was immediately tendered re-nomination by the party, but declined to again be a candidate. He will sit in Parliament for Carleton.

The strike of the miners in Pennsylvania, is reported to be practically ended.

Violent gales prevaled this week on the British coast, and several wrecks with loss of life are reported.

The City Council of Ottawa has already drafted an address to be presented to Lord Lansdowne on his arrival.

Reports from the colliery districts of England state that a general strike of the miners is apprehended. The cause of the trouble is the proposed reduction of wages.

Last Sunday was the anniversary of the terrible fire which devastated St. Roch's and St. Sauveur, Que., in 1866. On that occasion 3,000 houses were destroyed, 20,000 people were rendered homeless, and the loss amounted to about $3,000,000, without speaking of the loss of human life.

It is now denied that a Nihilistic conspiracy exists among the officers of the Russian army, and foreign newspaper correspondents have been warned ed that they will be prosecuted should they in future circulate any reports of the kind. In the meantime arrests of suspects still continue.

The awards of the International Fisheries Exhibition to the United States number one hundred and forty-seven, consisting of forty-five gold medals, forty-five silver medals, twenty-eight bronze medals, nineteen diplomas, and money prizes. Canada is awarded fifty-one medals—fifteen gold, seventeen silver, and nineteen bronze.

Another terrible agrarian crime is reported from Ireland. A boycotted farmer was attacked near Killarney on Saturday by three men armed with long knives and horribly mutilated and cut up. His injuries are fatal. His assailants were subsequently captured.

A dispute having occurred between some natives of Ambarna Island, in the Malay Archipelago, and the officers and crew of the British man-of-war Dart, the captain of the latter sent on shore a force of seamen to remonstrate with the offending savages. A fight ensued, in which a British seaman and a number of natives were killed. The latter fled.

Cheese Market.

MONTREAL, Oct. 16.—The cheese market was quiet and prices were without material change. A lot of 350 boxes of fine Western September's were to-day sold at 11½c, and that figure is about top for anything offering on spot. We quote August 10c to 10¾c and September 11 to 11¼c.

UTICA, N. Y., October 15.—6,650 boxes cheese sold to-day at 10⅞c to 11¼, two-thirds at 11c.

LITTLE FALLS, N.Y., Oct. 15.—3,750 boxes cheese sold at 11 to 11¼c, bulk at 11¼ cents.

PORT HOPE SENSATION.

AN ESCAPED CONVICT SHOT DEAD BY A CONSTABLE.

Port Hope, Oct. 11.— About noon yesterday information was received at the police headquarters here that McCabe, an escaped convict from Kingston Penitentiary, was lurking around town. Constable Rankin went to look for the man, but was unsuccessful. At about eleven o'clock last night word was sent to Mr. Rankin that the man was at the Turner Hotel. He, with an assistant, then went to make the arrest, but as soon as McCabe saw the constable he bolted for the door and ran Rankin followed, and when about to lay hands on him he turned and drew his revolver and said that if the constable came a step further he would shoot him dead, but Rankin was too sharp for him and shot first, killing the man instantly. The ball must have struck in a most vital part, for the burglar had not time to fire his revolver. It was found cocked in his hand when picked up dead. There can be no question that if Rankin had not been successful in having the first shot he would be in the dead burglar's position. The constable immediately gave himself up, and is now in the lockup awaiting the action of the coronor's jury, which will be held this morning.

Holloway's Pills.— No Mystery. Whenever the blood is bad or the general health impaired the human body is predisposed to attacks of any prevailing epimemic. The first indications of faulty action, the first sensations of deranged or diminished power, should be rectified by these purifying Pills, which will cleanse all corrupt and reduced all erring functions to order. These Pills counteract the subtle poisons, in decaying animal or vegetable matter, and remove all tendency to bowel complaints, biliousness, and a host of annoying symptoms arising from foul stomachs. The fruit season is especially prone to produce irritation of the bowels and disorders of digestive organs; both of which dangerous conditions can be completely removed by Holloway's corrective medicines.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY STEER.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned lot No. 3, 9th con. of Huntingdon, on or about the latter end of June, a red 3 year old steer. The owner is requested, to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

WILLIAM WICKENS.
Huntingdon, Oct. 15th, 1883. 338-3w

FARM TO RENT.

SOUTH West ½ of Lot No. 5, 9th concession of Hungerford, containing 50 acres—all cleared. The farm is well watered, well fenced, and has good buildings. This is altogether a desirable place for any person requiring a small farm. Terms liberal. For further particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. HANIBEL.
Madoc, Oct. 14th, 1883. 338-3w

Just Received

RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—
THOS. ROBERTS'
BOOT and SHOE STORE.
Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

FRESH OYSTERS
NOW ARRIVING.
Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as
FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES,
LEMONS, TARRAGONA
ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.
We have a nice assortment of
CANNED GOODS
suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of
Crawford's Pure Package Teas,
which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.
Luncheons as usual.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883. S. A. DAVIS.

In the High Court of Justice.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

REXSMITH *vs.* WICKHAM.

PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause the creditors of Stephen Vandewaters, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died in or about the month of September, 1872, are on or before the 3rd day of November, 1883, to send by post prepaid to D. H. Preston, of the town of Napanee, the Solicitor for the plaintiff herein, their christian and surnames, addresses, and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their account and nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers in Shire Hall, in the city of Belleville, on the 6th day of November, '83, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1883.

(Signed) S. S. LAZIER,
338-3w Local Master, Belleville.

THE ESTATE OF

JOHN COLVIN,

LATE OF THE

VILLAGE of MADOC,

DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having any claim against the said Estate to send in full particulars thereof to Charles Gream, of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, or the undersigned, Executrix of the Estate of the said John Colvin, on or before the 4th day of November, next, by letter prepaid; and notice is hereby further given that after that date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the Assets among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given; and that she will not be liable for the Assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim she shall not have had notice.

All persons indebted to the Estate are hereby notified to pay their indebtedness to the said Charles Gream or the undersigned at once in order to avoid expenses.

JANE COLVIN,
Executrix.
Madoc, Oct. 4th, 1883. 336

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the Review Office, either for subscription, advertising or job printing, are respectfully invited to settle with us now, as we need money.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, cut $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence Street.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883. **Lester McTaggart and John G. Reed,** Proprietors.

BUFFALO ROBES!

BUFFALO ROBES!

A large stock just to hand at

BOTTOM PRICES. EXAMINE THEM.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,
also a fine assortment of

FANCY | CHINA | WARE,

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

WHITE'S

Agricultural Works!

MADOC.

Established - in 1862.

STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,
8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,
6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**
Madoc, October, 15th, 1883. 103mp

Millinery. - FALL. - Millinery.

We are showing a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,
FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

Madoc, October 8th 1183.

M. McLEAN.

329

Latest Local News.

A Rush of Stages.

We understand there are now no less than three different stages on the road between Madoc, Flinton and Cloyne. It must be a good "take."

Ontario Appointment.

Mr. N. H. Stephenson, of Dungannon township, has been appointed by the Ontario Government to be bailiff of the 12th Division Court of the County of Hastings, in the room of George McLean, resigned.

University Honors.

We notice that at the University Convocation in Toronto last week Mr. Herbert R. Wood of this place was presented with a prize for a first position in mineralogy and geology, won by him during his third year's attendance. He is now commencing his fourth year.

Wood Yard.

Messrs. Lester McTaggart and John G. Reed will no doubt earn the gratitude of our citizens this winter by their opening of a wood yard in this village. This is something that was very badly needed here, and we have no doubt it will prove a successful undertaking for them. See their advertisement in this issue.

Fall Opening.

M. McLean's fall opening last week was one of the most successful he has yet held, and his display on the occasion was also one of the finest. The millinery and mantle department is now under the management of a competent lady from Toronto, Miss Peden, whose taste and skill were very much praised on "opening" day. In all departments, McLean is now showing one of the best stocks in the place.

Honor Roll.

In the fourth division of the Madoc Model School the honor roll is as follows:—There are three pupils in the sixth class. Beatrice Cross obtained 260 marks out of a possible 396, and Jennie Sinclair 254.

There are eight pupils in the fifth class. The total No. of marks obtainable was 396. The names of the pupils in order of merit are Albert Love 339, Bridget Connell 275, Jennie V. Wright 269, Jennie Carscallen 265, Alice Robertson 223. Only the names of those who make 50 per cent. or over appear on the roll.

There are nineteen pupils in the fourth class. The total No. of marks obtainable in this class was 431. The names of those who obtained a place on the honor roll in order of merit are May Jenkins 390, Minnie Geary 360, Gussie Grier 351, Lizzie Brown 351, W. D. Davis 341, Annie McLean 312, Martha Whytock 209, Maud Guffin 258, Jennie Dafoe 249, Alice Wood 239, James Burns 225.

A beaut, but not Forgotten.

The following is from last week's *Confederate*, Mount Forest:—On Monday last the Rev. B. L. Hutton, the respected minister of the M. E. Church, received for himself, and wife and family, some valuable presents from some of his old friends at Madoc—his last field of labor. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton labored three years on Madoc station and during that period received his salary in full and many valuable and costly gifts. Now, far from the locality, kind letters and costly presents come, reminding him of the old saying "gone, but not forgotten." The following letter speaks for itself:

REV. B. L. HUTTON— Dear Sir,—As Mr. Brown was coming to your town, myself and others of your staunch friends in Madoc could not let him go without letting you see that we had not forgotten you and family; also knowing that you would not be here on Christmas, we thought we would send you and family our Christmas boxes, hoping you will accept them as such. We would like to see you and family very much and hope to see you before long, etc.

—Order your Visos and Shubbery from Fred. Davis, Madoc.

Everythings.

—N. H. T. A. to-day and to-morrow.

—The grain market still keeps quiet.

—See the new advertisements in this issue

—The last cheese shipments will soon be made.

—The roads are splendid throughout the country.

—Leaves have their time to fall—and that time is now.

—The Tudor fair was, as usual, well attended this year.

—The fall shows for 1883 are numbered with the past.

—There is a good turnout of teachers at the convention to-day.

—A. F. Wood, M. P. P., is registered at the Oriental Hotel, Peterborough.

—The hematite mine is again being put in working shape. Mr. W. S. Volume has charge now.

—Mr. John Bowell, father of the Hon. M. Bowell, died at Tweed on Tuesday. He was aged 84 years.

—The prize list of the Tudor et al Agricultural Society has been received and will be published next week.

—A fine new "Climax" thresher arrived at this station yesterday. It was destined for a party at Maynooth.

—The next free fair will be held in this village the first Tuesday in November. This will be the last of the season.

—Hunting parties are now being organized in the front to invade our northern townships. Deer are plentiful this season.

—We offer the REVIEW from now to the first of January, 1885, to new subscribers who pay in advance, for $1.25.

—We noticed our old friend Mr. Chas. B. Daly, a former resident of this village, and who "engineered" the construction of the B. & N. H. R., on our streets a few days ago.

—Deseronto again has a newspaper, the *Tribune*, which was started a few weeks ago. We have not yet seen a copy, but our exchanges pronounce it a very creditable sheet.

—The new Government building in Belleville is expected to be occupied towards the close of the present month. The total cost of the building and grounds will be nearly $50,000.

—John O'Connell, who was stabbed in the leg lately, had the wounded member amputated near the hip joint by Drs. Dafoe and Murphy, on Tuesday. This was rendered necessary as mortification had set in. He lies in a critical condition, but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

—When you see a boy with the pockets of his pantaloons bulging out until he looks like a great bumble-bee, laden for the hive, while he walks along, trying to look as this as a split 14th and wearing a profound expression of supernatural innocence, you know without any referring to this code of signals that boy has been lingering in somebody's orchard and doesn't care to have undue publicity given to facts that only concern him personally.

—A "Gay" and festive youth, of some seventy summers, whose autumnal residence is on the margin of Moira Lake, and who migrated some time ago from the classic region of Oak Hills, arrived in town on Friday last, and meeting his old and particular friend, "Sir John Barleycorn," the two of course toasted their good healths together, the effect of which produced a somewhat peculiar discord in the nervous system of our hero, insomuch as upon his homeward journey he was wont to amuse himself by rapping at sundry doors for admittance, shouting "Jane." When last heard of he was vigorously pounding away at the door of a friend's "suite," and asking a night's lodging with a respectable family of "sues."

Married.

O'HARA—MAYNES.—At the residence of the bride's parent, on Tuesday, Oct. 16th, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., Mr. Lester O'Hara of the village of Madoc, to Miss Eliza, only daughter of Robert Maynes, Esq., of Madoc township.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

—Finest quality Madras Indigo, only one dollar per pound, at Dean's Drug Store. 329 2m,

The 49th Officers' Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting and supper of the officers of the 49th Battalion was held at Hambly's in Belleville, on Friday evening last. At the business meeting Col. Brown took the chair. Subjects pertaining to the welfare of the Battalion were discussed, and the following Committees were appointed:—Band Committee—Major Gordon, Major Fidlar, Capt. Orr, and Lieut. Arnott. Finance Committee—Lieut.-Col. Boulter, Major Fidlar and Capt. Graham. Mess Committee Major Gordon, Surgeon Tracy and Asst. do. Farley. Shooting Committee—Major Hambly, Capt. Volume and Lieut. Johnson.

The meeting then adjourned to the dining room where a sumptuous supper was served up in Hambly's best style. This was ably presided over by Lieut.-Col. Boulter. A pleasing event of the evening was the presenting to Col. Brown, the popular commanding officer of the battalion, with an address signed by every officer in the corps. The health of Major Boulter, Adjutant Ponton, and the other staff officers was also enthusiastically toasted, and a very successful meeting brought to a close.

Inspecting the Armory,

Yesterday Col. Villiers, of Kingston, D.A.G. of No. 3 Military district, paid a visit of inspection to the armory of No. 4 company, in this village. He was accompanied from Belleville by Capt. and Adjt. Ponton, of the 49th Batt. Both officers were highly pleased with the state of the government property and appearance of the armory generally, Col. Villiers expressing the opinion that it was one of the best kept in the district. Accompanied by Capt. Volume and Lieuts. Orr and Ketcheson, they were then driven in the latter's rig out to the hematite iron mine, a trip which was highly pleasing to the visitors. They left by the afternoon train.

Fall Assizes.

Among the cases at the fall assizes at Belleville last week was that of Mrs. Geo. A. Rollins, of this village, against the Central Ontario Railway Co., for damages. Last fall Mrs. Rollins, then Miss Conlin, was driving along a road in the township of Madoc when her horse became frightened at a tent which had been pitched there by the men locating the above road. Miss Conlin was thrown from the buggy and severely injured. She brought this action to recover damages for such injuries. The Judge granted a nonsuit to the defendants, but instructed the Jury to assess the damages, which they did at $200. Hastings, Solicitor, Dickson and Clute counsel for plff.; Ostrom & Delaney for Railway Company, McMahon and Burdett for the surveyor, T. Bolger.

—Madder, Alum, Madder Compound, Indigo and Indigo Compound, sold at cheaper rates by the single pound than anywhere in the county, at Deans' Drug Store.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 50	to	$0 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 00	to	1 05
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 60	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	6 00	to	6 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 56	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 38
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 22	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to	0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Sheepskins,	0 50	to	0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,
House Furnishings & Hardware,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.
Please give me a call.
(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.
FRUITS IN SEASON.
Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!
of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also
CROCKERY, | CLASSWARE, | &C.
Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Prices.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,
AXE HANDLES,
BUCKSAWS,
CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVE PIPES,
DRUM STOVES and TINWARE,

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,
STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

New Tailor

AT

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENT

NEXT WEEK.

. D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA;

OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXVII. (CONTINUED.)

"IS IT TOO LATE?"

They were walking slowly onward, side by side.

"It is very good of you, Norman, to have taken so much trouble about me," said Stella, gently.

He looked at her oddly.

"Good of me!" he repeated, below his breath. "Oh! Stella, if you only knew!" and then they were both silent.

Presently they reached the end of the common, and got into the wood beyond it. A fallen tree lay prone by the side of the pathway.

"Let us sit here a minute and rest," suggested Norman, and they both sat down upon it.

"Stella," said Norman, very gravely, "I know very well what you are thinking of—it is of what—of the name I called you just now. You see, when one is frightened, like I was, why all pretenses are cast away, and the truth leaps involuntarily to one's lips."

He did not look at her as he said this; he leant forward, making holes with his stick in the ground at her feet, and seemed to be absorbed in contemplating them.

Stella trembled so much, that she could not trust herself to speak. Presently he raised his head and looked at her; he saw all the trouble.

"Stella!" he said hoarsely—"Stella is it too late?"

The blood leaped up into her face—her heart beat wildly—tumultuously—she could not speak to him. Then the hot words burst at last from his lips—he forgot honor, and truth, and duty—he remembered only that he was alone with Stella, and that he loved her!

"You know what I mean!" he said brokenly. "You know it is you whom I love, and not her! It has been a wretched, miserable mistake from first to last. I don't know how it came about, or how it happened, that I was so mad as to fling away the chance of you—of your love! I was angry with you, I suppose—hurt and sore. You wounded my vanity—I was piqued and offended! I did not see that my very anger against you proved the all-absorbing interest that you were to me! I made up my mind that since I was to marry one of you, it should not be you, because I thought—forgive me, dearest—that I would make you feel pained by my preference of your sister! And then somehow I went through the farce of believing myself in love with her—or at least of liking her sufficiently well to fulfill our grandfather's wishes with regard to her and not to you. You know how it came about—and now—and now—I see only you before my eyes—you only in my dreams and in my thoughts! There is not a flower that does not remind me of your loveliness, nor the song of a bird that does not speak to me of your sweetness! Why, the very winds of heaven seem to breathe but your name, and cry aloud to me 'Stella—Stella!' and I—I am the most miserable man upon earth!"

"For pity's sake say no more!" she cried, white and trembling, half rising from his side: but he caught her hands and held them passionately to his breast.

"No—no! stay and hear me out! Tell me, Stella, are we both to be wretched forever and evermore for the want of a little courage, love? of a little resolution—a little disregard of the world's opinion—are we to spoil our lives?—yours, my darling, as well as my own, forever?"

Oh! how hard it was to be so tempted by the man she loved so well; to hear his pleading voice, to meet his entreating eyes; to be drawn towards him by the hands she would so gladly have yielded to, and yet to have to resist him!

Not for one minute did Stella waver or hesitate; not for all the lost joys of her life would she have dallied with the temptation which he laid thus at her feet.

Far back upon her mind there rushed the memory of the little bed-chamber in the French town by the Loire; she seemed to see again the high wooden beadstead in the alcove, the quaint, foreign furniture, and through the windows the tall towers of the cathedral, with the gray and white pigeons whirling about it, and the chimes that struck merrily all through the weary hours; and within, the dying woman on the bed, and the thin hands that held her own; and once again she seemed to hear the faint voice that had bidden her to be a mother to her sister in her place. And she had vowed that she would be so. And now she was to take her own happiness at the expense of Cecily? Was she to wreck her young sister's life in order to make good her own? Was that the manner in which she was to fulfill that vow spoken to her dying mother? Heaven forbid! What sweetness would life contain for her forever, if she were to be guilty of so base and so treacherous a thing!

Gently and slowly she withdrew her hands from Norman's grasp.

"Alas!" she said sadly; "if it were only my own happiness, do you suppose that I should hesitate? But there is Cecily!"

He was silent, looking gloomily downwards; then, with almost a groan, he echoed her words:

"Yes, there is Cecily! I had forgotten her."

"It would break her heart!" said Stella, in a whisper, "I would sooner die! Yes, it has been a mistake; but you will live it down. You will forget what you have said to me to-day. Oh! Norman, I am sorry you have ever said it—it will make it so much harder for you to bear."

"And you?" he said, quickly—"do you not feel it hard as well? Stella, tell me truly just this once—say that you love me, and then I will forget this madness, and do my duty to Cecily!—poor Cecily! yes, I had forgotten her!—but tell me once that you love me! You do, do you not?"

And then for the space of half a minute she was quite silent. A shadow of white despair passed over her face, and a great and noble resolve came over her heart. For his own good and for Cecily's that they might be happier together; that the past might not stand forever before the young husband's eyes when he clasped his wife to his heart—for his sake Stella spoke words that were untrue.

"I love you as a brother!" she answered in a low, hard voice.

He rose to his feet; there was a great rage in his heart against her, and a wild despair.

"And you have let me pour out my whole soul to you! Forgive me and forget what I have spoken!"

He looked harsh and angry as he strode along by her side; but Stella said to herself:

"He will get over it sooner! It is better that he should believe that I do not love him; it is easy to be misjudged by him now, so that he may be the happier for it by and by! After awhile he will learn to love Cecily—who is gentle, and sweet and better tempered by far than I am—and will be happy together; and as to me—well, it will be no worse for me!"

But presently, as they neared the house, he stopped again and spoke to her:

"I do not believe what you said just now, Stella! If it is true, you are more cruel and heartless than I could have imagined! I will not ask you again if you love me——"

"Pray, do not!" she interrupted hurriedly; for who knows whether her fortitude might not have given way before a second trial!

"I will take you at your word, then!" he said, coldly; "but this may be the last time we may ever be alone together! When I am your sister's husband, Stella, I shall not dare to come near you; do not be afraid, whatever may be my weakness and my misfortune, I will not fail to do my duty towards her! And—and—I see you are right! I am bound to her even if you loved me!"—Stella winced at the word—"if you loved me, I must have kept my troth to her! The wrong I would do her in deserting her would have been too foul and dishonorable; but, Stella, ere we part to-day, grant me one boon! Do you remember that I kissed you once?—the night of the fancy ball at Valency, when you wore the pretty little costume, and you turned my head with your lovely eyes?—do you remember that I kissed you?"

"Can I ever forget it?" she murmured, not daring to look at him.

"Ah! if you knew how often since then the memory of that kiss has sweetened my dreams and haunted my waking thoughts! It was a light kiss that I gave you, Stella; and do you remember what you told me the next day, when you flouted me out of your sight with such indignant fury?—do you not remember that you told me that you considered a kiss a sacred and solemn thing?"

She bent her head in assent.

"I told you I would remind you of that some day. Stella, before we part—before a gulf, worse than death itself, is fixed forever between us—give me that sacred and solemn pledge—if not of love, at least of forgiveness!—give me one kiss!"

She cast one terror-stricken glance up into his face—a face so sad, so serious, that the boon he craved seemed almost like the prayer of a dying person—and then she covered her face with her trembling hands.

"I cannot—I cannot do it!" she wailed. "Oh, do not ask me!—it would kill me!"

She turned and fled from him; and Norman, in spite of her denial, knew that she loved him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY HONORIA'S SPRAINED ANKLE.

The singular chance which brought Lady Honoria Rosett at this juncture to the very remote seaside village of Sandyport, was an accident, fraught with the most important consequences to more than one of the characters of my story.

Lady Honoria came down to the Rectory for two days only—she brought with her her maid, and two large trunks, and a collie dog—and before she had been a couple of hours in the place, all Sandyport seemed to have become aware of her presence.

Her large, well-made figure, walking across the sands towards the sea, was instantly descried by the major portion of the population, and created amongst them a distinct thrill of interest and excitement.

The sound of her large, cheery voice, the ring of her hearty laugh, and the loud barkings of the delighted collie, as he scampered about wildly over the wet sands after the swiftly-vanishing flights of seagulls, seemed to inspire a wholesome and reviving exhilarance in the utter stagnation of the deadalive little town.

Even in a crowd Lady Honoria was not a person to pass unnoticed; far less, then, was she likely to be unobserved in such a tranquil place as Sandypoint.

Of course, on the very day of her arrival the Miss Nortons, who were shy of her, and also somewhat overpowered by the mingled grandeur and good-nature of their distinguished guest mentioned the name of their quiet little friend, Lily Finch.

"Lily Finch!" cried Lady Honoria. "Oh! I know her very well. She was governess at Lady Dyson's, Sir Edgar's mother, you know—poor little thing! I heard she had been very ill."

"So she has," answered Marion Norton, "and she is staying here to get strong. It is very dull for her alone in lodgings, and so she comes over to us a good deal. Yes, of course, we knew she had been a governess, but she never told us where it was. It is singular that she did not speak of Lady Dyson, for she heard us talking of your engagement to Sir Edgar; and she must of course, have known you."

"She is an odd, retiring kind of girl," said Katie. "She has never told us anything about herself—she is so reserved, that we always imagined she had been crossed in love!" she added, laughing.

"I wonder she has not been here to-day," said her sister. "She generally comes over in the morning. Perhaps she is shy of you, Lady Honoria!"

"Oh, dear me! fancy anybody being shy of me!" cried the Earl's daughter, laughing heartily. "But don't let us wait for her—come out and unearth her in her lodgings—I should like to see her again."

"Will you not be tired, Lady Honoria?" inquired Marion Norton, politely, for they had just come in from an hour's ramble by the sea.

"*Me* tired! Oh! when you have known me a little longer, you will find out that nothing ever tires me, except sitting still and doing nothing!"

So they sallied forth again, and at the corner of the street they encountered Lily Finch herself. The poor child blushed crimson. She would have given a good deal to have avoided the meeting—indeed, she had purposely kept to her room all the morning. It was only when she had watched the three girls re-enter the Rectory doors that she had ventured forth for a little walk, not imagining they would come out again so soon.

"Halloo, Miss Finch!" cried Lady Honoria, shaking her hand heartily; "we were just coming out to look for you. I am so pleased to see you about again—you have had a bad illness, have you not?—you look as if the sea-breezes would blow you away into froth now—but I hope you are feeling better?"

"Oh! yes, thank you, I am much better," but she could not look at Lady Honoria—she felt that she could hardly bear the sight of that happy, handsome face, that had all unconsciously stolen her lover away from her.

"Oh! how wicked I must be!" said the poor child to herself, "to feel so jealous and so miserable. Why can I not try to love her for his sake, and to forgive her—she who is so good and so kind to me."

But there are some things that are beyond the strength of even the meekest, and the gentlest, and the most unselfish of girls. And to feel in perfect love and charity with the successful rival who has supplanted her, is a thing which may be possible to an angel, but is distinctly out of the question for a woman.

Well, on the second day of Lady Honoria's visit to Sandyport, after she had tramped about on the sands, and made ducks and drakes with flat stones along the tops of the waves, to the unspeakable admiration of a small crowd of Sandyportian boys; after she had run races with the collie, and eaten her fill of big brown shrimps, and had declared her cold to be quite gone, and her whole self to be completely and effectually salted and saturated with brine,—after all this had been successfully accomplished, there came to pass a most dreadful thing. At least, it would not have been dreadful for any ordinary mortal; but for Lady Honoria Rosett—a beauty and an heiress, engaged to be married, moreover, within a month, and pledged to appear in goodness knows how many public places and responsible positions, as head of her father's establishment, and leader of the county society, between this and then—it was a very dreadful thing indeed.

Lady Honoria sprained her ankle. Nobody knew quite how the accident happened, or whose fault it was that she and the collie were suddenly perceived by the inhabitants of Sandyport to be scrambling along together, in an undignified fashion, upon the top of the very dilapitated wooden breakwater, which ran far out to sea upon the western side of the town; but so it was, that when in this precarious condition, Lady Honoria suddenly shouted aloud for help to her friends the Nortons, whom she had left upon the sands, and who were somewhat startled by the remarkable activity of this energetic young lady. When help, in the shape of a boat—for the breakwater was surrounded by the waves, reached her, Lady Honoria stated her conviction, placidly, that her ankle must be sprained, and that if the town of Sandyport contained such an article as a surgeon or a doctor, that gentleman had better be sent for to the Rectory forthwith.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton were beside themselves with distress. Lady Honoria was to have gone home that very afternoon; and what would Lord Alchester say?

"Oh, never mind!" said Lady Honoria, cheerfully; "it can't be helped, you know, and it really might have been far worse, for I might have tumbled off into the water, and been drowned, whereas now I have only sprained my ankle."

"But, my dear, what *will* your papa say!" reiterated Mrs. Norton, almost wringing her hands. "There is your dinner-party at home to-night you were to have been home for!"

"Yes, and there are five invitations for next week I must write and put off!"

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear! Lord Alchester will think we are not to be trusted with the care of you! What are we to do?" groaned Mrs. Norton.

"Why, you must telegraph to papa at once, and say I cannot come home. Oh! he won't mind very much, I assure you, Mrs. Norton—he is quite used to my vagaries!"

"Is there anybody we can send for from home to nurse you, and shall we have a doctor from Colchester?"

"I don't want anybody but my maid—she will do everything I want; and as to the doctor, your native Sawbones will answer every purpose!"

Poor Mrs. Norton, although inwardly bewildered that so aristocratic a personage as Lord Alchester's daughter should designate a respectable member of the medical profession as a "Sawbones," was nevertheless relieved to be spared the trouble of sending to Colchester for a more eminent practitioner.

"She is a good-natured creature," the good lady confided afterwards to her husband, "but a regular tom-boy; and the slang she talks is quite abominable!"

It is certain that the manners and customs of the "upper ten" presented themselves in somewhat a new light to Mrs. Norton and her daughters during Lady Honoria's visit.

The Earl's daughter was made as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. She was installed upon a sofa drawn up by the window, with a full view of the sea and the road—not, by the way, a very exciting prospect, but still the best that Sandyport could afford. There was always the omnibus, going backwards and forwards to the station, to be looked at; the shop-girls walking up and down in the sun, arm-in-arm with their sweethearts; and the fishing boats, with their brood sails, coming into the harbor, laden with herring and mackerel. It was the best the place could offer.

At Lady Honoria's elbow stood a table covered with fresh flowers and books, carefully selected and arranged for her entertainment by the Rector himself. There were no modern novels amongst them, for circulating libraries were an unknown luxury in this remote corner of the world, but there was the best that Mr. Norton's bookshelves could produce—"The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Evelina." "Boswell's *Life of Johnson*" and "Wuthering Heights"—all of which would have improved Lady Honoria's mind and education very much indeed had she taken the trouble to read them. But Lady Honoria hated reading, and would have none of Mr. Norton's carefully chosen favorites.

She looked out of the window, and she played with Rollo, the collie—she talked to the Norton girls till she was sick of them—and then she took to yawning, loudly, repeatedly, and unceasingly—so that it was plain that her enforced inactivity was the worst and direst punishment which fate could possibly have inflicted upon her.

By the end of the second day she was at the end of her patience.

She could bear it no longer! She said to Mrs. Norton: "Mrs. Norton, would you very much mind it if I were to send for Sir Edgar Dyson?"

"My dear"—poor Mrs. Norton's old-fashioned ideas were somewhat startled—"your father, surely—"

"Oh! papa would only bore me! And I really must have somebody fresh to amuse me, or I shall die of it! Besides, what would you do with papa?"

What, indeed! Mrs. Norton shuddered as she pondered over the very plain cooking of her heavy-handed *chef de cuisine*. But, then, Sir Edgar might be nearly as bad!

"Papa, you see, would have to stay in the house; he couldn't go out backwards and forwards at night, because his throat is delicate; besides which, he couldn't see the fun of sitting by me all day, and it would bore us both to death! But Edgar could get a bedroom at the inn, and a mutton chop there is all he would care for. He is not at all particular; and if you don't mind his coming to see me——"

"Of course I don't mind, Lady Honoria—that is to say, if you are sure it would be *quite* proper."

"Oh, dear, yes," she answered laughing. "What an odd thing you should think of propriety! That never entered my head! Give me my writing-case, please, Marian, and I will write to him at once. It will be something to do."

For Lady Honoria was not one of those young women who write daily journals to their lovers. She had only written one letter to Edgar since they had been engaged, and that had been an invitation note, to which he had duly replied.

On this occasion she sent him a more lengthy epistle:

"Sandyport.

"MY DEAR EDGAR:

"Here I am, tied by the leg literally, having managed to sprain my ankle as I dare say you have heard already from papa. This is the most frightfully dull place I ever was in in my life, although I liked it well enough as long as I could walk about with Rollo. The Nortons are very kind, but of course I have nothing much to say to them. I do wish you would run down for a couple of days to amuse me. You can get a room at the inn. It will help to pass away the time, and I hope I shall be well enough to be moved home in a week. The old lady is very much shocked at my wanting to send for you. She does not think it proper. I suppose she thinks you will want to sit and kiss me in public, with your arm round my waist all day long! I must explain to her that nowadays nobody does that kind of thing out of a three-volume novel; it has gone out of date, like our grandmothers' nightcaps. It is very tiresome to be kept here doing nothing. I think I have never yawned so much in my whole life! I am very anxious to know if you have ordered my diamonds yet. How good you are to give me such a beautiful present! I shall long to hear all you have done about them. Do come as quickly as you can.

"Yours always,

"HONORIA."

"P.S.—By the way, little Miss Finch is here; but of course you know it. I dare say she will be glad to go out for a walk with you when you get quite cramped by sitting by my sofa."

And when Sir Edgar Dyson had read this letter all through, down to the very last word of the postscript, he packed up his portmanteau straightway, and started by the very next train to Sandyport, in Essex.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Defect of the New Version.

In the October *Century*, Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale, writes forcibly of "Martin Luther After Four Hundred Years," and compares the new version with Luther's translation of the Bible, to the detriment of the new, as follows: "He was determined to issue not a colorless version, or a version enervated by idiomatic peculiarities of the Hebrew and Greek, or a pedantic version, intelligible and interesting only to the cultivated, but rather a translation which should make the Bible appear to have been written in German. He gives amusing accounts of the struggle it cost him to make the sacred writers 'speak German.' In dealing with Job, especially, his patience was well nigh exhausted. No one could understand what it had cost him to make Job '*reden Deutsch*.' But he succeeded. In his version, the apostles and prophets '*reden Deutsch*'—the Deutsche of the shop, the market, and the hearthstone. Luther's Bible is a living book. If the recent English revision of the authorised version, admirable in various particulars, fails at any point, it is just here. There is a lack of freedom in the incorporation of the English idioms; in a word there is an undue servility. So far as a translation fails to give the force and beauty or the original, it is incorrect. Close adhesion to grammar and lexicon, in many instances, may be the cause of the greater loss than gain. We must have the spirit as well as the letter of the text. If we can not have both, then better the spirit than the letter. Our recent revisers make the frightened disciples who saw Jesus walking on the sea cry out: 'It is an apparition' (Mat xiv. 26). Would such a company of fishermen, in a state of alarm, use this word? If not some other should have been substituted for it. The juicy language of Luther's version, its sinewy vigor, its racy idioms, and the rythmical charm which it has in common with the authorised English version, are literary merits which it is impossible to estimate too highly."

A young girl was caught kissing her sweetheart a few nights ago. Her mother took her to task for such actions, but the girl silenced her by this quotation: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The old lady wilted. Memories of old were brought to mind.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

A Young Russonian Without Food for Eleven Days.

The *Champion* arrived here on Saturday noon from her usual trip to the lumber shore ports. She had on board a young Russonian named Louis Lelong, who came to this country about six weeks ago, and who has since that time been working for Mr. Frank Moberley, on surveying work on the eastern section of the Canada Pacific Railway. The unfortunate young man, who is now lying at the Montreal House in a very weak and bruised condition, tells the following story of his suffering. He says on the 2nd instant, having decided to leave the employ of Mr. Moberley, he started off for Jack Fish Bay, a distance of ten miles. By some means, not knowing the country, he missed his way, and for several days wandered through the woods, without any other food than such as the country afforded in berries, which abound in that neighborhood. At last, after spending no less than ten days in this helpless and solitary state he came to Victoria Cape, which overlooks Jack Fish Bay. He was very weak and exhausted, and was endeavoring to make his way to the water's edge to quench his thirst, when he slipped and fell from a cliff about forty feet high. It appears that some workmen on the railway at the opposite side of the bay saw him when he made his appearance on the summit of the cliff, and as he did not reach the camp, a search party was next day despatched to look for him. Their efforts were successful, and Lelong was found in a terribly emaciated condition, with his feet swollen to nearly twice their natural size, and his legs and body badly bruised. He was conveyed to the headquarters of Mr. J. J. Reid, whose foreman took charge of him until the arrival of the *Champion* on the same day. The poor fellow was placed upon a mattress on the deck of the tug, and, as stated above, was brought into town yesterday. He had been eleven days in all without food, and everything conducive to the man's comfort was done by the officers of the boat and a Swede passenger who took an interest in him. Upon the arrival of the tug here Dr. Smellie was notified, and he examined the sufferer and prescribed for him.—*Thunder Bay Sentinel.*

CHOICE THOUGHTS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sidney.

The certain way to be cheated, is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—Chanon.

The censure of those that are opposite to us is the nicest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evremond.

As they who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.—Burke.

To be happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—Hume.

A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.—T. Adams.

It is very often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter sometimes forgot.—Chesterfield.

To make others' wit appear more than one's own, is a good rule in conversation; a necessary one, to let others take notice of your wit, and never do it yourself.—Sir W. Temple.

Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever; and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.—Aristotle.

Where necessity ends, desire and curiosity begin; no sooner are we supplied with everything nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Johnson.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let them take heed in their company.—Shakspeare.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none. If you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.—Swift.

A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.—Franklin.

There are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.—Sheridan.

If you cannot be happy in one way be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.—Sharp.

If Satan ever laughs it must be at hypocrites. They are the greatest dupes he has. They serve him better than any others, but receive no wages. Nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortification than the sincerest Christians.—Colton.

Gilt-Edged Folly.

At a children's carnival at Saratoga one little girl was dressed to resemble a gold mine, and she looked just about like a forty-pound nugget. Her shoes were gilded, her stockings of gold-colored silk, her pantalettes were bordered with bullion fringe, her dress one mass of gilded silk, bunched up in places so that it looked like a rough, irregular chunk of gold. With bracelets on her arms, almost covering them, great chains around her neck and a crown on her head, and gold-dust powdered thickly on her long, silky hair, the little one looked very precious indeed. One elderly man remarked that all the child needed to complete the costume was to have a ring through her nose.

A Maine woman is about to bring a suit for breach of promise against her divorced husband, who promised to marry her again, but who appears to have escaped.

FARMER'S CORNER.

The Mildew of the Grape.

Closely related to the potato rot fungus, an account of which was recently given, is the mildew upon the grape vine. These two fungi belong to the same genus, the former being known botanically as *Peronospora infestans* and the latter as *Peronospora viticola*. The mildew of the grape is much slower in its action, though the general behavior and appearance of the two pests are much alike. The grape mildew makes its first appearance upon the under surface of the grape leaves in the form of small frost-like patches. The smooth leaved varieties of grapes exhibit this parasite to much better advantage than those sorts the leaves of which are covered with a dense coat of hairs. These patches of a crystalline appearance consist of the tips of branching threads which come out of the breathing pores of the leaves and bear the summer spores on their many terminations. These spores are formed very rapidly, fall away from their attachments, and are carried by the wind, and otherwise, to new parts and there germinate, thus propagating the mildew. The substance of the grape leaf below the "frosty" patch is interlaced with the threads of the fungus, which branch and send short suckers into the walls of the leaf cells and rob them of their nourishment. The mildew lives upon the stolen juices of the grapevine and thus does its injury. The infested leaves soon turn brown and die unless some measures are taken to destroy the parasite.

The conditions most favorable for the growth of the grape mildew are a moist atmosphere with bright sunshine. A succession of showers in late June is very apt to result in an abundance of mildew. This season it has been unusually destructive, owing to excessive moisture in early summer. The fungus does not confine itself to the leaves, but spreads to the stems and the fruit. The writer has examined many clusters this season, the berries of which were discolored within when only partly grown; while on the outside they had the attractive color of half ripened fruit. When sections of these prematurely ripened grapes were placed under the compound microscope, they were found infested with the filaments of the grape mildew. The skin of the grape being tough and without breathing pores, prevents the fungus from coming to the surface and forming the summer spores. The diseased grapes cease to grow, become shrivcled, and finally drop as worthless masses from the stems.

Some varieties seem to be more injured than others by the mildew. The fungus thrives best on the thin leaved sorts, but none of the varieties, so far as we know, are proof against the pest. Some varieties are more vigorous and perhaps are better able to withstand the attacks of the mildew. The remedy for the mildew on the grape is flowers of sulphur. It should be dusted on or blown on, with a bellows, so soon as the first signs of the trouble may be seen. The sulphur is more lasting in its effects if applied when the foliage is wet, either with dew, in early morning, or with rain. It is important to get the yellow powder upon the under side of the leaves and in contact with the "frosty" patches. It is too late to apply the remedy this season, but all grape growers should make the necessary preparations to meet this enemy upon its first appearance early next summer.

A second form of spore is formed by the mildew and within the substance of the infested part. It results from the union of the contents of two cells, and is of slow growth. These spores are provided with thick coverings of a brown color and do not germinate until the following spring. The sexual spores, as they are called, are most abundant in the foliage in late autumn, and remain in the substance of the foliage until set free by the processes of decay, etc. It is evident that these spores are designed to carry the mildew over the winter season, and may be called *winter* spores in distinction from those found early in the season, which might be designated *summer* spores. Very many fungi have these two forms of spores, and in some the number is increased to five or more.

The leaves of the vineyard after they have fallen should be gathered in piles and burned, and in this way a vast number of the spores within the leaves would be destroyed. This part of the work of checking the spread of the grape mildew may still be done this season. It is a prevention, an ounce of which is worth a pound of cure. The remedy is applied in early summer in the form of flowers of sulphur. Many vineyardists are as careful about "sulphuring" their vines as they are in manuring the ground or gathering the crop. Others are careless of this, and lose by it.

There is another mildew of the grape vine, closely related to if not the same as the fatal *Oidium* of European vineyards.

Improved Blackberries.

All of the popular cultivated Blackberries were originally found in a wild state. If any really excellent variety has been raised by cultivation from seeds, we are not aware of it. Almost every one who has in his youth gone "a blackberrying," can recollect certain patches, or single bunches, which gave fruit far superior to others, and which, in memory, seem vastly better than any of the cultivated sorts. Those who know of such special wild bushes can easily bring them into cultivation, and enjoy their fruit without hunting for it. Take up the roots of such bushes this fall and cut all that are as large as a goose-quill, or larger, into pieces from one to three inches long. Take a box of any kind, and, if the bottom is tight, bore several holes in it. Lay some straw over the holes, and over this an inch or so of soil, more roots, and so on until the box is full. Bury the box in a place where water will not stand, and cover it with enough earth to prevent freezing. Next spring the roots may be planted in nursery rows.

Feeding Cows During the Grazing Season.

Grazing dairy cows is the almost universal practice of our farmers, without any regard to the condition of the grass, or the character of the season. This practice is well enough where there is full feed, and the cows get all the feed they can digest. It is not economy on the great majority of our farms, especially in the older States. As a rule the land devoted to pasture has been grazed for generations, has for many years received no manure except the droppings of the cows, and its best constituents have been carried off in the shape of milk, veal, and beef. The cow is a machine for making milk and butter, and can no more yield these commodities without suitable and abundant forage than a grist mill can turn out meal without corn in the hopper. A certain portion of her food goes to keep her in good flesh. This has the first claim, and some pastures do little more than meet this want. The milk grows small by degrees and beautifully less, until the cows dry up early in the fall. In other and better pastures, there is material for a good supply of milk for six months in the year, and the average yield of butter on our farms probably does not reach two hundred pounds per cow annually. With suitable addition to the rations gathered from the pasture, there is little doubt that the yield could be brought up to an average of three hundred pounds of butter a year per cow, with more profit in the last hundred pounds than in the first two hundred pounds. The capital invested in the cow, the milking and care of the milk are about the same whether the yield of butter be two or three hundred pounds. There is additional expense for the food, and the labor of feeding. To offset this you have, beside butter, the better condition of the cow, a better calf, the additional quality of manure dropped upon the pasture and in the stable, and its better quality, to say nothing of the satisfaction of having a sleek, profitable and well-fed animal under daily observation. Esthetics are worth something above pecuniary value. We are trying this season, upon a thorough-bred Jersey cow, the experiment of daily rations of cotton seed meal one quart in the morning, wheat middlings one quart, corn meal one quart, at evening, in addition to pasture, and are surprised at the increase and excellence of the butter, and the growth of the manure heap.

The Modern Coquette.

A recently-published story contains the following striking paragraph:—The mere suffering which a man undergoes at the hands of a coquette is not in its first effects so greatly to be depreciated. It is in the consequences that lies the deepest wrong which the insincere woman does to the man who loves her. For the distrust of her whole sex which grows upon him, and the conviction that neither she nor her kind are worthy of the best that is in his nature. She is responsible. The disdain which he may feel toward her can not greatly injure him. But the spirit in which he regards the tendency in his nature which looks to woman for the truest support of his life, and the systematic hardening of those qualities in him which reach out instinctively to the feminine side of humanity, are soul hurts, which are not healed when the pain of the deceived love has passed. His judgement of the whole sex can not fail to be biased by his experience of the woman who has most deeply interested him. Thus it is that the coquette, by lowering the whole standard of womanhood in the eyes of man, injures her own sex as well as the other.

The forms of coquetry are infinitely varied and some of them are much more reprehensible than others. The woman who undertakes conquests simply for the glory of displaying at the wheels of her chariot the captive she holds by the rosy bonds of love, is the commonest type. As her coquetry is of the most patient kind, its wounds are rarely severe or lasting, and yet there is a certain vulgarity about this spirit of conquest which makes this type of woman dangerous to both men and women.

A more subtile and disastrous influence is wielded by the woman who is bent on the scientific analysis of the various effects produced by the tender passion of men of different character and nature. She has little pigeon-holes marked with different characteristic names, and into these she classifies every new specimen. She is apt soon to discover that the pigeon-holes may be very few, and that nearly all the men she meets will fit exactly into one or another of them. When she has arrived at this conclusion she is satisfied: two or three good specimens of every sort having been coolly analyzed and properly pigeon-holed. It is variety and not quality she desires, and having already become quite familiar with the manner in which a certain species of the genus homo is affected by the greatest of passions, she allows many possible victims to pass by without an effort or desire to add them to her connection; but if a specimen hitherto unclassified crosses her path, she is ready with her little dissecting knife to peer into the labyrinths of a new phase of human nature.

Another class, perhaps the most dangerous one, into which we are dividing coquettes, include those women who fancy themselves in love with each fresh lover. These are emotional and sympathetic women, who, being incapable of strong feeling themselves, are borne along by the force of a passion which fascinates them, and which they would gladly reciprocate. In their often-renewed disappointment at finding that the new lover can not make them forget themselves they feel a sense of injustice, and never dream that they are not the injured ones.

What He was in.

"Mr. White," said a Harrisburg lawyer to a witness in the box, "at the time these papers were executed you were speculating, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in oil?"

"I was."

"And what are you in now?"

"Bankruptcy and the poor-house!" was the solemn reply.—*Wall Street News.*

Mrs. S—— remarked to a friend that she intended going to Niagara for a few days during the summer, and had decided to take her little son with her.

"I was there for three weeks, with all my children, last summer," said the lady addressed.

Mrs. S—— expressed surprise that Mrs. —— should take her children to so dangerous a place. "Weren't you afraid they would get into the falls?" she questioned.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. ——, with evident satisfaction. "My children are all well trained."

At which Mrs. S——'s boy, who was present, cried out, bitterly, "Well, I guess I've been trained if anybody ever has."

PERSONALITIES.

Interesting Items about Different People.

The Pope proposes to open the Vatican Library freely to historical students.

Mr. Joe Jefferson's sister Cornelia reappears the coming season on the stage.

Thomas Hughes is visiting the Rugby College, in which he still has confidence.

Instead of having guests led up and presented to her, Queen Margherita goes about the room and greets each one in turn.

The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Christian sang at a concert lately given for the completion of St Anne's Church, Bagshot.

Miss King, one of the nursing Sisters at Fort Pitt Military Hospital, has received the Royal Red Cross in recognition of her services in Egypt.

Florence Nightingale has been invited to Osborne by the Queen in order to be invested with the new Order of the Red Cross, but was compelled to decline on account of ill health.

The two children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be left at Windsor Castle and Osborne during the absence of their parents in India, which looks nice and grandmotherly.

The Comte de Paris, at present heir to the French monarchy (or what is left of it) is rich, tall, slender, in delicate health, and forty-six years old. His wife is ambitious, and an interpid horse-woman.

Canon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, has become a total abstainer from alocohol. His friends say that his capacity for work is increased thereby. He can now push along without any intermission, except for meals, from morning to night.

Prince Alexander, the young Crown Prince of Servia, only seven year old, performs the most wonderful arithmetical operations in his head with great quickness, which, altogether with his extreme sensibility, occasions his parents anxiety.

An entertainment given recently by Mrs. Gladstone, in London, was enlivened by the presence of Miss Jenny Young, of New York, who read before a fashionable audience her interesting lecture on Longfellow, and sang several of his poems, instead of reciting them, to illustrate her points.

M. Renan and his family narrowly escaped destruction at Casamicciali, having engaged rooms at a hotel where nearly all the inmates were destroyed, but having been prevented from taking them by his readiness to oblige the Minister of Public Instruction, who wished him to delay long enough to distribute the school prizes.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie of New York, having presented a free library to the town of Dunfermline, Scotland, a speech in honor of the event was delivered by Lord Roseberry, who said among other things: "We all of us, in whatever position we may be placed, have occasion to find life irksome and almost intolerable. I have always found two aids or assistances to overcome that sense of irksomeness, which are within the reach of the poorest of us, and which are the most efficient for the purpose. The first is sense of humor, and the second the love of books."

Woman as a Guide.

There has always been a dim consciousness in man that his relations to the divine, that is, to the ideal side of life, were most fitly represented by the purity and single-heartedness of woman, and that she is in a manner a mediator and interpreter between him and heaven, reversing the puritan, and, so to speak, political idea expressed in Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him." Of this dim consciousness the Pythia and Delphi and the vestal virgins at Rome were testimony. But woman as a representative of the ideal can hardly be said to have been consciously recognized until Christianity had consecrated the adoration of the Virgin Mother. Since then, although the influence of women as wives and mothers must always be immeasurably the most important and precious, it is impossible to deny that their influence has existed in other forms which have affected the history of mankind. It is enough to name Jeanne d'Arc and St. Catharine of Siena, as types of a class that has proved *furens quid femini possit* when her frenzy is of that rare celestial kind which can work itself out in ordered action, and leave its mark in the weighty affairs of men, as the lightning on the river rock. Nor yet is it as wife or mother that Beatrice is the mystic guide of Dante's spiritual life. The middle ages, with their sense of the nearness of the supernatural, were of course a period far more apt for such manifestations. The puritan and reforming religious enthusiasms of the seventeenth century were associated with mysticisms of a different kind, and as to the eighteenth, a Jeanne or a St. Catharine could hardly, under any modification, have co-existed with Frederick II. and Voltaire. Yet the paths of perfection in which good women have walked unsupported by man's arm have not been less thronged since then because they have been more hidden from the light. Not from deserts, and hermitages or mystic oak forests have they gone forth to sway battles on the fields or councils in the palace, but from inconspicuous homes into hospitals and prisons and haunts of squalid misery and vice.

Uncle Sam's Navy

In a communication published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., states that the consultations of eminent naval and other surgeons, respecting his rheumatic attack, failed to afford him the slightest relief. By advice of Dr. Hoyle he used St. Jacobs Oil, which wrought a complete and, as he says, a wonderful cure. John Carr Moody, Esq., lawyer at Vallejo, Cal., was likewise cured of a severe joint trouble.

The rivers are generally very low. Tippleton asks, "What could you expect? This comes of taking nothing but water."

The daughter of Lawrence Barrett, who has just married a German Baron, is of gentle manners, with a sweet serious face. Her husband is a man of family and fortune. He fell in love with her while she was studying in Stuttgart.

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE.

Seth Green's Ideas About the Finny Tribes and some of His Varied Experiences.

(*Turf, Field and Farm.*)

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it would be impossible to say. They extend away up into the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. And then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermillion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the man of news watched the countenance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white silky beard of luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that state and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest from, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life, that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to day and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed I see it is indorsed by the United States medical college of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 42 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 3 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarter brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and one pond of Carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

Query—Is the gondola the car naval of Venice?

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy. (32)

"Try not the pass," the old conductor said to the dead beat.

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well-earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand investigation. (36)

About the only troubles that some single are fussy old maids.

Age should always command respect. In the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic and all Bowel Complaints. (33)

Is the Irish language a real language, or is it merely a Pat-ois

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. (35)

Our babies—With all their faults we love them still, not noisy.

True merit brings its own reward, in the case of Burdock Blood Bitters it is rapidly bringing its reward in its increasing sales; as a prominent druggist recently said, "it now sells on its merits." It is the grand specific for diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. 25,000 bottles have been sold, during the last three months. (34)

Jack Frost doesn't say anything, but he indulges in freeze peach.

J. E. Kennedy, dispensing chemist, Cobourg, says that no blood purifier that he has ever handled has had such a large sale as Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds, "in no case have I heard a customer say ought but words of highest praise for its remedial qualities. (31)

The most prominent man in the city is the street sweeper. He fills the public eye.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

The Rev. Mr. Henn is a minister in Georgia. Probably a lay preacher.

From MR. WILLIAM MAGRATH.

Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved me*—the third bottle *freed me from all pain*.

WM. MAGRATH.

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

A tenor singer can always secure a hall easier than a basso, because he can go higher.

DON'T YOU DO IT.—Don't wait an hour before buying a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It is safe, painless, prompt in action, never leaves sore spots behind, and therefore perfection itself. Substitutes are being offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. See that the name of Polson & Co. is on each wrapper. Sold by druggists and country dealers, only 25 cents.

Tooters brass instruments are the handiditi of American villages.

A.P 145

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia,

Sciatica, Lumbago,

BACKACHE,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

SORE THROAT,

QUINSY, SWELLINGS,

SPRAINS,

Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,

FROSTBITES,

BURNS, SCALDS,

And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 21 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.

(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

FOR SALE CHEAP—SPLENDID STOCK or Dairy Farm. 200 acres adjoining Courtland, 5 miles from Tillsonburg, about 150 acres cleared, free from stumps and stones, a quantity ready for cleaning up; standing timber worth half-price asked; frame barn and stabling now two frame houses, good water, would sell half or exchange for a small property. Apply to ROBERT WHALEY, Box X, Courtland.

909 ACRES MINERAL AND TIMBER lands in the township of Darling, county of Lanark, at one dollar and a half per acre; lies near Kingston and Pembroke railway; John township of Lavant, where the Cold well gold mines and other mineral deposits have recently been discovered; must be sold in one lot; mining companies or dealers in wood can have a bargain. Apply immediately to I. B. SPARLING & CO., Real Estate and Commission Merchants, Pembroke, Ont.

JUST | ARRIVED !

A find stock of

Lamps, Crockery and Glassware,

which will be sold at reasonable prices to make room for fall stock.

Call and get a FREE sample bottle of

QUEEN'S LIQUID

BLUING,

and try what it will do. A full stock of

GROCERIES AND LIQUORS,

always on hand.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. WRIGHT.

Madoc, Aug. 23, 1883

Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

I TAKE the opportunity of informing my friends and the public in general that I am showing the best, largest, and choicest stock of

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
FANCY GOODS

that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Please call and examine.

Respectfully,

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, Dec. 6th, 1882.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

Provisions of all kinds,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

J. H. FORD, PHOTOGRAPHER,

FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month. A call solicited.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

Farmers! Read This!

ROYAL

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,

CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,

$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
Agent.

OFFICE—Banking House of E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc.

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM!

N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882. **N. M. MAYBEE.**

NEW WINTER GOODS!

NEW WINTER GOODS

Constantly Arriving at

JOHN ROBERTSON'S

(St. Lawrence street, Madoc.)

JOHN DALE & SON,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

MADOC.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 5th, 1883.

R. Casement & Co. Nails Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc Ont.

North Hastings Review.

R.R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN B. OLE, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 339. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, October 25, 1883. POSTAGE PREPAID

The Northern Fairs.

We have been furnished with information with reference to the two fairs in the north, viz.: L'Amable and Wollaston, and shall be glad to hear from Millbridge and Maynooth.

Wednesday the 10th, on which day the L'Amable fair was held, was ushered in with a heavy rain, and matters looked very unfavorable indeed, but it gradually cleared away and though it was showery it did not so much interfere with the "turnout" as had been feared. There were representations from all the back and surrounding townships. The display of cattle was good, but there was a lack of buyers. The inside "show" was very satisfactory but owing to the early frosts vegetables were not so plentifully displayed as last year. The judges on ladies' work were Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Ross of Madoc, and Mrs. Lancaster, of Dungannon, who said there were some specimens of very fine work. A first class dinner was served at Mr. Jarman's for the judges and hundreds of others. The absence of Hon. M. Bowell was much regretted, he having been expected but prevented from coming by illness in his family. In the afternoon a meeting was convened at Mr. Jarman's for the purpose of hearing explanations from the local member, Mr. Wood, with reference to the proposed extension of the Belleville & North Hastings Railway north into that district. After Mr. Wood had stated the object the promoters had in view, the probability of aid from the Dominion Government and the necessity of immediate action in getting a preliminary survey, he was followed by Mr. Mullett, Mr. Tait and the chairman, Mr. Kavanagh, in earnest speeches, and their earnestness was practically demonstrated by a subscription list of $100 on the spot, made up by subscriptions of $25 each from the gentlemen named and Mr. Henry Jarman. Afterwards $10 was added by Mr. Benjamin Spurr. Judging by the display at the fair, the practical earnestness of the leading men in getting communication with the front, and the general appearance of thrift of the people there can be no doubt that all the people want a fair chance by railway communication to utilize their resources and their prosperity is insured.

On Friday the 12th, the fair was held in Wollaston, at Gunter's school house. The rain interfered a little with the comfort of the people, but certainly not with the attendance for "everybody" in that section seemed to be there. This was their first fair and too much cannot be said in its praise. Every effort was made by the President, Directors, and the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Miller, to make things as comfortable as possible to exhibitors and spectators. The exhibit of cattle was good. Some fine teams of horses competed for prizes, and we understand the 1st was given to "Johnnie" Martin's (Livingston) team. The display of vegetables was, for the season, superior. We heard a person who had been at the county fair in Huntingdon say that the display of vegetables was decidedly the best at Wollaston. The judges of ladies' work, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Ross of Madoc, expressed themselves as very highly pleased with the variety and workmanship. A number of persons were present from a distance. Mr. Geo. W. Rose of Madoc, was on hand with his spring tooth harrow, and from the commendations on all sides he must have made a favorable impression. He took a suitable way of showing its merits—by practical test. He states he made several sales. Our friend Rose understands farming, if Roses do flourish in gardens. The dinner spread for the crowd at Mr. Gunter's deserves special notice. The tables were loaded with roast meats, vegetables, pies, cakes, and puddings—cooked in a style that would do credit to a first class hotel. Mrs. Gunter's cooking was praised on all hands. All we can say is that if this is the style of living in Wollaston it fully accounts for the substantial appearance of the residents of that section of country. The member for North Hastings, Mr. A. F. Wood, was present and being called upon, literally "took the stump" in front of the school house. He expressed his gratification at being present—stated he was surprised at the marked success of their first fair, it being so far ahead of his expectations, and congratulated them on the general effort to secure success. If Wollaston improves her fairs with the years she will soon rival some of the front townships.

We would like to make a suggestion with reference to our township and county fairs. Is there not danger of there becoming too much in the style of "each year about like the other?" Would not plowing matches be good things to introduce—a practical lecture during the winter by some one skilled in explaining his system of successful work as well as working would produce a beneficial result. How about a prize for a cow that gives the best milk or most milk, etc.—in other words, can't there be some novelties introduced that will not only increase the interest but accomplish some good? We hope these townships in the north will set a good example to the older ones by a move in that direction.

Prize List.

The prizes awarded at the Tudor, et. al., Agricultural Show are as follows—the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes in order named:—

HORSES.

Entire horse, 3 yrs or over Wm Lavender; do 2 yrs or over, Wm Lavender; span draught horses, Chas Donaldson, Daniel Lummiss, sr; brood mare with foal at her side, John Armstrong, Henry Smythe; colt, 3 yrs old, James Best, Andrew Gunter; do 2 yrs, Wm Blackburn, James Lummiss, sr; do 1 yr, Michael Franks, Henry Ruckathale; do of present yr, John Armstrong, Henry Smythe.

CATTLE.

Bull, 2 yrs old, Henry Robertson, Denis Hogan; do yearling, Wm Ray, Ralph M Norman; milch cow, Ralph M Norman, Daniel Lummiss sr; heifer 2 yrs old, Daniel Lummiss sr, John Armstrong; do yearling, Henry Robertson, John Armstrong; yoke working oxen, David Gunter, Wm Ray; do 3 yr old steers, Geo Morrell, John Davidson; do 2 yrs old, Henry Robinson, Michael Franks; do yearling, Jno Davidson, Denis Hogan; spring calf, bull, Henry Robinson, Michael Franks; do heifer, Henry, Robinson, Denis Hogan.

SHEEP.

Ram any age, Charles Donaldson, Henry Robinson; ram lamb, Henry Robinson, John Armstrong; pair ewes, Henry Robertson, John Armstrong; pair ewe lambs, Henry Robinson John Armstrong.

PIGS.

Boar over 1 yr, Henry B Gunter; do under 1 yr, Wm Lumb, Michael Franks; sow over 1 yr, David Potter, Wm Lumb; do under 1 yr, Wm Lumb, Michael Franks.

POULTRY.

Pair fowls, Wm Lumb, Geo Morrell; pair geese, Michael Franks; pair ducks, Michael Franks.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Fall wheat, Stephen Golding; spring do, Wm Ray, Geo Smythe; barley, Wm Ray, Wm Pelgram; rye, Wm Ray, Benj Lavender; oats Geo Smythe, Henry Smythe; peas small field, Wm Ray, Wm Lumb; timothy seed, Wm Ray, Charles Donaldson; white beans, small, Benj Lavender, Wm Ray.

ROOTS.

Potatoes, early rose, George Smythe, Jas Lummiss sr; do any sort, John Armstrong, Benj Lavender; turnips, Sweede, Henry Smythe, James Pine; do Aberdeen, Henry Smythe, James Pine; do any other sort, Wm Lumb; cabbage, white, Geo Smythe, Henry Smythe; cauliflowers, Geo Smythe; top seed onions, Wm Lumb, Wm Ray; multiplier do, Wm Pelgram; blood beet, Thomas Cuttle, Daniel Lummiss sr; white carrots, Daniel Lummiss sr; red do, Geo Smythe, Daniel Lummiss sr; squash, James Pine; pumpkins, James Pine; tomatoes, James Pine.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE.

Butter, roll, Benj Lavender, Geo Smythe; butter, tub, George Smythe, Benj Lavender; home-made fullcloth, Chas Murphy; home-made flannel, Wm Lumb, Benj Lavender; home-made bed quilt, patchwork, Henry B Gunter, R S Tivy; woollen yarn, B Lavender Chas Murphy; woollen mits, Thomas Cuttle, Benj Lavender; woollen socks, Benjamin Lavender, Chas Murphy; maple sugar, Thos. Cuttle.

LADIES' WORK.

Thos Cuttle, Benj Lavender, James Lummiss sr, R S Tivy, H B Gunter, D McKinnon, G Morrell, J Davidson.

FRUIT.

Apples, Stephen Golding, Wm Ray; crab apples, John Armstrong, R S Tivy.

SPECIAL.

Pair blankets, home-made, Chas Murphy; pair moccassins, James Pine; pair deerskin mits, James Pine; dressed deerskin, James Pine.

Servant Girl Wanted.

FOR general housework in small family. Apply at

THIS OFFICE.

ESTRAY STEER.

CAME into the premises of the undersigned lot No. 3, 9th con. of Huntingdon, on or about the latter end of June, a red 3 year old steer. The owner is requested, to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

WILLIAM WICKENS.
Huntingdon, Oct. 15th, 1883. 338-3w

FRESH OYSTERS

NOW ARRIVING.

Prices will decline as the season advances.

We are also receiving Fresh New Green and Dried Foreign Fruits, such as

FIGS, DATES, ALMERIA GRAPES, LEMONS, TARRAGONA ALMONDS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

We have a nice assortment of

CANNED GOODS;

suitable to our trade.

Also a fresh consignment of

Crawford's Pure Package Teas,

which are giving such good satisfaction to our customers.

Luncheons as usual.

S. A. DAVIS.
Madoc, Oct. 17, 1883.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENT VILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, October 22

At 8 o'clock.

LESTER O'HARA, Rec. Secretary

NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Wm. Rodgers, of the Township of Rawdon, Farmer:

THE creditors of the above named William Rodgers, who died on or about the 25th day of May, A. D. 1883, are notified to send by post prepaid to the undersigned at Madoc P. O., on or before the 8th day of November, A. D. 1883, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, the nature of their accounts and particulars of their security, if any; or in default thereof they will be excluded from participating in the said Estate according to the statute in that behalf.

Dated at Madoc this 6th day of October, 1883.

W. J. COONEY,
Executor the last will of William Rodgers.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

I WILL sell or lease 400 acres of deeded property, in the Township of Tudor, on the line of the C. O. R'y. There is pasture for 100 head of cattle on said property; 20 or 30 tons of hay can be cut yearly. There are 18 bushels of fall grain sown and is in good condition. All the cleared land is well fenced and watered. There is a large quantity of valuable timber, cedar, &c., and also good frame buildings on it. I would sell all or part to suit purchaser. Terms, part cash and balance in yearly instalments. Immediate possession given. Title indisputable. For further information apply to E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Madoc, Richard Farrell, Esq., Madoc, or to myself on the premises. All mineral rights go with the property.

MARY ANN NEWELLS.
Millbridge, May 18, '83. 318-6m

BOWEN & ELLIS

REMOVED! REMOVED!

—TO—

DALE'S BLOCK,

in the premises lately occupied by Peter Sinclair,

where will be found a larger and better assortment of

Groceries.
Crockery,
Glassware,
&c., &c.,

than we have heretofore shown in Madoc.

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOWEN & ELLIS.
Madoc, Sept. 4, 1883. 333.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

1883

NORTH HASTINGS!

WAREHOUSE.

I AM prepared to purchase all kinds of grain delivered at the North Hastings Warehouse, and for which the highest prices will be paid.

Mr. Alex. Miller is again engaged as warehouseman.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Aug. 14, 1883. 281.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

PONY

Flouring Mills,

MADOC.

THE undersigned having repaired the above mills, is prepared to do Gristing of all kinds on shortest possible notice, also to fill all orders for

Flour and Feed

of every description at the lowest possible prices.

Flour and Feed delivered to all parts of the village free of charge.

S. ROLLINS.

THERMOMETERS

Croquet, and

HAMMOCKS

—AT—

C. G. WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

MADOC, - ONT.

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. Office in the Victoria Block.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. E. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½ and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1879. 98

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

G. W. WALKER, L. D. S.

DENTAL - SURGEON.

OFFICE—Front Street, Belleville, directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week if possible before going, then you will be waited on as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

Belleville, Nov. 27, 1882. 293

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 22, on the Cross Estate in the Village of Madoc, south side of St. Lawrence street, containing half an acre of land, on which is a good frame house, 24x30, well finished, good frame barn, 12x18, and a good well of water. Terms to suit the purchaser. Possession given at any time. Apply to

JOSEPH MOXLEY,
Holloway P. O.
July 25th, 1883. 327-6m

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

FARM TO RENT.

SOUTH West ½ of Lot No. 5, 9th concession of Hungerford, containing 50 acres—all cleared. The farm is well watered, well fenced, and has good buildings. This is altogether a desirable place for any person requiring a small farm. Terms liberal. For further particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. HANIBEL.
Madoc, Oct. 14th, 1883. 338-3w

W. C. REID,

—DEALER IN—

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Flowers, &c., &c.

CENTERVILLE, - ONTARIO.

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally that he will call on them personally in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish stock at reduced rates on account of having his stock secured before the advance in prices, and is offering a few new and well tested varieties which he can recommend where hardiness is required.

Madoc, Sept. 25th, 1883. 325

THE SKELETON'S STORY.

Ride closer!

It is two miles ahead to the foot-hills—two miles of parched turf and rocky space. To the right—the left—behind, is the rolling prairie. This broad valley strikes the Sierra Nevades and stops as if a wall had been built across it.

What is it on the grass? a skull here—a rib there—bones scattered about as the wild beasts left them after the horrible feast. The clean-picked skull grins and stares—every bone and scattered look of hair has its story of tragedy. And what besides these relics? More bones—not scattered, but lying in heaps—a vertebræ with ribs attached—a fleshless skull bleaching under the summer sun. Wolves? Yes. Count the heaps of bones and you will find nearly a score. Open boats have been picked up at sea with neither life nor sign to betray their secret. Skeletons are found upon the prairie, but they tell a plain story to those who halt beside them. Let us listen:

Away off to the right you can see treetops. Away off to the left you can see the same sight. The skeleton is in line between the two points. He left one grove to ride to the other. To ride! Certainly; a mile away is the skeleton of a horse or mule. The beast fell and was left there. If he left the grove at noon he would have been within a mile of this spot at dusk. It is therefore plain that he did not leave until mid afternoon, or possibly at dusk. Signs of Indians may have driven him from his trapping-ground, or mayhap he had exhausted the game and was shifting to new fields.

It is months since that ride, and the trail has been obliterated. Were it otherwise, and you took it up from the spot where the skeleton horse now lies, you would find the last three or four miles made at a tremendous pace.

"Step! step! step!"

What is it? Darkness has gathered over mountain and prairie as the hunter jogs along over the broken ground. Overhead the countless stars look down upon him—around him is the pall of night. There was the patter of footsteps on the dry grass. He halts and peers around him, but the darkness is too deep for him to discover any cause for alarm.

"Patter! patter! patter!"

There it is again! It is not fifty yards from where he has last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon his victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space with a scream to unnerve the hardiest hunter.

"Wolves!" whispers the hunter as a howl suddenly breaks upon his ear.

Wolves! The gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin, and poor, and hungry, and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth that could crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet on the parched grass proves that he is surrounded.

Now the race begins. There is no shelter until the grove is reached. Instinct guides the horse, and horror lashes him with such a whip as human hand never wielded. Over space, through the gloom, almost as swift as an arrow sent by a strong hand, but a dark line follows. A line of wolves spreads out to the right and left, and gallops after—tongues out—eyes flashing—great flakes of foam flying back to blotch stone and grass and leave a trail to be followed by the cowardly coyotes.

Men ride thus only when life is the stake. A horse puts forth such speed only when terror follows close behind and causes every nerve to tighten like a wire drawn until the scratch of a finger makes it chord with a wail of despair. A pigeon could not skim this valley with such swiftness, and yet the wings of fate are abroad, and long and tireless. The line is there—aye! it is gaining! Inch by inch it creeps up, and the red eyes take on a more savage gleam as the hunter casts out to his horse and opens fire from his revolvers. A wolf falls on the right—a second on the left. Does the wind cease blowing because it meets a forest? The fall of one man in a mad mob simply increases the determination of the rest.

With a cry so full of the despair that wells up from the heart of the strong man when he gives up his struggle for life that a hunter almost believes a companion rides beside him, the horse staggers—recovers—plunges forward—falls to the earth. It was a glorious struggle, but he has lost.

The wings of the dark line oblique to the centre—there is a confused heap of snarling, fighting, maddened beasts, and the line rushes forward again. Saddle, bridle and blanket are in shreds—the horse a skeleton. And now the chase is after the hunter. He has half a mile the start, and as he runs the veins stand out, the muscles tighten, and he wonders at his own speed. Behind him are the gaunt bodies and the tireless legs. Closer, closer, and now he is going to face fate as a brave man should. He has halted. In an instant a circle is formed about him—a circle of red eyes, foaming mouths and yellow fangs which are to meet in his flesh.

There is an interval—a breathing spell. He looks up at the stars—out upon the night. It is his last hour, but there is no quaking—no crying out to the night to send him aid. As the wolves rest a flash blinds their eyes—a second—a third—and a fourth, and they give way before the man they had looked upon as their certain prey. But it is only for a moment. He sees them gathering for the rush, and firing his remaining bullets among them he seizes his long rifle by the barrel and braces to meet the shock. Even a savage would have admired the heroic fight he made for life. He sounds the warcry and whirls his weapon around him, and wolf after wolf falls disabled. He feels a strange exultation over the desperate combat, and as the pack give way before his mighty blows a gleam of hope springs up in his heart.

It is only for a moment; then the circle narrows. Each disabled beast is replaced by three which hunger for blood. There is a rush—a swirl—and the cry of despair is drowned in the chorus of snarls as the pack fight over the feast.

* * * * *

The gray of morning—the sunlight of noon-day—the stars of evening will look down upon grinning skull and whitening bones, and the wolf will return to crunch them again. Men will not bury them. They will look down upon them as we look, read the story as we read it, and ride away with a feeling that 'tis but another dark secret of the wonderful prairie.

RAVAGED BY A HURRICANE.

Towns Levelled, Lives Lost, and Ships Blown Out of the Sea.

Capt. G. O. Davis, who went so San Domingo last March from New York, had some remarkable experiences in the recent hurricane. He was in the port of Azua on a small schooner, which he had chartered and loaded with salt. "At 7 A. M.," he says, "the wind changed to south by east, blowing about sixty to eighty miles an hour. The sea rolled in with huge waves, breaking everything before it. We had two anchors out, which held us fast. A vessel that was near us was at last blown over. The Captain then called to me to come on deck. I had the barometer in my hand. It then marked 29.3, and was falling. I stood in the companionway, and the Captain and crew crouched under the railing, the wind being too strong for them to stand up. We were all waiting, when suddenly the Captain and crew plunged over the stern and into the sea. I clung to the tiller ropes and saw some of the crew struggling in the water, but only for a minute, when they were carried out of my sight. I saw the Captain and two sailors clinging to the standing rigging. Then a huge wave came and I was jerked from my position and pitched into the sea. The wind seemed to blow from all quarters. I was almost strangled and could not get into a position to strike out. Though I had heavy shoes on, I could not keep my feet down, but was whirled around on every crest of the waves. After a long struggle I at last reached land.

"I grabbed the roots of the trees at the water's edge and hung on with a death grip. It was impossible to stand, the wind was so strong; but, after lying where I was, about two hours, I managed to crawl under a cover, where I lay about six hours, too much exhausted to move. Toward evening some persons came with a mule to where I was lying. They placed me on the mule. We had six miles to go, and for three miles we waded through a lake of water up to the mule's back, with the rain pouring down in torrents. We at last reached the village of Azua, but what was once a dry brook was now a raging river. I was compelled to lie in an old building containing about thirty families whose homes had been blown to pieces. Out of our crew of seven the Captain, mate, and steward were drowned. All that remained of the schooner was a few pieces of timber that were washed ashore.

At least one-half of the village of Azua, which has a population of 6,000, was in ruins. All the small vessels off the coast had been destroyed, and there was no way of getting to the city of San Domingo, except by the use of horses. After delay I procured horses and a guide and started for the city, a ride of 100 miles. The first night we stopped at Acre. Here the sea had destroyed plantations, torn up the docks, and swept away every building in the place. Cattle were killed in large numbers, and the shore was strewn with dead fish. From Acre to Savana la Grande 30 miles, twenty-three bodies were washed ashore.

"Three days afterwards I arrived at San Domingo, and learned that all the shipping there had suffered severely. Of three brigantines which were laying outside on the fatal evening, nothing remained the following morning save a few spars and pieces of wreckage. The vessels had foundered and the crews had been drowned.

The brigantine Dauntless of Bangor, Me., Capt. Williams which had brought out a cargo of ice, and which had reloaded with sugar, honey, and wood, was destroyed and her crew of six men all drowned. Capt. William's life was saved by a remarkable accident. On the Saturday before the storm he went ashore, and upon starting to return to his vessel in a small boat the wind and current carried him below her. For three days he floated down the coast, finally making a landing and then crossing over to Barahona. He returned to San Domingo city by the English steamer to find that his vessel had been lost.

"A Spanish vessel which had recently arrived slipped her cables and managed to get out a few miles to sea, but this storm drove her back upon the coast, and her crew of ten men were lost.

"A Dutch vessel was also driven ashore and destroyed. Three of her crew climbed up the foremast, and when she struck the shore they were thrown on land. The others were drowned.

"An English steamer unloading sugar machinery at Palinca hoisted her anchor when the gale commenced and put to sea. The vessel labored so heavily that it was impossible to pick the anchor up, and it knocked two holes in her bow before the crew could cut the cham cable and let her go. The forward compartments filling with water, the hatches were blown off and the fire room was flooded. For two hours she lay in the trough of the sea, but finally the fire-hold was cleared and steam again raised. She was then kept with her head to the sea and was finally saved, though badly damaged. The machinery which the steamer had landed, together with thirty lighters was destroyed.

"The American schooner Henry Sommers, from Scarboro', Me., which was loading down the coast, was dashed to pieces and her crew drowned.

Products of the Hen.

The hen has in her ovaries, in round numbers, more than 600 egg germs, which develop gradually and are successfully laid. Of these 600 the hen will lay twenty in her first year; 135 in her second, and 114 in the third. In each one of the following four years the number of eggs will be diminished by 20, and in her ninth year she will lay at most 10 eggs. In order to obtain from them sufficient product to cover the expense of alimentation, they should not be allowed to live over four years.—*Annales de la Sociedad Odontologica, Havana.*

A black woman was brought before a magistrate for unmercifully beating her son a saddle-colored imp, and the Judge was delivering a reprimand, when the woman broke out with, "Judge, has you ebber been a parent to a wooffless yeller boy like dat ar cub of mine?" "Never," ejaculated the Judge with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk!",

SHOOTING HIS BROTHERS.

Dreadful Tragedy in the Mansion of an Old Kentucky Family.

At the old Rogers mansion on Indian Creek, near Blue Lick Springs, Robinson County, Ky., where 101 years ago ancestors of the family fought a bloody battle with the Indians, one of that old family shot two of his brothers, one of whom died, and the other, it was feared, after a few hours could not survive. The three brothers were Samuel G., William O., and Thomas. William O. Rogers is an attorney of St. Louis. Thomas is a farmer, and lived near the scene of the shooting, and Samuel who did the shooting, is President of the Farmers' Bank, in Carlisle. The father of these men, who died at an advanced age, willed his entire estate, which is large, and consists of lands, to Samuel G. and Robert Rogers, and cut off William and Thomas Rogers without a cent. Samuel G. Rogers was made administrator of the estate. The two brothers who were disinherited took legal measures to break the will, and to that end have been engaged several days in taking depositions. Their counsel was the County Common-wealth Attorney. Samuel and Robert employed as counsel Mr. Lytle of Carlisle. During these legal proceedings there have been frequent recriminations between the brothers leading almost to a conflict.

At noon, when seated in the old residence where some of the boys were born, Samuel drew his pistol in a wordy encounter and fired a shot which penetrated the clothing of one of the attorneys. In an instant everybody except the contestants rushed out of the room. The firing went on until Samuel's pistol was emptied. He then stepped out of the room and returned to Carlisle, where he was arrested. Dr. French of Cincinnati and Dr. Dill of Carlisle were called to the scene. The room in which the tragedy occured was small and uncarpeted. William O. Rogers lay on the floor, near the front door. The bone of his right leg was shivered, and there was a bullet hole through his abdomen from right to left. He died at 11 at night. Thomas Rogers received a shot in the right temple, which came out above the left eye, near the hair, and another shot in the left arm. He is still conscious, but his condition is very critical.

Samuel G. Rogers, who did the shooting, says that his brothers reached for their pistols before he began to shoot, but their attorney denies this, and says that they made no attempt to draw their pistols. Samuel Rogers was the only man who fired a shot, and he emptied his pistol. Each of the four Rogers brothers has a wife and children, and neither of them is under 40 years old. Samuel has the reputation of being a quiet man until aroused, and then it is unsafe to trifle with him. Great bitterness has been engendered between the brothers in this strife over the will of their father. The two who were cut off charged that the old man was in his dotage and had been unduly influenced. He died less than a year ago. Efforts to settle the case amicably have failed, and from the day of the funeral to the day of the tragedy the fewd between the brothers has increased.

What the Tobacco Money Bought.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colt's-foot, plantain leaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum and a little tobacco. You can't afford, my good brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life. A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.'" And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of $29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

An Explanation that Locked Something.

"Will you please tell me why you are standing on my toes?" asked a very polite gentleman of a colored citizen as they stood in a crowd listening to a humorous vender of patent soap.

"Sah?" remarked the negro.

"I ask will you please tell me why you are standing on my foot?"

"Yas, sah, certainly, sah. 'Cause yo' foot's un'er mine. Dat's right, sah, take it away. Ef it hurts yer so bad dose put it un'er dar no mo'."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

No Man No Objection.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, United States Senator from this State, remarks: "My opinion sir, I have no objection to giving. I suffered from rheumatism of the back, used some St. Jacobs Oil, which gave me instantaneous relief and finally cured me completely. I think it a remarkable remedy, indeed." His candid and courteous expression carries weight.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons has adopted, under act of Parliament, the boy musician, Henry Stephen Walker. Her husband, Captain Thomas Chanter, who changed his own name in order to preserve the distinguished name of his wife, prefixing his mother's name, Scott, is reported to be insane in an Australian asylum.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

(*Buffalo, N. Y. News.*)

One morning several years ago just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. This man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said:

"At time when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bones and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"Oh, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys, and travelling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same entirely harmless remedy. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

"So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin, do you?"

"None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"And do you never have any fear of some of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?"

"Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but oftener because they respect an officer who does his duty."

The policemen, firemen, letter carriers and other public employes in this country have a particularly trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such a man as Superintendent Thomas Curtin of Buffalo.

Matrimonymaniacs.

An Okokomee octogenarian, who is now a widower for the fifth time, is looking around for a new helpmate.

In Shelbyville, Ky., there is a widow who has buried four husbands, and now seems anxious to prepare another for the silent tomb.

A Chicago woman is now living happily with her third husband, the others having obtained divorce on the grounds of incompatibility of temper.

A Maine man secured a divorce from his wife because she made faces at him in the dark. He married again, and now wants to be separated from his second charmer on account of her proclivity for snoring in church.

A negro barber was arrested in the South, the other day, for having half dozen wives in as many different towns.

☞ Fashion is colossal. The three cornered shape of the Triangle Dye Package has become all the rage, completely throwing the old fashioned square one into the shade. Ask your druggist.

Out of sight, out of "mind"—a disobedient child.

ONE HUNDRED PERCHERON STALLIONS FOR CANADA.—Large numbers of Percheron stallions are being bought in the United States by Canadian breeders to renew the old French blood so highly prized, and also to give quality, style and action to the large English draft and Clydesdale stock which has been bred there so long. Nearly one hundred Percheron stallions have been sold to Canada during the past two years by M. W. Dunham, "Oaklawn Farm," Wayne, Illinois, the greatest importer of the French ranch, who has imported from France about 1,400 head. 300 have recently arrived at "Oaklawn."

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to like our friends in like manner.—*Cyrus.*

From MR. WILLIAM HOGARTH

Erindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 1883.

MY DEAR SUTHERLAND: Some two months since I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine" and the result is that I am now *free from pain*, and enjoy the *full use of my arm*. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles *relieved me*—the third bottle *freed me from all pain*.

WM. HOGARTH.

J. N. Sutherland, St. Catharines.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride,
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
—*Young.*

The well-known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaint. (26)

Whenever you command add your reasons for doing so. It is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery and sycophants of admiration of *fools.*—*Steele.*

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renovating tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months. (28)

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have as for those they affect to have.—*Charron.*

In the summer and the fall, the urchin climbs the garden wall,
For green apples, in his frolic;
He will eat his fill, till, very ill,
He's doubled up with Colic.
The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. (30)

The ordinary restaurant waiter measures all his customers from tip to tip.

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream,
There is naught to excel strawberries and cream.
Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints. (29)

Professor Alexander Graham Bell has added a large room to his Washington house for the daily reception of deaf-mutes, whom he will teach there the art of speech.

The fruit merchants strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints. (27)

Mr. Thomas Coris, an Englishman one hundred years old, and his wife of eighty, have just emigrated from Michigan to Washington Territory, where the old gentleman expects to find good shooting.

CORNS! CORNS! Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Poison & Co., Kingston, props.

The German Crown Prince and Princess are to occupy the Prince of Wales's Castle of Abergeldie this fall.

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$1 FOR WESTERN ADVERTISER, LONDON, from now to end of 1884. Magnificent premium. "BOOK OF PORTRAITS," only 50c extra—contains following chromo-lithographs, in five colors: Queen Victoria; the new Governor-General (Marquis of Lansdowne); Hon. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Hon. E. Blake; Sir John A. Macdonald; Hon. O. Mowat; Hon. Alex Mackenzie; Chester A. Arthur, President U. S. Biographical sketch of each. Agents wanted. Address—ADVERTISER PRINTING CO., London, Ont.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic, and War Items.—Paragraphs Long and Pithy.

It is reported that Chitral Thibetan and Afghanistan troops have been defeated by the Ghilzais.

A public meeting has been held at Neufchatel, to demand the expulsion of the Salvation Army.

The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs denies that a treaty has been entered into by Spain with Germany.

The Hungarian Prime Minister has proposed a plan for the settlement of the secut-chaun question in Croatia.

Fifteen hundred dollars has been received by O'Donnell from a New York committee appointed to raise funds for his defence.

The British Consul at Scutari, Alabama, was fired at while hunting recently. He was not hurt. The intended assassin escaped.

Owing to repeated anti-Jewish disorders in Ekaterinoslav and other districts of South Russia, martial law has been proclaimed therein.

From a dispatch from New York it would appear that the Democrats of America are generally in favor of the tariff question being opened.

It is reported that the man who bought the homestead of the noted Bender family of murderers has found $30,000 buried on the premises.

Rioting is reported to have again broken out at Canton, the natives considering the punishment inflicted on the tide-waiter not sufficiently severe.

The German Government is stated to have addressed a diplomatic note to France, protesting energetically against the hostile reception of King Alfonso.

The Bishop of Clonfert, at a meeting recently, asserted that millions of Catholics had been lost to the faith in America, and denounced State aided emigration.

A report comes from Ottawa that Col. Williams has made a formal complaint against Major General Luard, and that the matter is before the Privy Council.

A large Nihilist depot containing arms, dynamite, and other explosive materials has been discovered at Charkoff in connection with the numerous arrests of Russian officers.

Secretary Folger has decided that green plums are free of duty under the new tariff law. There is considerable trade in this fruit between Canada and the United States.

The matter of the exhumation of Shakespeare's remains has been settled. The city council of Stratford-upon-Avon has passed a resolution condemning any disturbance of the grave.

United Ireland, a League organ, states that an official intimately connected with the detection of crime in Dublin has been suspended. The cause of his suspension is likely to create a sensation.

An order has been issued regulating the traffic on the C.P.R. which prohibits the taking of any kind of a parcel into the passenger coaches, even a lunch basket being refused. There is no injunction restraining the size of the pockets.

All is quiet at Canton. Halphong advices state that 550 French troops under Colonels Bichot and Bedens started on the 29th ult. *via* Tonquin River for Bacninp. It is believed that an expedition left Hanoi at the same time for Bacninp.

A Church congress at Reading has discussed the proposed alterations in the marriage laws. Rev. Dr. Coleman, of Ohio, on behalf of the American Church, appealed to the Church of England to maintain the existing marriage laws.

Advice from Madagascar states that Makobe, commander of the Hovas, has offered rewards for the slaughter of the captain of any French man-of-war which shall wreck or burn any vessel. It is reported that the French garrisons at Tamatave and Majunga are virtually blockaded.

It is stated that the informers in the Phœnix park murder trials, who were not permitted to land at Melbourne, will go to India, where Carey decided to go until he was dissuaded by his wife. It is reported that Carey was offered a clerkship in the new barracks at Kurrachee.

It is stated that the Chamber of Deputies will have to judge between MM. Grevy and Ferry. If the Ministry carry the day President Grevy will issue a message and retire into private life. Some of the papers describe Deputy Antoine's arrest as an answer to the recent anti-German cries.

The steamer Melbourne arrived at Marseilles from New Caledonia with Joseph Smith, an informer in the Phœnix park murder trials, who was not permitted to land at Melbourne. Smith was recognized at Marseilles, when he suddenly left the vessel, it is believed taking passage for China.

Five hundred letters were deposited in the New York post-office recently for despatch to foreign countries, each being prepaid by a two-cent stamp, indicating that the public are under the impression that the foreign as well as the domestic rate of postage has been reduced. This is not the case, the foreign rate still being five cents.

The London *Times* has a report from an Upernavik correspondent of a Copenhagen journal that Greely, of the American Arctic expedition, was murdered by a mutinous crew. The report comes from Hans Hendrik, an Esquimaux with Dr. Nathorst. Hendrik states that he got the news from the Esquimaux at Cape York. The *Times* considers the report improbable, as Dr. Nathorst never mentioned it.

Alarming reports prevail that the Spanish Cabinet will demand of the French Government a public apology for the insults to the King, and that the German Government will make a diplomatic remonstrance at the indignities to which the King has been subjected. The Radicals violently attack Grevy and Ferry for the course they have pursued. The Cabinet is divided as to its policy.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever produces it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.—*Balguy.*

The Resuscitated Irishman.

A Galway gentleman was wont to tell the following humorous story of unexpected resuscitation: "That many people are buried alive, is beyond a doubt. I know an instance and I will relate to you, which I may say happened in my own establishment, for our gardeman, Jack Burke, was the subject of it. Jack had a dangerous illness—a fever, I think it was—and, to all appearance died. He was duly coffined, and as duly waked; and such a wake and funeral was never remembered in Galway; for Jack was a universal favorite, a character and a wag, and crowds came from far and near to the burying. The bewailing cries were so loud as the procession moved along the road, that they could be heard a mile off; and by the time they reached the churchyard, all were hoarse with crying. It is the custom in these parts to carry the coffin three times around the church, after which it is laid by the side of the open grave. All present sink upon their knees in prayer, the men reverently uncovering. The immediate relatives of the deceased close round the remains, and for some minutes there is total silence. The contrast between this death like hush and the loud cry of the funeral wail is striking, and the appearance of the motionless kneeling crowd very impressive.

"On the present occasion, the path round the church was rough and stony, and the ground uneven with graves; so that poor Jack, while being carried his three rounds, was badly jolted in his coffin.

"'A rousing leap we had to take, surely, when we came to Tom Grady's tombstone,' said one of the bearers afterwards. 'Enough to wake the dead, it was. We couldn't put our feet upon the new clean grave, and the dacent man not a week inside; so there was nothing else but to hop it.'

"Whether or not consciousness was jolted into Jack by this 'hop,' is uncertain; but certain it is that the dead silence customary after laying down the coffin was broken, not by the usual smothered sobs, but by vehement thumpings at the lid! It was quickly opened, and Jack sat up. After staring around with an air of comical bewilderment on his astonished friends, a great-coat was thrown over his graveclothes, and he was helped up on a jaunting-car, and in this plight driven home.

"The old woman who had been left behind to keep the house when all went to the funeral, and who was telling her beads over the kitchen fire, was nearly frightened out of her senses at the apparition. There was some difficulty in persuding her that it was Jack himself, and not his ghost, she saw.

"Meantime, Jack had drained a bowl of milk that was on the dresser, and now looked wildly about.

"'Is it wanting anything ye are, my poor fellow?' said his friends. 'Lie down now, and compose yerself. A drop of spirits, with a bit of nourishment and a stretch on the bed, will do ye good, after the start ye got, finding yourself—God save us!—in the coffin. There now, be aisy, do I'

"But Jack would not 'be aisy.' He kept glaring about him and searching for something; staggering here and there, looking behind doors and shutters, and peering into cupboards.

"'The saints be good to us!' whimpered the old woman; 'his mind is gone—gone with the fright. Masther, darlint, what ails ye? Is it the hunger, the long fast that's putting ye astray? Sit down, for the love of the blessed Vargin, and I'll fry you a shave of bacon, and mix a tumbler of punch in a second, to rise your poor heart and put life into you. Do now, avic?'

"'Arrah, will you get out of my way, and lave me alone,' cried Jack. 'It's my stick I'm looking for—my stick, for my wife, bad luck to her! when she comes home. And if I don't give her such a lambastin' as never mortal woman got before, my name isn't Jack Burke, that's all!—Look here?' he exclaimed, plucking at his shirt—which had seen better days—while he panted with rage and weakness. 'Six brand-new shirts, whole and sound as the day they left the weaver—without rent or tear, patch or darn—I left behind me; and look at the rags she dresses up my poor carcase in! making a fool of me in the coffin when I'm dead and gone, and bringing me to shame before the neighbors and the country. Ah! the stingy one! to grudge the dacent linen to the boy that owned her! Only let me catch a hold of her, and see if I don't make her four bones smart for it!'

"With much difficulty, poor Jack's wrath was calmed, and he was got to bed by his friends, Mrs. Jack in the meantime wisely keeping out of the way. He never forgave her the ragged shirt—to him, *the* feature in the affair.

"To 'make an appearance' at their burial is the ambition of the lowest orders of Irish. They will undergo privation, sooner than pawn or wear the sacred under-garment laid up to 'dress the corpse in.' Thus it was that the indignity to his remains was so paramount in Jack's mind, that ever after, it completely set in the background his narrow escape from the dreadful fate of being buried alive."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Double Duty for the Baggage Man.

The other day a woman shipped her husband's remains and a dog over the Central. At Albany she appeared at the door of the baggage car to see how they were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the baggage master, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh, he's comfortable," replied the baggage man.

"Anybody been sitting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," answered the baggage man.

"Does it seem cool enough in here for him?"

"For who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

"I think so," grinned the baggage master.

"Does the jolting appear to affect him any?"

"Affect who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"I don't believe it does."

"You'll keep an eye on him, won't you?" she asked, wiping a tear away.

"On who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

And having secured the baggage man's promise, she went back to her coach, apparently contented.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Another English Enoch Arden.

Upwards of twenty years ago a husbandman, a native of Cumberland, married a girl belonging to the county. The newly married couple went to reside with the bride's friends. The bridegroom, however, could not agree with them, and in the course of a few months he left his wife and went away, no one knew whither. The woman had reason to believe that her husband, after leaving her, took his passage in the ill-fated steamer *London*, which in the year 1866 foundered on her voyage to Australia. Seeing in the list of those who perished a name similar to that of her husband, the woman concluded he was dead. Shortly after her husband's departure she gave birth to a daughter, and the two lived together for a long time without any particular incident occurring to change the current of their daily life. After waiting for many years the woman married a miner residing in a village near Maryport, and the pair have since lived happily together. The daughter of the first husband is now married, and has gone to Newcastle to reside.

A few days ago the first husband made his appearance at the residence of a sister in Wigton, and to her he had stated that he had been for some time living in Newcastle. He then made enquiries respecting the wife he had left, and was surprised to hear that he had a married daughter living in Newcastle,—the very town that he had himself been residing in—and that the wife he had deserted was married again. His sister was unable, however, to give him the address of his daughter; and after waiting upon some of his relatives at Maryport—to whom he had announced his intention of searching for the daughter he had never seen—he proceeded to the residence of his wife, not far from the town, in order to obtain his daughter's address. The second husband was not at home when the wanderer made his visit, and the woman was in the house alone. He knocked at the door. When the woman opened it she failed to recognize him and asked him what he wanted. The man asked if she had a daughter alive, and if so, where she was living. The woman wished to know his reason for asking such a question, and inquired if he was any relative of her daughter's husband. "No," he replied, "I am a nearer relative than that."

The woman then invited him into the house, and gave him the address, which he put into his pocket and prepared to leave the house. As he was crossing the threshold he turned, and, looking her full in the face, said, "Well, Eliza, you have got married again, and I hope you will do well by your husband and live comfortably. I am your daughter's father."

The poor woman knew him then, and, almost fainting, cried in a thrilling tone, "Oh, Jim!" but before she could recover her composure he had walked away. He has since left the country.—*Maryport Advertiser.*

Thrashing a Prince.

One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter the Great's private chambers in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite minister of the Czar, approached, attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling on his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him, yet the young man would not move, but ordered his highness to step back.

"You fool," shouted the prince, "don't you know me?"

The recruit smiled and said,—

"Very well, your highness; but orders are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The prince, exasperated at the fellow's impudence, struck him a blow in the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you in."

Peter, in the room, hearing the noise outside, opened the door and enquired what it meant, and the prince told him. The Czar was amused, but said nothing at the time. In the evening however, he sent for the prince and the soldier. As they came together, Peter gave his own cane to the soldier, saying,—

"That man struck you in the morning; now you must return the blow to that fellow with my stick."

The prince was amazed.

"Your majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.

"But I'm an officer of your majesty's household," objected the prince.

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards and an officer of the household," said Peter.

"My rank, your majesty knows, is that of general," protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you may get may come from a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the czar, the recruit was next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Oroinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the imperial service of Russia.

A Circuit Loving Preacher.

A story is told of a Toledo, Ohio, preacher on a brother minister that will bear repeating. Recently a circus was in the city, and the ministerial curiosity was so awakened that an outside view of the stretch of canvas would not suffice. The minister had compunctions of conscience against the gratifications of what he fancied might be a questionable desire. However, his liberality of belief would permit of the children going and of their seeing all there was to be seen, provided they had some good-sized masculine protector with them. But, unfortunately for him, he had no children, and was, therefore—to use an unorthodox expression—"in a hole." Finally he hit upon a plan. He went to his brother preacher and tried to borrow his 5-year-old boy as a companion to the circus. But it wouldn't work, the preacher remarking: "I've waited a long time for my boy to get big enough to go to a circus, and now I want to use him myself."

All censure of others is oblique praise of self. It is uttered in order to show how much the speaker can bear. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.—*Addison.*

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The Monarch in His Rich and Luxurious Home.

Sacredness of the Young Man's Person.

The ruler of the 250,000,000 of which the Chinese nation probably consists is now within five years of his majority, and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartments in which lived the Emperor who preceded him on the Dragon Throne. There, says the North Carolina *Herald*, he eats with gold-tipped chopsticks of ivory. There he sleeps on a large Ningo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold, the same on which the noble-minded Emperors Ang Hsi and Chien Lung used to recline after the day's fatigue last century and the century before. Like one of these living Buddhas who may be seen in a lamasery on the Mongolian plateau, he is knelt to by all his attendants and honored as a god. There is this difference, that the respect felt for him is more profound than for them. The seclusion in which he is kept also is far more complete. The building in which the Emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the Ch'ien Ch'ing Meu in the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate, on the south side, is the great reception hall. When ministers of State and others enter for an audience, at four, five or six, in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the centre of the palace over half a mile if they enter by the east or west gate, and when they get on in years they can appreciate the Emperor's favor, which then by a decree allows them to be borne in a chair instead of walking.

SEVEN MAGNIFICENT COMPARTMENTS.

The rooms of the Emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan or k'ang, the peculiar institution of North China. The k'angs are covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions have all embroidered on them the dragon and the phœnix. Pretty things scattered through the rooms are endless in variety, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the Emperor. The rooms are all thirty yards long by from eight to nine yards deep, and are separated into three different apartments, the throne room being the middle one. Folding doors ten feet in height open into each of these apartments to the north and south in the centre of each. The upper part of these doors is in open work, in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. At the back, paper is pasted to admit light to the rooms. The front is ornamented with gilding, sculpture and varnish of various colors. These doors remain open even in winter, because during that season a thick embroidered curtain of damask is hung in the doorway, which by its weight keeps its place close to the door posts and prevents cold air from entering. In summer this is replaced by a curtain admitting the breeze on account of its being made of very thin stripes of bamboo. The silk threads used in sewing the stripes of bamboo together are of various colors, and passing through the whole texture of the curtain from the top to the bottom are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. Exit and entrance are effected on each side of these curtains by side doors. Along the whole front of thirty yards there is a covered flight of steps fifteen feet wide. The roof over this rests on two rows of pillars. The pillars shine with fresh vermilion, both within the rooms and on the steps outside, and are decorated with sculptured work, partly gilt and partly varnished. The Hoppo who lately returned from Canton gave the Emperor a present valued at $8,000. It consisted of chandeliers holding 500 wax candles each. His Majesty has also some electrical machines and numberless foreign curiosities.

HIS MOTHER AND HIS STUDIES.

The Emperor was vaccinated when an infant before his high dignity was thought of; otherwise it would have been difficult to vaccinate him, for his person being sacred when Emperor, no lancet can touch him. His mother, the Princess of Ch'un, who is a sister of the Empress of the West, will be raised to the rank of Empress Dowager when he is sixteen, and his father will also be made T'ai Shang Huang. At least this is to be expected by precedent, so that after three years we shall again have two empresses dowager, but in this case they will be sisters. The Princess, his mother goes in to see him once a month, and kneels when she first speaks to him, but rises afterward. His father does so too. The Emperor studies Chinese daily for an hour and a half, and Manchu also for an hour and a half. He spends two hours in archery and riding, and in winter amuses himself with sledging. He has a little brother of five, whom it may be hoped the mother takes with her when she goes to the palace. The teachers who instruct him kneel to him on entering, but afterward sit. The Emperor has eight eunuchs who constantly attend him, besides an indefinite number for special occasions. He has his meals alone, and the eight eunuchs wait round him, restraining him if he takes too much of any one thing. His schoolroom is at the back of the Yang Hsin Tien already described, and the hall for conference each morning with Ministers is a little to the east.

They are reckoning up the other stage stars who are to follow the example of Miss Fortescue, who is to marry Earl Cairn's son, and get married. Miss Vaughan, for instance, is to be married to a Col. Wolseley. Miss Violet Cameron, having rejected an Earl, has the refusal of a French Marquis. Miss Carr can have a director of the Bank of England if she chooses. Miss Chapman is engaged to a Major. Miss Hatheley has accepted a distinguished clergyman. These solid conquests are independent of the homage paid, not only to tragedy queens and stars of comedy, but fairies of burlesque and ladies of the ballet.

A concentrated solution of bichromate of potash and glue makes, it is said, a cement for repairing articles of broken glass which will resist boiling water. The cement is first carefully applied to the surface, and after the fractured parts are brought together the whole is exposed to the action of the sun.

Shut up for a season—The pepper box.

ALL SORTS.

An American Hamburger: Cincinnati.

The worse of ware—a careless servant.

A regular kidnapper—soothing syrup.

Funeral music should always be re-hearsed.

The Rev. Mr. Henn is a minister Georgia. Probably a lay preacher.

When a poor widow finds a load of wood left gratuitously at her door, she can conclude that she has struck a tender chord somewhere.

The total sporting capital of Scotland is estimated at about £12,000,000 sterling. The sporting rental of the shire of Inverness alone is estimated at £50,000 a year.

Fanny Davenport commenced her season Monday last at the Standard Theatre New York City, in Sardou's play of "Fedora." She is supported by a carefully selected company, and the stage settings and appointments are entirely new.

The Biddulph outrage seems destined not to be solitary. This time it is Grimsby, and the intended victim is a man of the name of Armstrong. Why any person should be punished with such malignant hatred and outrage is not easily accounted for. But the ways which are dark are many, and the human heart is often a queer affair. If those young fellows who have been taken up on suspicion are found to be the guilty parties, scarcely any punishment would be too severe for them.

What can we say about that story from St. Thomas wherein was finely illustrated the dangers, troubles and enjoyments of eating with one's hat on? Merely this, that if it is not true it ought to be, and to all appearances is. It is too absurd to have been imagined by the not over bright folks of the west. How the man in such circumstances could think that he had a case against the landlord is more than any ordinary person could divine. Anyone that will persist against all the usages of society in eating his dinner with his hat on, especially when ladies are present, deserves not only to have his chapeau kicked ignominiously down stairs, but be made to follow his head-gear in the same unceremonious order. Tate, man! What is the use of making yourself quite a donkey? To be sure it may be said in extenuation that he could not help it, on account of nature having been before him in the manufacture aforesaid.

DRINK IN SWITZERLAND.—The London *Times* of a recent date says:—"If Switzerland is to escape the scandal of grave financial dilemmas in various quarters, its communes, and perhaps its cantons also, must so far renounce their liberty of mortgaging their credit as to submit to ask first a Federal licence. The Confederacy in turn, if the Swiss people is to be emancipated from the terrible incubus of drink which is pressing it down, must agree to give back to the cantons a control of which by mere legal inadvertence can they have been deprived. These, however, are but two difficulties arising out of the necessary incongruities of Federal and State powers which the accident of circumstances has brought conspicuously to the surface. Switzerland may expect to encounter in the future other perplexities of a similar sort. Swiss citizens will be well advised to consider in time, and before they are directly upon them, how much sovereignty they can resign themselves to yield to the Union, and how much independence they are resolved to reserve for the cantons and the communes."

TOILET DRUNKENNESS.—Dr. Groussin, Paris, has a letter on the curious form of drunkenness which he mildly describes as toilet drunkenness. Those who by birth or fortune, or by a combination of both, belong to what we call the upper classes, are subject, like other mortals, to all the faults and vices inherent in our nature; but their respectable position, and the money at their disposal, enable them to throw over their bad habits a veil which the world in general cannot see through, and which even the doctor can hardly raise. A lady whom Dr. Groussin lately attended four times complained of giddiness, headache, difficulty in walking, and a want of accuracy in manual movements. Fearing apoplexy, he turned all his attention in that direction, and prescribed purgatives, mustard foot baths, and bicarbonate of soda to dilute the blood. He found by accident that this lady, otherwise excellent and kind to the poor, got drunk regularly four times a week on eau de Botot. She drank this water instead of using it to wash her mouth, and no one discovered it. Had she drunk wine, chartreuse, or cognac, her breath would have betrayed her to the least knowing person. Eau de Cologne and other toilet tinctures are used in the same way.—*London Medical Record.*

That Microscopic Wonder, the Baby Oyster.

Prof. H. Rice, employed to attend to experiments in fish-hatching, said, addressing a reporter:—"I will show you the proboscis of an oyster, something rarely seen except by scientists experimenting like myself. You see in this little bowl of water something that looks like a piece of thin scale, with a fragment of substance to it, all the size of a lady's finger-nail; well, that's an infant oyster, about a month old. I will now place it under the microscope, and you will then discover the proboscis."

In a moment the professor had adjusted the lens, and the reporter looked. He at once drew back in horror and grasped for the table. The professor smiled. Through the tubes of the microscope the reporter gazed again, into a wide sea wherein lay a hideous monster, and from its indescribable body there rose a great serpentine coil which swayed hither and thither as if searching for a victim.

"We are not certain of the functions of the proboscis yet, but think that, like an elephant's trunk, it is made use of to catch and pass the food to the mouth. When the oyster is 5 months old it loses its proboscis; that is, it is absorbed and becomes part of the lips."

"I have counted the pulsations of the heart," said the professor, "and it ran from thirty-five to fifty a minute; that of a full-grown oyster does not beat so fast. I will now show you its tentacles."

Again the lens was adjusted and the monster examined, and from its sides stretched away out into the sea were a number of long arms, but without hands or fingers, and the monster kept stretching them out and pulling them in.—*New York Journal.*

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 25, 1883.

SCHOOL READERS.

The choice of School Readers made on Friday last, at the close of the N. H. T. A. session, by the conference of Schol Trustees and Teachers will, we feel assured, commend itself to the sound judgement of the people of North Hastings. The longer the Royal Canadian Readers are used the more, we firmly believe, will their great superiority, *as school books*, over their rivals be seen. They are not an adaptation of any old country or American series, but Canadian as to their publishers, editors, artists, engravers, paper-makers, printers and binders. The Gage and Royal Readers are Scotch books which have been subjected to a so-called adaptation for Canadian schools. The former are printed near Boston, Mass., and the latter are Scotch in everything but editing. At present they are, we believe, being printed in Toronto, but on plates imported from Scotland. Has our much-lauded school system in the forty years of its existence not been able to fit the people of Ontario for the preparation of their own School Readers? If not, then verily it and its originators, nurses and guardians have been much over-praised, or the youth upon whom it has had to operate has been afflicted with a marvellous crassness.

At the conference were prominent School Trustees from various parts of Rawdon, Huntingdon, Marmora, Elzevir and Madoc, (township and village), and teachers from almost all the schools of these municipalities.

On the return from Europe of the Minister of Education we hope these books will be authorized. Why authorization has so long been withheld is a question that we, who desire to believe that neither favouritism nor party politics influence educational decisions, have no wish at present to discuss. Assuredly their merits, as school books, are superior to the two series which have been authorized. *That* no unprejudiced jury of educational experts would deny. As literary scrap books, the Royal Readers are superior, but their size, grading, lack of aids to teacher and pupil, and the superabundance in them of fairy tale literature are demerits that cannot be hidden. The Royal Primer, so far as the plan upon which it is constructed is concerned, would appear to have been exhumed from some bed of fossil school book remains. Like stone axes and arrows, such a plan has likely done good service but, with them, it should be relegated to the museum. Of Gage's Readers we desire now to say nothing. They have been criticized so unmercifully by more eminent authorities than we are that the task is needless. Of our estimate of them our readers are not ignorant.

We regret that the full report of the Teachers' Association meeting has not been sent us in time for this issue.

Canada's New Governor General, the Marquis of Lansdowne, arrived a few days ago, and was sworn in at Quebec. He was met by Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise, who leave Canada this week.

The vicegal party in full are as follows:- The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lord Kerry, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, Lady Beatrice Fitzmaurice and governess, Hon. H. Anson, A.D.C., Lady Florence Anson, H. Stratfield, Mr. A.J.Galpin, and servants in attendance upon his Lordship and suite.

Mr. J. C. Huyck, of Lot No. 8 in the 9th Con. of Hungerford, tile drained a field on his lot eight years ago. He has cropped it regularly since till two years ago, when he seeded it down and had it in a meadow for the two years. On the 17th of May he began to pasture it with 13 cows, 5 head of young cattle and 5 horses. On or about the 10th day of Aug. he found the grass so rank that he determined to mow it, which he did and took off the field fifteen large loads of good timothy and red top hay. Who can beat this?

A lamp exploded last Monday evening in Mr. John Loft's house on the Tyendinaga Reserve. Mr. Loft, his wife and child were all severely burned, and bed clothes, window curtains and everything in the room was destroyed, and it was only by great exertions that Mr. Loft succeeded in saving his house.

Railway Extension to the North.

The Scheme Properly Launched.

A meeting of the subscribers to the above scheme was held in this village on Monday evening, at Curry's hotel.

After some discussion on the project an Executive was appointed, composed of Messrs. John Bell, Solicitor G. T. R.; Thos. Kelso, Director Midland R.; A. F. Wood, M. P. P. for North Hastings; E. D. O'Flynn, Warden County of Hastings; Alex. Brown, Railway Contractor, Belleville; G. D. Dickson, Alderman, Belleville; and J. S. Loomis M. D., Madoc. Thos. Kelso was afterwards made chairman of committee, and E. D. O'Flynn secretary and treasurer.

The staff to assist Mr. Daly, the engineer, was completed, and instructions given to Mr. A. B. Ross to take the necessary steps to assist Mr. Daly in the survey, location, and report of the preliminary survey.

Work is to be pushed with all possible speed on the route, and the expressed intention is to make the present extension but a part of the connecting link between Belleville and the Canada Pacific.

There is no time evidently to be lost if the report is to be in time for Parliament.

Yellow fever is spreading in Texas and Mexico, and the distress is fearful in several cities.

A despatch from St. Petersburg states that a large number of Russian military and naval officers have been arrested on a charge of being implicated in Nihilist conspiracies. The cases are so numerous that a special commission of inquiry has been appointed to try them.

—A fine grade of Blacksmiths' Coal at White's Agricultural Works. We will not be undersold.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per bbl	$5 25	to	$5 50
Wheat, per bushel	0 95	to	1 00
Rye, "	0 50	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Barley, "	0 60	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 70
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 14	to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 00
Wool, per lb	0 00	to	0 20
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, "	0 00	to	0 00
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 26
Eggs, per doz	0 17	to	0 20
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to	5 00
Sheepskins	0 50	to	0 60
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 20

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$20 REWARD.

THE above reward will be paid for such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the parties who, on or about the 18th of this month, stole, from my house, 12½ yards cardinal velveteen and a small black valise containing two lace ties and other articles.

SYLVANUS MILLETT.

Madoc, Oct. 22, '83. 339-1w

325 Acres. FONTHILL NURSERIES. 325 Acres.

The largest in the Dominion.

Salesmen Wanted

Steady employment, salaries to all willing to work. MEN AND WOMEN can have pleasant

Work the Year Round

Good Agents are earning from $3 to $75 per month and expenses. Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON, Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

VOTERS' LIST, 1883.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF DUNGANNON & FARADAY, COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, in Faraday, on the 20th day of Oct., 1883, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediat proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

A. C. BARKER, Clerk of said Municipality.

L'Amable, Oct. 20, 1883.

Holloway's Pills can be confidently recommended as a domestic remedy for the ailments of all classes and conditions of people. Young and old of both sexes may take this medicine with the certainty of deriving benefit from its use, when disorder or disease is making them miserable. Holloway's Pills are unrivalled for their purifying, aperient, and strengthening properties. They remove indigestion, palpitation, and headache, and are specially serviceable in complaints peculiar to females. Each box is wrapped with printed instructions for the guidance of invalids who will readily understand, from carefully studying them, the best way of recovering health. Holloway's Pills will work a thorough change in the constitutions of the weak and nervous.

Just Received

RUBBERS,
OVER-SHOES,
SHOEPACKS,
MOCCASSINS,
—ALSO—
FELT BOOTS,
and RUBBER BOOTS,
—AT—

THOS. ROBERTS'

BOOT and SHOE STORE.

Madoc, Oct. 15, 1883. 332.

In the High Court of Justice.

(CHANCERY DIVISION.

SEXSMITH vs. WICKHAM.

PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause the creditors of Stephen Vandewaters, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died in or about the month of September, 1872, are on or before the 3rd day of November, 1883, to send by post prepaid to D. H. Preston, of the town of Napanee, the Solicitor for the plaintiff herein, their christian and surnames, addresses, and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their account and nature of the surities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers in Shire Hall, in the city of Belleville, on the 6th day of November, '83, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1883.

(Signed) S. S. LAZIER,
338-3w Local Master, Belleville.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating pier and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head of upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS must accompany the Tender, which sum will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 26th Sept., 1883. 336td

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

Early Closing!

We the undersigned Merchants of the Village of Madoc, do bind ourselves to close our respective places of business at 7 P. M.,

From Nov. 1st, 1883, to May 1st, 1884.

SATURDAYS EXCEPTED.

THOMAS CROSS, D. C. CLARKE,
THOMAS ROBERTS, JOHN DALE & SON,
JOHN ROBERTSON, O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
W. H. ATKINS, M. McLEAN,
SYDMER ROSS & CO., G. A. ROLLINS,
R. R. CASEMENT & CO.,

MADOC, October, 25th, 1883. 339

HARDWARE. - HARDWARE.

We have the following Brands of Axes and Saws in stock at lowest prices:

AXES.

CHOPPERS' TRUST,
SOLID STEEL,
SILVER STEEL,
BLACK PRINCE,
BURRELL'S DIFFERENT BRANDS,
BROAD AXES.

SAWS.

LANCE SAWS,
SHIRLEY & DIETRICH,
MAPLE LEAF,
SMITH'S CHAMPION.

Also a full stock of all other Lumbermen's supplies.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Madoc, Oct. 25, 1883.

Wood Yard.

The undersigned beg to inform the public that they have opened a

WOOD YARD IN MADOC VILLAGE

and will keep on hand a full supply of

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Hardwood, dry, $3.50 per Cord.
Softwood, " 2.50 "

All kinds of wood bought and sold. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. Yard on St. Lawrence street.

Lester McTaggart and John G. Reed, Proprietors.

Madoc, Oct. 15th, 1883.

BUFFALO ROBES! BUFFALO ROBES!

A large stock just to hand at

BOTTOM PRICES. EXAMINE THEM.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Madoc, Oct. 16, 1883.

THE BIG T POT SIGN.

J. A. CHAMBERS,

(SUCCESSOR TO CHAMBERS & McKINNEY.)

Has removed to the

O'FLYNN BLOCK,

NEXT DOOR TO R. R. CASEMENT & CO'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Where will be found a NEW and choice stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY. GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,

also a fine assortment of

FANCY | CHINA | WARE,

including the latest designs in matched Cups and Saucers. Call and see my stock before purchasing.

J. A. CHAMBERS.

Madoc, Oct. 11th, 1883. 337

Millinery. - FALL. - Millinery.

We are showing a complete and splendid assortment of

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS,

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ETC.,

of the latest New York, London, and Paris styles and designs. Our stock will be complete in all departments with the choicest goods ever shown in Madoc.

Madoc, October 8th 1883.

M. McLEAN.

329

Latest Local News.

The Rifle.

The 49th Rifle Association matches will be held in Belleville on Thursday and Friday, November 1st and 2nd. This may be interesting to some of the good shots in No. 4 Company.

—As J. DALE & SON get their Coal Oil by the car load they are prepared to give low rates by the barrel. 329

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday, November 8th, has been appointed a day of general thanksgiving through out the Dominion to the Almighty, for the bounties and blessing of the past year. The usual appropriate services will no doubt be held.

—Parties in want of Heating Stoves should call at White's Agricultural Works and see "Hazelwood" —the finest box stove in town.

Methodist Incorporation.

The *Canada Gazette* contains a notice that an application will be made at the coming session of Parliament for an Act to incorporate the Methodist Church on the basis of union adopted by the Methodist denominations at the Belleville Conference.

—Call and see "Hazelwood," she's a beauty.

Changed Hands.

On Monday the Windsor House in this village changed hands, Mr. Jacob Acker of Stirling, assuming control as proprietor, Mr. George Conley stepping out. Mr. Acker seems to be a pushing, energetic sort of fellow, having been in the same business at Chisholm's Rapids some years ago, and no doubt the Windsor will be successful under his management. We do not know what will become of Mr. Conley now; probably, as he himself says, "he will climb a tree."

—A full stock of Goss Rollers at reduced prices at J. DALE & SON'S.

New Mining Co.

The Victoria Gold Mining Company (limited) with a capital stock of 500,000 shares of $1 each, has been incorporated. The objects of incorporation are the acquiring divers parcels of land in the County of Hastings, in the Province of Ontario, on which there is supposed to be gold and other minerals. The incorporators are Frederick William Gray, mining expert; Samuel Ackerman, trader; Basellius Trusisch, miner; Richard Cornell, gentleman; and Edward Harrison, stationer, all of Belleville.

—For fine finish and general appearance "Hazelwood" has no equal.

Special Sermon.

Last Sunday evening Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., preached a special sermon to young men, in the Methodist Church in this village. The church was crowded. The discourse was a very interesting and able one, the speaker dwelling principally on the evil that a young man can do, but at the same time tendering his hearers some wholesome advice, which if heeded would soon elevate the characters of some of our young men. Next Sabbath ev'g the rev. gentleman will continue the theme by showing the good the young men can do.

—Six pounds of Tea Dust for $1.00 at JOHN DALE & SON'S.

The Gatling Mine.

To-day and to-morrow the first ore under the new management will be put through the mills at the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Coy's works, at Deloro. On Friday the new lessees, Messrs. Stevens, Newbury, and Rothwell, will make a thorough personal examination of the whole works. We are informed that the prospects of this property never looked more encouraging. We hope the brightest anticipations of the new lessees may be more than realized. The mine will be in complete operation in two or three weeks.

—A thing of beauty is a joy forever. See a "Hazelwood" at White's Agricultural Works.

—We have a very fine selected Japan Tea, put up in Japan in 1 lb. papers, at 35c. per pound. Extra value. JOHN DALE & SON.

Ontario & Quebec R. R.

The Road to be Opened for Traffic by the New Year.

"Our instructions are to spare neither men nor money to get the road ready for traffic," is what a foreman on the Ontario & Quebec railway, who had just walked up from Crookston, said to a REVIEW representative yesterday afternoon. From what we could learn such indeed would seem to be a fact. During the past few weeks the work has been going on with almost incredible speed. Yesterday the track was laid past Crookston, and by Saturday night the gang will be at Tweed. Track-laying was commenced a few weeks ago simultaneously at four points between Toronto and Perth, and the work pushed in all directions. The contracts for the stations all along the line have been let, the buildings to be completed by February 1st, next. As soon as the rails are connected at the different points of starting the line will be fairly flooded with ballast trains, so that the finishing touches will be put on with a rush. In a few months we may therefore expect to be able to make connections at Crookston for Toronto, Ottawa, and even Montreal.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

We have had a very backward harvest here—fully four weeks later than usual. The oats in particular seemed as though they would never ripen, and many of the settlers cut them green.

A new bridge has been built at Deer river, and the Hastings Road in its neighborhood repaired. Mr. D. Kavanagh had the overseeing of the work and as usual made an excellent job of it. He afterwards built a new bridge at Maynooth, and another at Lake Bettlement.

On the east side of the municipality, beyond Bronson, the bridge crossing the York river has had a new covering and fresh piers put in, at an expense of $350; and a long stretch of about seven miles on the Carlow road, has been thoroughly repaired at an expense of $650, under the superintendence of Mr. F. Mullett, who has done the work exceedingly well. This piece of road was in a wretched state and impassible for teams, so that the settlers were completely shut out from both here and Madoc, and had to go east for both milling and trading purposes.

October 10th, the Dungannon and Faraday Agricultural Exhibition was held at L'Amable, and also for the first time, a cattle fair. Unfortunately the morning was wet but a large number were present. There was a good show of cattle, and a most excellent one of horses.

A. F. Wood, Esq., our member for the local house, was present, and in the evening addressed a large meeting at Jarman's relative to the extension of the B. & N. H. R'y to Bancroft, via. L'Amable. In a lengthy and excellent speech he touched rapidly on the many benefits to be derived by the back country from a railway running through it, the development of its mineral and other wealth, increase of population, and also of the value of property. In conclusion Mr. Wood stated that a preliminary exploring survey would at once be made, and although nearly all the funds required for that purpose had been subscribed, he still thought that the inhabitants here should give their mite, if only to show their appreciation of the importance of the railway to this section of the country.

Messrs. F. Mullett, J. R. Tait, H. W. Jarman, and D. Kavanagh, who acted as chairman, also addressed the meeting, each putting down their names for $25. A subscription list was afterwards opened at Jarman's.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Oct. 19th, 1883.

—A nice stock of Scotch Tweeds—our own direct importation. JOHN DALE & SON.

Married.

VANCOTT—THRASHER.—At Moon's Hotel, Madoc, on Tuesday, October 23rd, by the Rev. F. McAmmond, B. A., Mr. Gilbert Vancott of Thurlow, to Miss Alberta Thrasher, of Bloomfield, P.E. Co.

Everythings.

—When are we to have Indian summer?

—A new store will be opened in this village in a few days.

—The Marmora Brass Band is said to be making fine progress.

—A train went over the T. & O. R. to Bridgewater one day last week.

—Remember the free fair in this village on the 6th prox.—a week from next Tuesday.

—Dr. Loomis has commenced the foundation for some fine improvements to his residence.

—A new clothing store, the Great Western, will be opened in Mrs. Wright's block on Saturday next, 27th inst. See bills.

—Mr. James Whytock arrived home last night from his trip to Scotland. He looks as though it had agreed with him.

—Samuel Cuddy is now running an opposition stage to Flinton, leaving Madoc Saturdays and Wednesdays.

—Bear hunts are becoming quite a sport in the township of Rawdon. Two or three have been killed there lately.

—Belleville is making a bid for the next Provincial Exhibition. They ought to have it and we hope they may get it.

—The temperance lecture last Thursday was not very well attended. The temperance question is not very prominent around Madoc just now.

—We regret to learn that Prof. Bell, of Belleville, has been seriously ill for some days past, but we hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

—Madoc may expect a visit from some members of the Salvation Army almost any day. If they decided to establish a barracks here they would no doubt get quite a following of shouting lads and lasses.

—The Grand Trunk has withdrawn its fast train between Toronto and Montreal. The people of Toronto, however, expect to see a very fast service east when the Ontario & Quebec is running after New Year.

—We are informed that while hunting in the northern townships a few days ago with some others, Mr. John McGregor had his hounds, a canoe, and some other articles stolen. It would be a cold day for the parties if John caught them at such work.

—Messrs. Weiss, Maybee and Sinclair returned from the happy hunting grounds of the north last Saturday, laden with contentment if not with spoils. They report having had a glorious time—having had all the game they could eat if nothing more. They will go again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—There is one thing I would like to impress on the minds of those who have the locating of the North Hastings R'y, and that is, if they don't have it pass nearer to Millbridge than the C. O. R'y, they will lose all the travel and freight of almost all of the township of Tudor. As far as I can learn the chief object of extending the N. H. R'y is to take the trade of the back country to Madoc and Belleville; then the parties interested in the welfare of those places ought to see that the extension is so located as to best carry out the object for which it is to be built.

Yours truly,

M.

Tudor, Oct. 22, '83.

—The Diamond Dyes and all Aniline Dyes cheaper than ever at Deans' Drug Store.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING" is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest & best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25c a bottle

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

:OXO:

NEW TINSHOP!

Stoves and Tinware,

House Furnishings & Hardware,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS and PUTTY.

Please give me a call.

(3 DOORS NORTH OF MRS. WRIGHT'S.)

WRIGHT'S

Grocery, Provision, Wine & Liquor STORE,

Established by the late Andrew Wright, in 1858, and now carried on by Mrs. Wright, on the premises, in Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of first-class

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS.

—FRUITS IN SEASON.—

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Ales and Porter!

of the best brands imported direct from the manufacturers, also

—CROCKERY, | GLASSWARE, | &C.—

Wholesale and Retail at Lowest Cash Prices.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, June 7th, 1883.

BEST VALUE IN

AXES,

AXE HANDLES,

BUCKSAWS,

CROSS-CUT SAWS,

and all other seasonable Hardware.

SPECIAL VALUE IN

STOVES, STOVE PIPES,

DRUM STOVES and TINWARE.

FULL LINES OF

PAINTS AND OILS,

STOVE & BLACKSMITH COAL.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

New Tailor

—AT—

"THE RIGHT HOUSE."

SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENT

NEXT WEEK.

D. C. CLARKE.

STELLA:

OR, AT CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THROUGH THE FOLDING DOORS.

When Sir Edgar Dyson had discovered, upon his return to Barfield, that Lily Finch had been already spirited away, he had been very much disturbed indeed. There had been a yearning to see her once more in his heart, that not all the duties of his new relations towards Lady Honoria had been able to quench; and there had also been misgivings in his own mind as to whether he had not possibly been too ready to misjudge and to think evil of her.

Lily's illness had softened his heart towards her, and he longed intensely to see with his own eyes that she was better, to hold her soft hand within his own, to look into her gentle eyes, and to say to her just once—"Forgive me—if I have wronged you."

But all this was seemingly to be denied him. When he came back to Barfield, Lily was gone, and he could not find out from his mother where she had been taken to.

"She has gone to friends at the seaside—I really cannot tell you where," was all that Lady Dyson would tell him, and she said it in a manner that made him fancy she knew no more than he did himself of her whereabouts. "It was the best thing in the world for her to have a thorough change of air. Of course she will come back to me by and by, when she is strong enough to resume her work."

"But, my dear mother, have you not provided for her at all—how is she to live?"

"Oh, of course I have given her plenty of money—she will not have to be a burden upon anybody," and that was all the information that he could extract from Lady Dyson.

In his perplexity Sir Edgar even rode over to Wrenham, and asked Mrs. Finch, who was a person he cordially detested, for news of her daughter.

"She has gone to the sea, was that lady's answer. "I really haven't troubled myself much about it. I suppose Lady Dyson knows where she is, as she has been kind enough to send her—you know I never correspond much with Lily—it is somewhere in Essex, I believe."

Mrs. Finch possibly knew more than she chose to say, but she was too clever to impart the desired information. She had not forgotten that Lily had been once what she called "foolish" about Sir Edgar; and now that he was engaged to be married to Lady Honoria Rosett, of what possible interest could Lily Finch's movements be to him? She had always hated the Dysons, and to encourage the baronet's empty and meaningless attentions to her daughter, would be, she considered, worse than useless. There was one more person whom Sir Edgar consulted concerning Miss Finch, and that was his own brother. With a strange pang of anxiety at his heart he spoke to Walter about her.

"Walter, do you know—surely you do know—where Miss Finch is gone?"

"I! My dear fellow, I assure you I have not the remotest idea! Look here, Edgar, you have run your head against this idea until you have gone insane upon it. I give you my word that I have no more to do with the girl than—than you have—not so much probably!—don't look so savage, old man, I'm only joking! I dare say we both of us made a little love to the pretty governess, just for the sake of something to do; but upon my word of honor, she is nothing at all to me. Good Heavens! I have got my hands full enough as it is—if you only knew!——"

But Sir Edgar was too much absorbed in his own troubles to remark the significant manner in which Walter disclaimed all knowledge of Lily's doings. He was annoyed with his brother for speaking of her so lightly, and yet he could not but believe in his earnest asseverations.

"I have been a madman," he said to himself, bitterly. I have wrecked my own happiness, and possibly hers too, because I judged her too hastily, and condemned her without giving her a chance of self-defence. But still, she had no business to allow Walter to kiss her—a woman cannot be quite true and pure who permits a man to embrace her, even in sport."

But though he blamed her still, he blamed himself far more, and was very unhappy.

It was not possible for him to do anything else—he could not in conscience set himself to work to trace Lily Finch and to pursue her. The scandal for her and for Lady Honoria, whom he deeply respected and sincerely liked, would have been too great.

Then Lady Honoria went to Sandyport to get rid of her cold, and there came the news of her sprained ankle, and then the letter from her which summoned him to her side, and with it—at last—the information which he had been seeking for concerning Lily Finch.

As to Lily, she only heard the news of Sir Edgar's advent from Lady Honoria's lips upon the same day that he came. She was sitting by the couch of the invalid, doing her best to amuse her, and to vary the dullness and monotony which she complained of, when Lady Honoria said suddenly to her:

"Who do you suppose is coming here today, by the very next train?"

"I cannot tell, Lady Honoria," answered Lily, smiling.

"Guess, then."

"Lord Alchester."

"Oh, dear, no; the last person in the world who would come."

"Lady Dyson, perhaps."

"No; try once more."

And then Lily bent her head very low, and her heart throbbed rapidly and painfully.

"Perhaps it is Sir Edgar."

"Yes, you have guessed it. Fancy Sir Edgar coming to a fearful place like Sandyport!"—none of the Norton family, it may be mentioned, were present—"Is it not devoted of him to subject himself to such a fearful boredom just to come and see me?"

"It is natural he should wish to see you," murmured Lily.

"No, I don't think it is natural at all for a man to condemn himself to the discomforts of a second-rate country inn, and to the intense stupidity of the most dead-alive little seaside town in the world, merely to see a woman whom in course of time he would be able to see with perfect comfort and convenience to himself. Men are not so fond of putting themselves out, and of giving up their own creature-comforts, I can tell you, Miss Finch. But then, perhaps you don't know so much about them as I do—and lucky for you that you don't. Why! what are you getting up for? You are not going away so soon, are you?"

"I'm afraid I must, Lady Honoria."

She had risen, and was putting on her hat and gloves.

"Oh! do stay a little longer. If you wait you will see Sir Edgar—and he must be here in less than half an hour now. Oh! do stay to see him. I believe you are rather a favorite of his, Miss Finch—he told me so one day; now do stop a little longer to see him.

"I—I have some letters to write—indeed I must go," stammered poor Lily, and made her escape as quickly as she could from Lady Honoria's well-meant and good-natured entreaties.

What a relief it was to the poor child to be out-of-doors, away from the good natured, handsome woman, whose unconscious tongue inflicted such terrible stabs upon her poor, wounded heart—how glad she was to feel the cool sea-breezes blowing upon her cheeks, and to smell the fresh, salt spray as it dashed up against the sea wall! The tears that in Lady Honoria's presence she had been forced to drive back and to hide, welled freely up into her eyes now she was alone. Oh! how bitter it was to hear him spoken about by her happy and successful rival! to witness her contented approbation of him! and worse still, to listen to the idle words of commendation of herself that he had spoken to her!

She was "a favorite of Sir Edgar's," so he had told Lady Honoria. Oh! how could he speak of her so—how could he, who had so often sworn eternal love and devotion to her, even mention her name to this other woman, who was to be his wife! Oh it was hard—very hard to bear!

And yet, deep down at the very bottom of her heart, there was a great gush of guilty gladness. He was coming again—and she would see him again—he would speak to her kindly and gently, perhaps—would tell her he forgave her—and though she would never be able, probably, to explain to him how terribly he had mistaken her in deeming her guilty for the unmanly persecution of his own brother—yet if he were only to say, "I forgive you," would not that be comfort enough to brighten her life through many of the long, dismal, unlovely years that spread themselves out gloomily and drearily before her.

"Oh! I wish I had died when I was so ill!" said the poor child, miserably, to herself, as she sought the seclusion of her dull-looking lodgings.

And here, when she knew that the train must have arrived, and Sir Edgar actually be in Sandyport, Lily Finch felt strongly inclined at first to lock herself up in her bedroom.

But during the course of the afternoon, a little note came to the lodging-house by the sea from the Rectory. It was an invitation to Miss Finch to come to dinner that very evening.

"Mamma hopes you will come," wrote Marian Norton, "as Sir Edgar will be here, and Lady Honoria thinks he will like to meet you."

Lily had not the strength of mind to decline this invitation; she sent back word that she would go.

Now, the back drawing-room of the Rectory had been for the last two days transformed, by the kindness of her hostess, into Lady Honoria's bed-chamber. In this way she could, with the help of her maid and a strong crutch-stick of the Rector's, hobble backwards and forwards from her room to her sofa by the window, without the pain and fatigue of going up-stairs.

Accordingly, on this particular evening, when Sir Edgar, who had been sitting with her for an hour or so in the afternoon, had gone away to the inn again, in order to dress for dinner, Lady Honoria also retired through the folding-doors into the inner-room, to make sundry changes in her toilet for dinner.

The maid, a Frenchwoman whose fashionable appearance had filled the minds of the sober Rectory servants with astonishment mingled with awe, was desired to re-dress her mistress' abundant dark locks, which, from lying down all day among her sofa-cushions, had become extremely disordered and untidy. Then, of course, it is a difficult and tedious operation to dress a lady who is unable to put her foot to the ground; and also, there was the injured limb to be bathed and bandaged; so that altogether Lady Honoria was a very long time indeed over her dressing.

Before, indeed, it was half completed, Lily Finch, arriving quite punctually, was shown into the adjoining room, and neither she nor Lady Honoria perceived, what the latter became aware of soon after, that the folding-door was not quite closed between the two rooms.

Lily sat quite quietly by herself in the bow-window, looking thoughtfully out upon the gray line of sea beyond the sands. She was rather pale, but not otherwise than calm and self-contained. The light was already rather dim and indistinct, and yet it was by no means dark enough for candles.

None of the Nortons were down stairs. They were rather an unpunctual family, and were never quite ready in time for anything. So Lily sat on alone in the window and looked at the sea; and Lady Honoria, on the other side of the folding-doors, sat having her ankle bandaged by her French maid.

All at once she heard the slam of the front door, and the rapid footsteps of a man as he ran lightly up the stairs and entered the adjoining room.

It was, as Lady Honoria knew, Sir Edgar coming in ready for dinner from the hotel. It came into her mind that she would make haste and finish her dressing, so as to join him as quickly as she could; when all at once she heard his voice so plainly, that she discovered instantly that the door was ajar; and the words which she heard Sir Edgar speak was such an utter shock to her, that it did not even occur to her to close it.

"Lily!" she heard him say. "Lily, is it really you! Oh! my little darling, how white and ill you look!"

"Oh! please, Sir Edgar, don't speak like that to me!" said the girl's trembling voice.

"My pretty one, don't cry! I can't bear it! Oh! Lily, I can see in your face I have wronged you cruelly! You have always loved me truly, have you not, my sweet! Don't turn from me child! Let me look at you once more."

"Oh! Sir Edgar—you know you ought not to speak to me like this. Lady Honoria——"

"Yes, yes; I know! I know I have thrown away your love, child, and behaved like an idiot! and Lady Honoria is very good, and I am quite unworthy of her. I shall try to make her a good husband, because there is nothing else left for me to do; but, oh! she is not like my Lily!—my little darling, that I love so well! Do you know that I have come here on purpose to see you, child—just to look at you once more and to say good-bye? Yes, my pet, I must have seen you once more; and now we shall have to say good-bye, and pray heaven that we may forget each other, and never meet again!"

"Henriette," said Lady Honoria in a whisper to her maid, "go away at once—I don't want you any more; and go to Mrs. Norton's room, and tell her I feel too unwell to come down to dinner."

Henriette left the room.

And there was great consternation amongst the Nortons that evening, because Lady Honoria Rosett positively declined to leave her room.

CHAPTER XXX.

LADY HONORIA DOES HER DUTY.

"When one has a great and important resolution to make, there is nothing like sleeping a night upon it before making up one's mind as to what is to be done."

This was Lady Honoria's waking reflection the following morning, as the sun came shining brightly into her room. She rang the bell for her maid, and began to get up.

"I feel much better about it to day than I did last night," she said to herself; "and now I can see my way plainly, and I know what my duty is! Can I ever be thankful enough for the accident which has prevented the wreck of three lives!

And then, as soon as she was dressed, and installed upon the sofa by the bow-window, and had finished the tea and toast that had been set upon a little tray by her side, Lady Honoria sent round a note to the hotel, begging Sir Edgar to come and see her as quickly as possible.

He came in brightly and cheerfully.

"Well, how are you this morning, Honoria—better, I hope? I was sorry you felt so unwell last night; we must get you away from here; this place is too quiet for you——"

And then something in her face stopped him, and he saw, by the way in which she looked at him, that something was wrong with her.

He sat down upon the low chair by her side.

"Is anything the matter, Honoria?" he asked her, gravely and kindly.

"Yes," she said, "there is something very much the matter. I have a very serious and important thing to say to you."

He had no idea what was the manner of thing that she had to say to him. He smiled at her in a kind and friendly way.

"You know very well that I will give my very best attention to anything you have to say to me."

For a minute she did not speak, but looked away out of the window. She had not, perhaps, loved him very deeply—it was not in her nature to do do so; but she was disappointed in him, and she felt the slight to her vanity and her self-love very keenly indeed.

"Edgar," she said suddenly turning round again and looking at him, "do you know that I overheard what you said to Miss Finch in this room last night?"

He looked startled and his face flushed, and then he said, earnestly:

"I am very, very sorry for it, Honoria."

"But I am not sorry at all," she answered, bravely, with something of her usual downrightness and dash of manner; "for it has shown me the truth, and has prevented us all from making a very great mistake. You know, Edgar I love the truth—at any price?"

"Then, Honoria, let me tell the truth!" he cried, eagerly. "The truth is, that I was once engaged to Lily Finch, but my engagement with her has long ago been at an end. I am pledged to you, and nothing on earth shall induce me to break my faith to you; I would not do you such an injury for the whole world! Do not imagine that I will not keep true to you! I shall never see Lily—Miss Finch I mean—again. Last night I walked home with her, and I have said 'Good-bye' to her, and she quite understands that all is over between us. Believe me, I have too high a regard and esteem for you, to be guilty of wanting in anything that is your due. Honoria, upon my honor that is the truth!"

She smiled, rather sadly.

"My dear Edgar, do not deceive yourself; the *truth* is what I can tell you far better than you can me—the truth is, that you love the girl, and that you don't love me; and not all the sophistry on earth can alter that! Pray recollect that I heard all that you said to her last night! Do not blame yourself—I can see it all quite plainly—you loved her, and you like me, and in some way there was a quarrel or a misunderstand between you. I gathered so much as that from what I heard—and then you were angry with her, and you fancied that you liked me the best. Well, perhaps it is all for the best that I have found this out in time. Of course I am fond of you. But I don't suppose I have given you quite as much as you expected from me; and though naturally, I am verry sorry, yet I would not marry you now upon any consideration. I am not mean enough to make myself happy upon the ruins of other people's lives. It will be a disappointment to my father, and to your mother, of course; and, well, yes—I don't mind owning—to me, too; but I am not the sort of woman to go out of her mind, or to fall into decline, for this sort of thing. I shall have a good gallop across the Downs, and perhaps go yachting for a month, and then I dare say I shall be all right again, and feel very glad indeed to think that I have done only what is my duty after all!"

"Lady Honoria, I think that you are a noble creature," said Edgar, earnestly. "I can never forgive myself for having behaved to you so shamefully!"

"Oh! I don't think you have behaved shamefully at all. I don't see that you could help it. Your mother wished you to marry me, I know that; and of course from a worldly point of view, Miss Finch is not a good match for you. But I think if you have made her love you, that you ought to marry her, will you not, Sir Edgar!"

"Oh! Lady Honoria, pray do not speak to me like that!" he said, in a distressed voice.

"No! Why should I not? We shall always be friends, I hope. You mean to marry her, I trust?"

"Of course I shall marry her," he said, in a low voice, not daring to look at her.

"That is right," she answered, heartily. "I am glad of that."

And then she stretched out her hand to him. He took it almost reverently between his own, and raised it to his lips.

There was a little quiver at the corners of her mouth as he did this.

"Say that you forgive me, Lady Honoria," he said, rather unsteadily.

"Of course," she answered, in a cheerful voice; "there is nothing to forgive. You made a mistake, but we have found it out in time, that is all. I liked you very much—I like you still. We shall always be good friends, I hope; but you know I am not going to break my heart, nor die an old maid, not at all;" and she laughed a little as she said this.

"We need not tell anybody about this," she said again, presently, after a moment's pause. "Nobody need know exactly what has happened. We will just say that we have quarreled—that we agreed to break our engagement by mutual consent. There is no occasion to let everybody into the secret." And there was a little flush of wounded pride upon her face as she said this; for, after all, it was hard upon Lord Alchester's beautiful daughter that her lover should have preferred a little unknown governess to herself. She felt the humiliation of it more intensely than she would have liked to own.

"No one shall ever know," he answered. "But you have behaved very nobly, Lady Honoria. I must tell you once more that had you not accidentally discovered my secret, you should never have found it out from my conduct to you. The effort of my life would have been to crush my love for Lily out of my heart, and to be to you the best and most devoted of husbands."

"I dare say; but then, you see, I had rather have a husband to whom it would not be an *effort* to be good and devoted," she said, quietly. "And now, Sir Edgar, I think you had better wish me good-bye—and—and—give Lily my love, and tell her I am not at all vexed with her. I have always liked her very much, and by and bye, when—when I come back from that yachting, you know, and when you are settled down at Barfield—I shall come over and call upon her, and I hope we shall end by being very good friends. You need not trouble to write to my father; I will do that—and to your mother, too. Now go, Sir Edgar—good-bye!"

She held out her hand again, and Sir Edgar kissed it once more, murmuring a devout and heartfelt "Heaven bless you," as he bent over it.

And then he got himself away somehow out of the room and the house, feeling just a little bit ashamed of himself for the part he had played in the whole business, and yet with a load of care lightened from off his heart, such as he had not experienced for many a long day.

He lifted his hat from his head as he stood for a minute outside the Rectory hall, and drew a long breath of relief, inhaling the fresh sea-breezes as he did so.

"Now for Lily!" he said to himself, and walked rapidly away from the Rectory in the direction of the row of green-shuttered lodging-houses.

As for Lady Honoria, after she was left alone she lay back for some minutes upon her sofa-cushions, with her eyes closed. She looked rather pale, as though she were very tired, and there were two large circles round her eyes, which certainly had no accustomed place there.

After a minute or two she opened her eyes, and sat half up.

"So ends that chapter of my life," she said, aloud to herself, as she drew her writing-case near to her on the table by her side. Then she dipped her pen into the ink, and wrote the two following notes:

"My Dear Papa,

"You will be suprised to hear that I have broken off my engagement with Sir Edgar. I find, when it comes to the point, that I do not care for him sufficiently to marry him, so I thought it best to put an end to everything between us at once. My ankle is getting on very well, and I shall make a great effort to come home on Friday or Saturday. Please tell everything about me before I come back.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"Honoria."

"My Dear Lady Dyson,

"Sir Edgar and I have settled that we are not likely to make each other happy, so we have mutually agreed to break off our engagement to each other. You must not blame him, for it is really entirely my doing. But I hope that there may be no interruption of our friendly relations together, and that after a while you may resume your kind friendship to yours,

"Always affectionately,

"Honoria Rosett."

The second of these notes gave her more trouble than the first, and she read it over several times before she felt quite satisfied with it. At last, however, she folded them both up and addressed and sealed them.

"That is done!" she said aloud to herself, with a sigh of relief, and leaned her head once more back among the sofa-cushions. She was not going to break her heart, as she had told him, but she would have been more than human had she not felt it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Hebrew New Year.

On Tuesday and Wednesday Oct. 2 and 3, the Hebrews throughout the world celebrated their New Year, which opened the year 5644 in their calendar. On Wednesday evening, October 10th, the day of Atonement, or Yum Kipur, began, when services were held all day at the various synagogues and other places of worship, and all devout Hebrews abstained from any food for twenty-four hours.

What is most productive of mal-aria? A squeaky-voiced soprano.

Murder Discovered by a Dream.

The dead body of William Scott was found lying along the track of the Erie Railway, a mile from the Olean, N.Y., depot, about midnight recently. There were bad cuts about the head, back, and abdomen. A Coroner's jury returned a verdict that Scott had been killed by the cars. On Thursday, word was received from a brother of the dead man that he had dreamed on Tuesday night that his brother was murdered in a place of woods and robbed. When the dreamer awoke he was so nervous that he was unable to sleep again during the night. He awoke from his dream between 11:30 o'clock and midnight.

On the same day a sister of Scott's, who lives in Rochester, sent word to a friend in Olean that she had a dream Tuesday night, in which she saw two men beat her brother to death in the woods, and take money from his pockets. She awoke screaming. "Don't touch the money! There is blood on it!" She says she was frightened so that she arose from bed and struck a light. A clock on the bureau showed the time to be a little past 11:30.

These singular declarations led to bringing to light the fact that on the day of William Scott's death he had sold some property, for which he was paid $1,000. In the afternoon he was seen in an out-of-the-way saloon kept by a man named O'Mara, in company with two strange men. He was intoxicated and exhibited a large roll of money, and boasted of the bargain he had made in the sale. Between 4 and 5 o'clock he was so drunk that the men carried him out to a barn in the rear of the saloon and left him there. About 11:30 o'clock that night he was met by an acquaintance on the road leading from O'Mara's to the Erie depot, near a piece of woods. He was not seen alive again.

There was no money in his clothes when found. It is noted now that there was no blood on the rails or anywhere about the track at the spot where he was found, and railroad men say that it would be next to an impossibility for a person to be hit by an engine or run over there without the fact being discovered at once either by the engineer or fireman. The belief is strong now that Scott was murdered and robbed and placed where he was found to give the impression that he had been killed by the cars.

The case is to be re-investigated.

The Boiled Shirt.

We would like to know, says Gilhooley, what sort of an idiot the man was who conceived the idea of the boiled shirt. We would like to speak to him calmly and coolly, and point out to him where he was wrong. The flannel shirt is sensible, useful, warm and comfortable, but the boiled shirt is a whited sepulchre, and a starched, expensive ornament, of no use whatever. It is a vanity, and taken in connection with the modern collar, a vexation. To begin with, the boiled shirt has no shape or style about it; there was some tone about the ruffled shirt of our ancestors, but the shirt of the present day looks like a pillow-slip with a drawing string at one end of it and the bottom cut out of the other end. Then there is an absurb tab at the lower end of the breast with a button-hole in it. We have oftened wondered what that meant. We don't know whether it was intended as an appropriate place for the owner to inscribe his name, so that if anything should happen to him suddenly the coroner could tear it off and identify the man, or whether it was merely ornamental. We judge it as merely ornamental, however, in consequence of the button-hole, as the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the modern boiled shirt. In our grandfathers' days the collars and cuffs were tacked on, and the sleeves were made of a length approximating to the length of the arms of the wearer. Now we have to buy separate collars and cuffs, and sleeve-buttons, and gum-elastic bands to hold our sleeves up (as they are generally about six inches too long), and we have Chinese laundry-men to pay, and altogether it looks like working for a dead horse to own a boiled shirt. We do not want it to be understood that we desire the civilized world to retrograde and practice barbaric customs, but our society days are over; we care not what the world may say, and we believe it would be a relief to several millions of gentlemen in this country if the boiled shirt were barred (some of the flannel shirts are already barred) and the plain go-as-you-please bleached muslin shirts of our forefathers, with collars and cuffs attached, adopted.

A Game of Chess.

A singular game at chess has just been finished in the north of Scotland. The game was begun about twelve months ago in Brooklyn. The first player, Mr. J. R. Munoz, made a move, and then passed the scoring sheet on by post to a friend. That friend made a move in reply, and then passed the paper on by post to another well-known player, who made a move in continuation. In this way the document found its way to Baltimore, where Mr. Sellman, who played lately in the London tournament, added a move and sent the paper on to Jamaica. From Jamaica it was sent to England, and, after passing through the hands of well-known players in London and other towns, who each added a move, it began a tour among the chess players of Scotland. After traveling as far north as Dallwillington, the document was sent back to Sheriff Spens of Glasgow. That gentleman examined the position, and decided that the game was lost for white, as black could force an exchange of rooks and win with the pawns. He therefore returned the game to the first player, Mr. J. R. Munoz, who now sent it to London to be published as a curiosity in the *Chess Monthly*, where it has just appeared. The scoring sheet bears the signatures of seventy players, who each made a move in the game, and the document shows that it has passed from hand to hand through thirty-two towns and cities of England, Scotland, and America.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look surly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion, and so let all young persons take their choice.—*Thackeray.*

Goes without saying—the deaf and dumb alphabet.

UP IN A BALLOON.

An Aeronaut's Account of his Voyage Across the English Channe.

"We started from Hastings," says Mr. Simmons, "under somewhat unfavorable auspices, the wind being northeasterly at the time. A crowd of some forty thousand persons had gathered to witness our departure, and as we ascended they gave us a tremendous cheer. My fellow passenger, Mr. Small, a photographer, was so lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama of Hastings lying below us that I had to warn him that he must be quick if he wished to obtain a photograph, and we just got the apparatus ready as we passed over the beach, the balloon being at that moment (3:25) at an altitude of 3,000 feet. At 3:30 we had a long range of coast line, Eastbourne pier being exceedingly distinct. I thought we were a trifle too near Beachy Head ever to made any point of land on this side of the Atlantic, but when we attained an altitude of 7,500 feet we soathed a trifle more. Appearances were, however, much against our ever reaching land, and I must acknowledge that I was sorely tempted to come down off Beachy Head and get picked up. But this would have been rather too inconsiderate, and I decided to keep on our course. We had the satisfaction, a few minutes later, to find Beachy Head receding north of us, and we quickly settled our minds to make a night of it if necessary.

"At 4:20 we were over a magnificent cloud ocean; here and there patches of the coast line could be discried far away to the west, while at a vast distance there was a gap through which we got a patch of sea, with three or four ships very distinct. A moment later and the great curtain or clouds had shut out our last landmark. Mr. Small got his apparatus ready to secure a cloud effect, but his shutter missed fire two or three times, and this suggested some little improvements for such experiments in futures. From 4:30 to nearly sunset (to the people on earth) our altitude ranged between 8,000 and 9,000 feet. During this interval we got peeps at the sea many times, but no land was seen. We could see the sun's rays two hours after he had withdrawn from earth and sea. The shadow of the balloon on a cloud looked very much like a shuttlecock, the car forming the butt end, and the balloon and cords forming the feathers. The transition from day to night was very slow and gradual, and as daylight departed the moon's rays from dead gold gradually changed to bright silver. Mr. Small said, 'Did you see that shooting star?' I said, 'Wait a minute and I will show you another.' The balloon had commenced to revolve, and this motion made it appear as though a bright star was darting through the air. It was, of course, an optical illusion.

"A remarkable appearance was caused by the reflection of the balloon in the focussing screen of the camera. When we surrounded with a black cloth the frame round the glass we could see sky, sun, moon, and stars inverted, and the balloon cleaving its head-long 'downward' course through illimitable space, the effect being most extraordinary. Soon after 7 o'clock we began to get cold, and set to work to don flannels, &c. Our large wrapper got tightly jammed in the rigging, but the hard pulling necessary to get it loose soon made us feel warm, and, having once got up a good circulation, we did not, during the entire voyage, again feel cold. The cork jackets which were supplied by Mr. Cornish contributed greatly to warmth. During the night for more than an hour our altitude did not vary 20 feet. This was exceedingly encouraging, for upon our power of poising so nicely depended our chance of floating aloft all night. When the balloon did take a slight downward turn I carefully noted how much ballast it would take to 'stop her.' The temperature of the air was very regular, and I found that seven pounds or eight pounds was suffic ent.

At 10:15 we saw a vessel almost under us, and came down low enough to hail her. This we did as lustily as we could, but at first got no response, only a remarkable distinct echo from our own voices. At last a voice was heard on deck, 'Voila balloon, balloon!' 'Are you English?' No reply. 'Parlez vous Francoise?' 'Oui, oui,' was replied, but with all our French we could not ascertain our whereabouts, and whether we were over the English Channel or the Atlantic.

"At 10:25 something slightly darker than the normal horizon could be faintly discerned. We kept ourselves absolutely motionless, and, listening intently, we seemed to hear in the same direction a sound as of a far-distant rolling surf. I looked long and eagerly, until I exclaimed. 'It's nothing but a mist,' for it seemed to change its form, and at last to vanish into 'thin air.' I passed nearly another hour intently watching for lights until a similar dark portion of horizon was brought under view. We could not possibly bring ourselves to believe it was land, because no lights could be seen up to this time, but at last there was an unmistakeable flicker in the exact direction where it was gazing. 'Look along my finger as a telescope. What do you call that?' 'A lighthouse,' exclaimed Mr. Small. I said, 'I believe that dark strip before us is land, with sea just beyond it again. If it turns out to be so, be prompt in doing everything I tell you, for it will be sharp work to land on that strip.'

"The sound of surf was now unmistakable, and in about the same time as I am taking to tell this the line of coast was presented distinctly to our view, every minute getting more distinct. The sea now began to ripple up sharply. Ten minutes longer and we were passing the coast line, and sharply darting toward the other sea beyond. 'What sort of ground are we coming down on?' said Mr. Small, 'Ragged rocks and stone walls, I believe,' I said. 'Hold on firm. Out goes the grappling iron.' At first it would not hold, but soon it got wedged into a crevice in the rocks, giving us just tether enough to pass over the precipice and down on to the beach. There was just room for us between the receding tide and the rocks, and none to spare. Had we gone ten yards further and half a second longer we should have been in the sea.

"We heard whispering near us. In a few moments a man and a woman appeared, but would not at first approach us, fearing, I suppose, we were some *monstres*. By and by they gained confidence, and then they told us we were on Cape de la Hague, the extreme north-west point of France. We then found that our informants were M. Auguste Lavem of Canton de Beaumont, Arrondissement Manche, and his wife. They most kindly helped us to empty the balloon of its contents, and gave us supper and shelter for the night. Next morning, at 7 o'clock, we went to view the scene of our descent, and Mr. Small photographed it. We afterward proceeded to Cherbourg, and thence home."

SCIENCE.

M. Galippe states, in the *Journal de Pharmacie*, that copper exists normally in all plants, and especially in wheat. It may, therefore, be detected in bread without its having been fraudulently introduced.

Luminous paint which contains as a basis sulphide of calcium is rapidly becoming appreciated for special uses. When properly painted, objects are visible in the darkest nights with a pale white light. Life-buoys and life-saving apparatus are conveniently illumined, and, perhaps, a most common example, match boxes are doubly useful when painted with the luminous paint.

In a lecture on school-hygiene Professor Cohn Breslau made the remark that in the use of the ordinary slate a child who woul l see ordinary ink-writing quite distinctly at a distance of twelve inches must approximate his eye to eight inches from the slate to obtain the same distinctness. He considers that slates should be banished from schools; and he recommended dull white tablets of artificial stone, supplied by Priebatsch, in Breslau, which are written on with a special kind of pencil.

Mr. John Burns, of Castle Wemyss, has recently had provided for him by the British post-office telephone communication between his office in Jamaica street, Glasgow, and his house in Wemyss bay, a distance of thirty-two miles. This new feature of telephonic science is said to be the longest private wire in the world. It is what is known as a metallic circuit—that is to say, it consists of two wires, through which the current of electricity passes round and round, up one wire and down the other, always in the same direction, and the two wires are "twisted." Ordinary telephone and electric wires consists only of one wire.

Few are aware of the present extensive utilization of the various refuse matters discarded by tanners and curriers, and known as "paste roundings, shoulder splits and skivings," for the heels and soles of all kinds of boots and shoes. These materials are cleaned, damped, cut by dies, pasted into moulds, compressed in a powerful press, and dried, the refuse in this process being, in turn, manufactured into what is known as

He was Grateful.

He must have been from the West. He was idling about Old Burling Slip, when he took a tumble and brought up in the river. A ready hand threw him a plank to sustain himself, and he was soon hauled out.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he gave himself a shake, "what's your time worth per hour?"

"I'm getting twenty-five cents per hour," replied one.

"And you were about nine minutes fooling with my case. About nine, but we'll call it ten. Your charge should be about four cents, about four, but we'll call it five. I haven't anything smaller than a dime, but one of you can run across the way and get it changed!"

"We don't want pay," remarked one.

"You don't? But you must accept of something. Here, boy, run over and buy me a couple of pears!"

The fruit was purchased and placed in his hands, and as he put one pear in his pocket and bit into the other one he remarked:

"And if you ever come within fifty miles of where my uncle lives, he'll be glad to have you stop all night with him. He keeps a hotel, and his charges won't be over $2!"

The Dimensions of Heaven.

The following paragraph, entitled "The Dimensions of Heaven," is from 'Lewis' Penny Readings;"—"'And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth, and the height of it are equal."—Rev. xxi., 16. Twelve thousand furlongs equal 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Reserving half of this space for the Throne and Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, we have the remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,006, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 999,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33 1/3 years, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 every century; and that the world will stand 100,000,000 years or 1,500 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there was one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 2,997,000,000,000,000 persons; and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

Three-Year-Old's Prayer for Patience.

One of the greatest little witches that ever lived was the 3 year-old girl of a certain Methodist D. D., L.L. D., prominent alike for vigorous preaching and stern practice, but whose ideas of duty does not extend to the restraining of his children nor the holding up of his wife's weary arms. Hence when his little "thorn of his flesh" became too troublesome and troublesous, he would withdraw to his study leaving her to the mother, and she, often with an audible prayer for strength, would persevere. One day Gracie was left alone for a moment all prepared to make a visit with her mamma, dressed in pure white. In a few moments she was missed from the room and search was made. Up stairs, down stairs, and in "my lady's chamber," passed the weary mother. At last she entered the kitchen and saw the child playing in some soot, and black as the substance itself. When she saw her mother in the door looking at her more in sorrow than in anger, quick as a flash the little one dropped on her knees, clasped her grimy hands, and lisped, "O Lord dive us patiences!" No just was it or family speech, only the prayer that had often been the plea from a weary, true mother's heart.—*Boston Traveller.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

In 1881, 4,000,000 acres of land were under cultivation and the production of wheat was over 31,000,000 bushels. In 1882 the trade of the whole of Australia exceeded £115,000,000 stg.

Victoria, Australia, excels in big trees, a fine specimen of the Eucalyptus Amygdalina has been found recently with an altitude of 430 feet. Trees are found there with a circumference of 86 feet.

Ireland sends out yearly 19,800 men and boys to garner the harvest of the seas; they secure annually 26,950 tons. Scotland sends out 48,100 fishermen, who catch 216,810 tons each year. Each Scot therefore catches 4½ tons annually, while each son of Erin catches but 1½ tons.

One of the machines used in a watch factory will cut screws with 589 threads to an inch. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 of the screws to make a pound. A pound of them is worth a pound of pure gold. Lay one of them upon a piece of white paper and it looks like a tiny steel filing.

The population of Egypt is 6,798,230, of which 3,393,918 are males, and 3,404,312 females, Cairo has 368,108 inhabitants; Alexandria, with its suburbs, 208,775; Port Said, 16,560; Suez, 10,913; Tantah, 21,725; Damiette, 34,046; Rosetta, 16,671; Mansourah, 26,784; Zagazig, 19,046.

The quantities of coals, cinders, and patent fuel exported from the United Kingdom to foreign countries and British settlements abroad during 1881 were—Coals, 18,759,981 tons; cinders, 415,762 tons; patent fuel, 412,310 tons; total, 19,587,063 tons. The quantity brought into London amounted to 10,574,807 tons.

In 34 cities of the United States from 50 to 82 per cent. of children of school-age are not enrolled. In 86 cities the average attendance is only about two-thirds of the enrolment, or one-third of the population of school-age. These 86 cities contain over 8,000,000 inhabitants, or nearly one-sixth of the total population of the country; but more than a third of their population of school-age never enter the schoolroom at all.

Minister Young, at Pekin, says he learns from official sources that the census of China, as taken last year for the purpose of taxation, shows a total population of 255,000,000. This does not include the Mongolian or other out-lying dependencies of the empire, but only the eighteen provinces of China proper; nor does it embrace various aboriginal tribes. Including these, it is probable that the population really exceeds 3,000,000.

In 1816, Australia exported only 13,000 lbs weight of wool, in 1882 the total export of Australia was over 414,000 000lb. weight. In 1816 the value of the wool exported was £21,000,000. Then in 1882 the whole colonies exported 25,000 tons of tallow. In 1861 there was no boiling-down establishments, and consequently there was no tallow. In 1882, 10,000 pounds of meat were exported to Great Britain. In 1788 the live stock of Australia consisted of one bull, five cows, and a calf, about seven horses, seventy-four pigs, and 300 head of poultry. To-day in Australia there are 75,000,0000 sheep and 9,000,000 cattle.

ABDUCTED BY HER HUSBAND.

A St. John, N. B., Sensation.

A great sensation has been caused at St. John, N. B., by a case of wife-abduction. About three years ago Miss Lena Robinson, a handsome young lady whose father occupies a prominent position in connection with the Government Savings Bank in that city, was secretly married at Amherst, N. Y., to De Blavier Carritte, a son of Dr. Carritte, of that place, contrary to the wishes of her parents, who had a more eligible partner in view. The couple separated immediately after the ceremony, the lady returning to her parents and Carritte going to New York. When the secret leaked out there was great indignation in the Robinson household, and it was determined that a divorce should be procured. For this purpose, it is said, the young lady resided in one of the Eastern States for some time, but Carritte was determinedly opposed to any such proceeding, and the lady was brought home. Carritte returned to St. John this year and established himself in business. He was not allowed to approach his wife. About 10 o'clock on a recent Saturday night, accompanied by his friends, he followed Mr. Robinson and his daughter towards their home, and when in a dark street assaulted Robinson and seized the young lady, and putting her in a coach on hand for the purpose drove off. Three days later Carritte and his wife were found in a hotel where they had arrived about 2 a.m., after a drive around some country roads. Carritte was arrested on a warrant for assault, information having been laid against him by Mr. Robinson. The young husband acted on legal advice, and it is believed that the young lady was privy to the abduction. The parties move in the best social circles.

Value of a Big Hotel's Refuse.

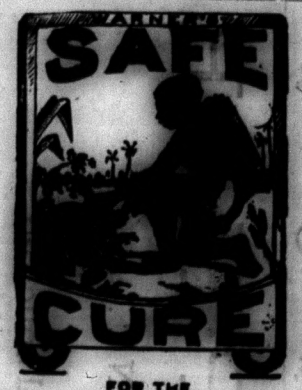
"I have just let the contract for the swill of my house for the next season at $500," said the manager of a large summer hotel to a *Journal* reporter this morning. "The price is very low, and there seems to be no reason why the contractor should not make $1,000 clear out of the deal."

"How can he treble his money?"

"Because, the swill itself is worth at least $1,000, and then the dishes he picks out, besides the marked ones, are good for $500 more. Why, do you know that at one of the Coney Island hotels, where I was formerly employed, a man was hired for the express purpose of sorting over the swill, and picking out the dishes?"

"How do so many dishes get into the swill?"

"You should get into the kitchen of a large hotel when a rush comes. Everything goes—spoons, forks, knives and dishes. Generally the silverware is marked, and so is returned by the contractor. The waiters are very indifferent. Why, do you know I once saw a waiter with a salver full of goblets, which cost $1.90 a dozen, actually slide them into the broken glass barrel to save him the trouble of setting them on a shelf. The destruction in a watering place kitchen during a rush is terrible."—*Albany Journal.*



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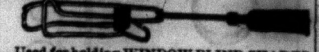

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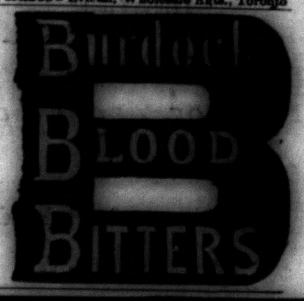

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Watch Making and Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

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WATCHES,
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that were ever shown in Madoc.

The stock is well selected and will be found to be of the newest patterns and designs, and will be sold at prices that defy competition.

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Twelve (12) Cabinet Photos for the usual price of six (6) during the next month.

A call solicited.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

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MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

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LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

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FIRE AND LIFE.

CAPITAL, - - TEN MILLION Dollars.

Shareholders Liability Unlimited.

Funds Invested, Twenty-Three Million Dollars
Annual Income, Five Million Dollars.

Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders,
CHIEFLY WITH GOVERNMENT,
$600,000.

Farm Property insured against damage by lightning.

HARRY H. O'FLYNN,
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine Ranks among the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on

The Liver Stomach Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at

533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa; hence, any one throughout the British possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ *Purchasers should look at the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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N. M. MAYBEE

BEGS to inform the public that he has opened a first-class Furniture showroom in Weiss' new block, where will be found a large and elegant stock of

Parlor, Diningroom, & Bedroom Sets,

ALSO A FINE STOCK OF

Chromos, Mottoes, and Mirrors of all Sizes and Styles

Something New and Attractive:--A Beautiful Line of Brackets, Wall Pockets, Piano and Organ Stools,

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF MOULDINGS & PICTURE FRAMES.

Call and see us in our new showrooms.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, December 12th, 1882.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

I always keep on hand a fine and full stock of

AMERICAN | AND | SWISS | WATCHES

of all grades and prices.

My stock of fine

COLOURED AND PLATED JEWELRY!

for quality and variety of design, cannot be surpassed,

A full line of

SOLID GOLD RINGS,

from $2.00 up to $22.00, the largest assortment in town.

Black and Pearl goods in great variety. A full line of the best Silver Plated Spoons, Knives etc. Clocks of all grades and designs constantly on hand.

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Agricultural Works!

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Established - in 1862.

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STOVES! - STOVES!

We are turning out a superior class of

Parlour, Box and Cooking Stoves.

We have

12 DIFFERENT STYLES COOKING STOVES,

8 DIFFERENT STYLES OF BOX STOVES,

6 DIFFERENT STYLES PARLOR STOVES,

which will be sold at manufactory, prices, thereby saving the Retailer's profit. We keep in stock

PURE | MACHINE | OILS,

for engines, threshing machines, and all other machinery.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

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